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CATHERINE

COX'S DIARY

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON

ETC.

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The Oxford Thackeray
With Illustrations

CATHERINE
A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY
THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON
AND
MISCELLANIES, 1840-1

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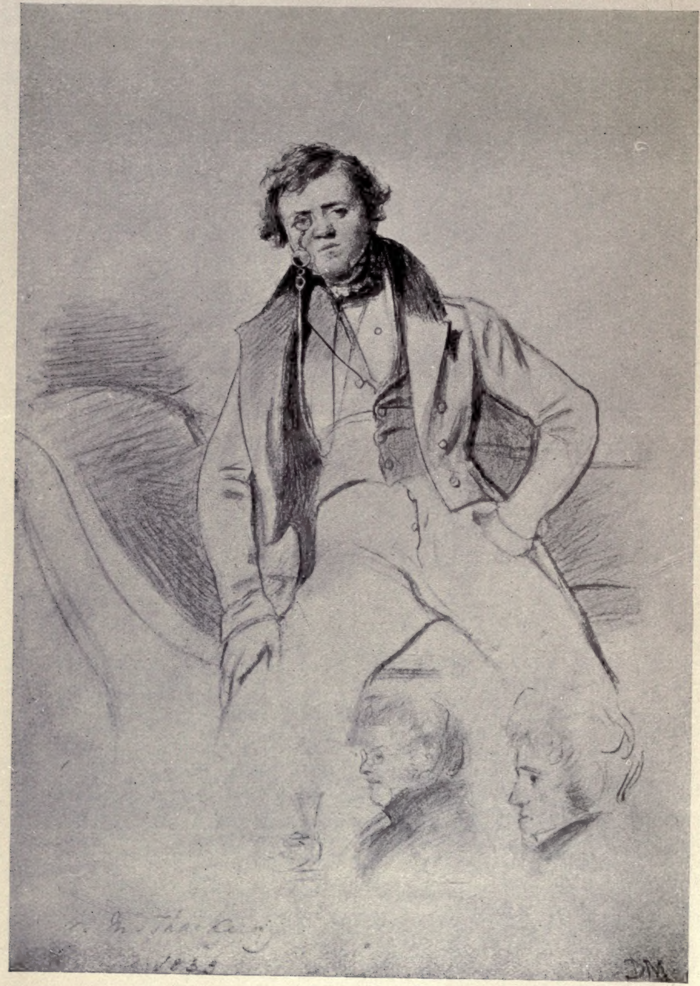
W. M. Thackeray
1833
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W. M. THACKERAY

From a drawing by D. Maclise, 1833, in the possession of the Garrick Club

Catherine
A Shabby Genteel Story
The
Second Funeral of Napoleon
and
Miscellanies, 1840–1

By

William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by

George Saintsbury

With 24 Illustrations

Henry Frowde
Oxford University Press
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INTRODUCTION

CATHERINE, A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY, THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON, AND MISCELLANIES, 1840-1

THE matter (or most of it) contained in the present volume has communities of interest in more respects than one. In the first place it is very mainly occupied with attempts in the author's real vocation, that of a writer of prose fiction: and in the second place most of it was composed under the influence of the great affliction of his life—the gradual breaking-down of his wife's mental health. This trouble was of long duration, and it was of a somewhat peculiar character—of a character likely to influence, most specially, the production of literary work. It was not one of the common cases of a sudden and more or less violent alienation, requiring complete seclusion and professional treatment. It came on after the birth of their third child in 1840; but it was not declared absolutely hopeless for two or even three years after that; and it was not till the third year, or in fact the fourth (1843), that the house in Coram Street was given up. During this time Thackeray did everything for her that personal care could effect. He took her to Ireland; he took her to Paris; he took her to German baths. When it was thought necessary that she should be under direct medical surveillance before the final separation, he lived in the neighbourhood and saw her constantly. Now all this necessarily involved not a little expenditure: and, as has been previously said, all his private means had disappeared long ago. While perhaps only those who have tried it know what a serious tale of scattered articles at five, and ten, and even twenty guineas each[1] it takes to build up a respectable income, even with no extra calls on it.

From another point of view the wind was partly tempered to him, partly blowing at its sharpest. To some writers the constant moving about, and the absence of the accustomed study, books, &c., would have been a most serious trial, if not an insurmountable difficulty : but Thackeray was not of them. Whether from idiosyncrasy, from a habit acquired in his more Bohemian days, or from some other cause, he seems always to have preferred writing, as an Irishman might say, 'somewhere else.' He would, when there was nothing to induce him to do so but his own fancy, leave home to write at the club, the club to write at Brighton, Brighton to write at Paris. On the other hand, few men were more influenced by their affections : and the positive testimony which he has left as to the writing of the *Shabby Genteel Story*, which appears in this volume, and the *Hoggarty Diamond*, which appears in the next, no doubt applies to almost everything from the *Shabby Genteel Story* itself to *The Irish Sketch Book*.

Catherine, however, with which we open, was finished before, though not long before, this period of gloom, during which it is improbable that it would have been begun, and during which also it would probably have been irksome to the author to finish it. It is a very odd book—the oddest in all Thackeray's work, and the most difficult to 'place' satisfactorily. It was highly prized by a few good judges at the time, but not generally liked : and there have been few thorough-going partisans of it since. For myself

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[1] We know that for the *Times* article on Fielding (*v. inf.*) he received only five guineas : from a later saying about his lectures it would seem that five-and-twenty was more than he ever received from *Fraser*, even for long articles of nearly his best kind and time.

I prefer it to *Barry Lyndon*, though it is more immature : but I have never been able exactly to understand the precise point of view from which it was written. Indeed the author (who very seldom went wrong about his own work when he came to look at it completed and in perspective) frankly informed his mother that it was ‘ a mistake all through ’. ‘ It was,’ he says, with still greater accuracy, ‘ a disgusting subject, but not made disgusting enough.’ However, this does not quite exhaust the difficulty. ‘ Disgusting enough ’ *for what ?* It could hardly have been made more disgusting (in fact a good deal of repulsive detail was actually removed in the reprint) without becoming a mere study of horror and grime in itself and for its own sake—the sort of thing which he had long ago fulminated against in the tales of Pétrus Borel. But this was certainly not his object. On the other hand, if the object was what it holds itself out to be—the satire by parody of books like *Jack Sheppard*, with something more than a glance backward at *Eugene Aram*, and something of a glance sideways at *Oliver Twist*, then one may question, first, whether it is not a little too disgusting as it is, and secondly, whether in any true sense it ‘ gets at ’ any of the originals. It is neither melodramatic enough, nor romantic enough, nor sentimental enough to do this : nor does it caricature any of these features sufficiently. On the other hand, as a piece of *Jonathan Wild* irony, though quite admirable in parts, it is not sustained enough : the author either cannot or will not keep on the grimace and gesture of the half-Mephistophelian, half-angelic mentor ; and is constantly telling a plain tale, by no means disagreeable except for the unusual sordidness of the characters. In fact we have another admission from him, which might also be anticipated by a tolerably keen critic, that he had ‘ a sneaking kindness ’ for his heroine. We know he has, and so have we : and therefore we are not pleased when poor Mrs. Cat comes to such an extremely painful end. In short the author never knows quite what hare he is hunting: and the reader is perpetually puzzled and vexed at the way in which the dogs change scent and course.

Resist this puzzlement, however,—or better still, recognize the fact once for all, in virtue of and in duty to your critical faculties, and then let it 'lie on the table'—make up your mind not to an orderly *menu* of three courses and a dessert, but to picnic and pot-luck—and you will find that you get this, and a good deal more. In the first place, *Catherine* is Thackeray's first considerable and substantial *story*. Most of the things he had done in this kind had been slight sketches; the *Yellowplush Papers* were only connected by the personage (a very minor one) of their narrator: while the great, the really gigantic, Goliah, though entire and perfect in his delightful self, had merely a bundle of yarns to give us. *Catherine* is a complete novel; there is beginning, middle, and end; not yet perfect but very well advanced character, sustained in different cases and personages throughout the book; good conversation and description; as well as no small manifestation of the author's peculiar fashion of showmanship; still more of his idiosyncrasy of style; and not a little of his predilection for a special subject and period—the manners, customs, speech, and folk of the eighteenth century. No wonder Carlyle thought it 'wonderful': for it begins with one of the vivid, slightly garrulous, half-historical, half-picturesque settings which he had done more than anybody else to teach Thackeray, but which Thackeray had, almost before Carlyle taught him, struck out and adjusted to his own idiosyncrasy. And this is well followed up. The opening chapters of *Catherine*, despite the company to which we are introduced, are absolutely of the best novel-romance kind—as good as Scott or Fielding, with a very remarkable *difference*. The difference is that which, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Alfonso Garcia Matamoros, most wonderful of forgotten pedants, anticipated M. de Buffon by laying down as *habitus orationis a cujusque hominis natura fluens.* ‘The habit of the expression flowed from the nature’ of Thackeray: it was the special ‘cut of *his* jib’. To define it is as impossible as not to recognize it; to describe it or part of it piece by piece is not difficult; to exemplify it would take more space than here can be given, and would be both dull and unnecessary when the pieces themselves are to hand a few pages onwards. There is a curious saturation with history and literature which betrays itself, not in digression or padding, but by constant allusion and suggestion; a light, current, apparently facile, sketching of scene and character which suddenly plunges (as a great phrase of Walt Whitman's has it) to ‘the accepted hells beneath’, but recovers itself at once and goes placidly on; above all, a shower of original and memorable phrases, never paraded, never dwelt upon too long, but more absolutely startling in its unique felicity than the most laboured conceits of mere phrasemongers.

It is of course true that before long, the want of thorough *digestion* in the scheme begins to betray itself; and the rather worse than picaresque degradation of the characters begins to be irksome. ‘A hero’ (under which term a heroine may be included) ‘ought to be good’, said the neo-classics—foolishly, no doubt. But somehow *Catherine* shows us a not quite so foolish side in the saying. ‘A hero ought to be successful’; foolish again, but once more with a certain justification from this singular story. Moreover Thackeray—partly following the picaresque tradition; partly perhaps half weary of his task; partly under the generous delusion which makes the neophyte of genius give too much—has overloaded his story with incident in proportion to its length, and has made leaps and bounds of omission which, possible in a chronicle-drama, are dangerous in a novel. There is stuff here enough for a three-volume novel and the actual story is a short one-volume tale. Ensign

Macshane is admirable, but somehow he seems to belong to another story. The triumph of 'Captain Wood', alias Corporal Brock, at Court, &c., though not absolutely impossible, is one of the fatal 'improbable possibilities': and Thackeray, though he is quite right in his doctrine that a villain is not a villain pure and simple, somehow makes Captain Wood too much of two gentlemen at once—or rather two blackguards—one a quite tolerable rascal, and the other an atrocious ruffian. Galgenstein, the best sustained character throughout, has little individuality: and it must be a very singular taste that can enjoy Tom Billings in any way. While as for 'Cat' herself, she is, like her history, that most dangerous thing, a failure of a masterpiece. And so it happens that though the excellences of the thing are plentifully provided up to the very close, ghastly as it is, the faulty disposition of these excellences and the company in which they find themselves make the book almost impossible to *enjoy*. 'There are too many cinders in this mashed potato,' as an acute though unprofessional critic once put it—not of *Catherine* indeed, but in terms thoroughly applicable thereto.[1]

The current of thought which produced *Catherine* is unmistakable in the article *Going to See a Man Hanged*, which appeared a little later in the year and before the breakdown of Mrs. Thackeray's health; but here the ironic handling is purposely made to pass into that indignant sentiment which is so often its next door neighbour in Thackeray Street. The anti-capital-punishment fad was one of the special crochets of mid-century Liberalism, and he kept to it for some time : but in his later and wiser days admitted that he was wrong. The leader of the party on the occasion was the late Lord Houghton.

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[1] No account of *Catherine* would be complete without some reference to the curious and unlucky fact that soon afterwards appeared (b. 1825) a *second* Catherine Hayes, an Irish lady of unblemished reputation and a singer of considerable repute, actually known later to Thackeray himself. She seems to have taken the matter quite sensibly; but the Irish papers raised an absurd fuss, perhaps partly due to Ensign Macshane, though he is a very good fellow for a rascal. But the disturbance and its ultra-farcical and almost inconceivable further result belong to the *Pendennis* time.

The favourite English contrast of the tragic and the farcical appears well enough in *Cox's Diary*, which, under the infinitely inferior title of *Barber Cox and the Cutting of his Comb*, appeared in Cruikshank's *Comic Almanac* for 1840, before the completion of *Catherine*, though after the appearance of most of it, and months before the beginning of disaster. It ranks, naturally and in more than place of appearance, with *The Fatal Boots.* Both are intimately and specifically connected with their illustrations : and both are deliberate extravaganzas. But the *Diary* seems to me to be not merely far the pleasanter, but also much the better of the two. Grant the *oncle d'Amérique* and the missing will (and if you will *not* grant these things what becomes of half the novels and half the dramas in the world ?) and there remains no great improbability in any incident or character—only a permissible farce-distortion. No very original figures are wanted to work the puppet show, and none appear : while most of them, if not all, in Thackeray's own favourite metaphor 'go back to their box' to be used again. But the whole goes trippingly off : the dialogue is mostly admirable ; the dinner and ball to the nobility (no new thing of course) is very light and good ; and as for the billiard chapter (appropriately assigned to the month of April) it could not be better :—'these dabels is goot' indeed ! I have sometimes thought that the piece has an added interest as being probably not unlike what was wanted of Dickens when he was asked to carry on Seymour's idea of the book that he called *Pickwick ;* while it no doubt owes something to the great Mr. Jorrocks, who had appeared a very little earlier. Nobody of course would dream of putting it in competition or comparison with Thackeray's best work, or even his second best. But still it shows how he could give idiosyncrasy and 'turn' to things almost quite in common form, how perennial and perdurable his humour was. You might get parallels in story for almost every chapter of *Cox* from Theodore Hook. You might read them, *once*. I have read *Cox's Diary* at least a score of times.

A Shabby Genteel Story, unlike *Catherine*, was written, as Thackeray himself says in the pathetic note prefixed to it when it appeared in the *Miscellanies*, at the 'sad period of his life'; it was indeed actually interrupted by his misfortunes and never finished. For *Philip*, which, since its composition twenty years later, has usually had the *Story* prefixed to it as at once *lever de rideau* and Introduction, is in no sense the finish of this, but only a sort of long distant sequel, almost less really connected than *The Virginians* is with *Esmond*. Except for the *saudades*—the remembrances of things old and sad and sweet—there was very little reason why Thackeray should have made such connexion as there is at all: and he has taken liberties unusual even with him in the process. George Brandon (or George Brand Firmin) and Mr. Tufton Hunt are transferred from Oxford to Cambridge (a migration at which no member of the former University will raise one note of protest), and the process by which Brandon 'went out in medicine' will give considerable thread to untwist, chronologically and otherwise, to any literal and painstaking commentator: not to mention that from having been, though a *roué*, a rather exceptionally good scholar, he becomes a mere quoter of the Latin grammar. One cannot say that Caroline would *not* have developed into the Little Sister: but there is no essential community between them, as there is between Beatrix Esmond and the Baroness Bernstein. For this and other reasons it seems unnecessary to apologize for separating the *Story* once more from its afterthought, and putting it in its proper place.

It is not much wonder that it remained unfinished. It was actually during its composition that the author first noticed the symptoms of his wife's malady. It does not seem to have been liked, for, referring to it in prosperous *Cornhill* days to his mother, he speaks of his straits for money, and of the publisher having 'refused him £15' apparently on this very account. Yet it is on the whole extraordinarily good. Among that peculiar class of creations which may almost be called romantic farce—and as you have romantic tragedy and romantic comedy, why not ?—Andrea Fitch deserves one of the very highest places. He is hardly even exaggerated ; there is no occasion to suspend disbelief about him ; he is simply a well-natured, not ungifted, but weak-brained British snob, who is sincerely aping a French *buveur d'eau*, and has all his good points and none of his bad ones. This is the way in which 'Missafis' played his little part ; there is no doubt of it: there is nothing to say but 'Pass ! artist with the romantic properties : and all's well ! '

Perhaps there is a very little more exaggeration in his amorous Marianne, but not much : and the same may be said, with even more emphasis on the 'not much', of the Gann family (barring Caroline for the moment) and their domestic, and their friends, from the infatuated Swigsby downwards, and almost everybody. Of Caroline herself it may perhaps be hinted that we see rather too little to judge how much of a success she would have been. The Little Sister gives us little help : we ought to have seen the Caroline of the sham honeymoon and the not sham desertion more fully than in the mere retrospect. Certainly there is no fault in her here, nor is there in Cinqbars or Hunt, though they are more of types than Thackeray usually allows himself to draw. The most questionable figure is beyond all doubt the hero Brandon: and here once more we may trace the remains of the novitiate. It was always necessary (I do not say that it was a merit) for Thackeray either to like or to dislike his principal characters. He had not been able to make up his mind whether he liked or disliked ‘ Cat ’, and so he could never quite bring her off. He had nearly made up his mind that he disliked Brandon (there is no doubt that he did by the time that he resuscitated him as Dr. Firmin), but he had not quite : and once more there is wavering in the touch. The story is such a torso that from some points of view it is unfair to judge it at all. But for those who are not shocked by its ‘ shabby gentility ’ (of which more later), it ought always to have very considerable charm. It is not the least of the innumerable *bienfaits de la lune* to her children that she inspired ‘ Pallid horb ! ’ and the context thereof.

Even more closely connected with the disaster, though not actually cut short by it, was the article on Fielding, which accordingly we put next. It was written (he told Mrs. Brookfield) at Margate, the scene of *A Shabby Genteel Story*, the author, after his odd fashion, walking out every day to a ‘ little bowling-green with an arbour ’, writing there, and coming back to wonder what was the matter with his wife. He speaks of it elsewhere, apparently, to his mother, as ‘ nearly a week's work ’ (showing that he cannot have been long absent on each occasion), and he naturally did not consider five guineas a lavish payment. Indeed it represents about a guinea a thousand words, which (though better than Southey's ‘ ten shillings for a morning's work ’ in *his* novitiate fifty years earlier) is not precisely munificent.

The article must be read with interest because it is the most considerable purely literary study of a single author that Thackeray had yet done ; because that author is *the* author of all others whom he most resembles, and to whom he is most indebted ; and because it is a distinct anticipation of *The English Humourists*. But it cannot be called a very good article : and it is impossible not to think that the circumstances explain some of its special lacks of goodness. Thackeray, it has been said, was always an unequal and incalculable critic, and a certain desultoriness was of the essence of his writing. But he generally manages to convey a curious unity in diversity into his compositions—a unity which is here quite wanting. Though by no means pinched for room, he not only does not cover his subject but does not attempt to cover it, and deals with hardly anything but the plays and *Amelia*, his attention to which is itself a sign. For we know that the later 'Amelia' of *Vanity Fair*, while she got her name from Fielding, got at least part of her nature from poor Mrs. Thackeray herself. The disproportionate amount of space devoted to Fielding's morality is of course in character with Thackeray's criticism generally: and the not disproportionate but rather exclusive stress on Fielding's tenderness likewise. But the first has a quite evident special connexion with the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin business, which had recently been filling his mind, as the second has with his actual trouble. One bold but perfectly true saying may be quoted, because of his constant generosity both to Cruikshank and to Dickens. 'Fielding's men and Hogarth's are Dickens's and Cruikshank's drawn with ten times more skill and force.' *And it was so.*

After Mrs. Thackeray's illness declared itself, the whole family were, for a certain time, more established in Paris than anywhere else—the children with their grandparents, Thackeray himself either with his wife, or, when she was moved to a *maison de santé*, in lodgings near her. It was natural, therefore, that much of the production of the end of 1840 and the greater part of 1841 should have more or less reference to the French capital, and this is the case with nearly the whole remaining contents of our volume, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, the *Corsair* paper, two of the *Britannia* articles (the third, 'Reading a Poem,' connects itself rather with the ' Yellowplush ' series, but is inferior), and the memorable *Memorials of Gormandizing*.

Although almost any one of the more considerable pieces which Thackeray produced during his nearly ten years of struggle would have done for a text, there was reason in the selection of *The Second Funeral* for reprint in the *Cornhill Magazine* three years after his death, unusual as such a proceeding would have been in any case. For Thackeray himself had never reprinted it : and though it did not miss the admiration of some good wits at the time of its appearance (with the admirable *Chronicle of the Drum* affixed), it was quite a failure in point of sale. Very few of the royalties—sevenpence halfpenny out of half-a-crown—on which both he himself and FitzGerald characteristically dwelt in letters, ever found their way into his pocket. It was, moreover, the first substantial text (though murmurs of the kind had been heard before) for that parrot chorus of 'Cynic!' which has never entirely ceased, though it has of late years become *amoebean*—the other parrots answering with 'Sentimentalist!' Of this curious duet-contest of silliness one can only say 'et *vitulà* tu dignus et hic', which is appropriate enough, though *ansere* would be better still if it would only scan. We shall have to do with it often. But the present occasion was certainly exemplary of that peculiar combination of cant and folly which is specially English and which Thackeray was born to scourge : as well as of the other combination of folly not exactly with cant, but with *blague*, which is as specially French, and to which he was the equally predestined boatswain's mate. There were certainly sincere and ardent admirers of Napoleon in France then, but the government and the official people generally would (to use the old story), if a hatchment had been put up to him with *Resurgam*, have taken good care to have it changed into *Requiescat in pace :* while all the business of Joinville's homecoming was in the lowest vein of Bobadilian swagger and theatrical sham. But the English objection to Thackeray's treatment of this, though not so ignoble, was sillier. We had fought Napoleon fairly, and though, after one magnanimous attempt, it had been found impossible to treat him with absolute generosity after he was beaten, we had not, except in the view of very sentimental people, treated him *un*fairly then. We had, in the actual business of the 'translation', behaved with a correctness which neither Lancelot nor Amadis could surpass. Further, Napoleon, though of marvellous genius in war and politics, had no other good quality that the most amiable and resourceful recording angel could manage to discover in, or extemporaneously add to, the list of human virtues. Yet Thackeray is not hard on him; he is never rude to him; except slightly touching on his creation of a sham aristocracy he hardly says anything unfavourable of him. It is the 'Vanity of Vanities',—the humbug in part, the hollowness in all but whole, of the performance—that he touches with a satire, now light, now grave, but never heavy, an irony thrown up by humour of gayer kind that is irresistible and unsurpassable. He had never perhaps done a faultless thing before: he did one here. The alternations but never discords of mood and tone; the admirable descriptions, of the peculiar Thackerayan kind, using utmost economy of words to produce the fullest largeness of effect; the manners- and character-painting; the absolute idiosyncrasy of style—all these are marvellous. They had nobody among rising English men of letters in that winter of 1840–1 who had done—there were not more than three or four other men living who were to do—anything so perfect in any style as this is in its own.

The other articles must be passed over briefly, though not one is negligible, and all (save perhaps 'Reading a Poem') are admirable. The additional Paris Sketches from the *Corsair* and the *Britannia* are better than the *average* of *The Sketch Book* itself. 'Men and Coats'[1] (not unsuggested perhaps by *Sartor* and by Diderot) is very pleasant.

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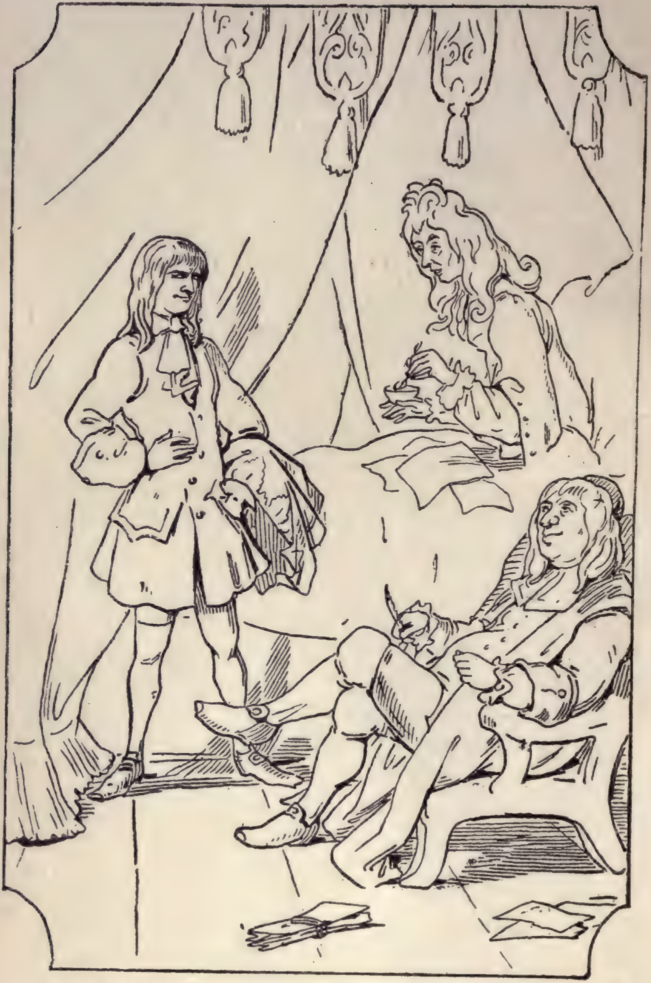
[1] This was a very little later in composition than some pieces to be given in the next volume. But it combines and contrasts with its companion in *Fraser* very happily.

But *Memorials of Gormandizing* rises to a higher strain. It appears to have been intended to form part of a book, '*Dinner Reminiscences, or The Young Gormandizer's Guide*' which was actually advertised in *The Second Funeral*, but which never appeared : though there are some ' condolences and vails ' for it in other articles which will come later. The ' Memorials ' as they stand could not be better. The only blot on them—the drinking of Sauterne after Beaune—appears to have been due to Gustavus, not to Michael Angelo ; the actual bills and menus will be priceless for posterity : and the whole article is itself a ' made dish ', as the honest simple old English phrase goes, of the most superlative quality.

In fact, from this volume (let us remember, though we postpone, *The Chronicle of the Drum*, and that ' Dear Lucy ' appeared in the ' Memorials ') it is evident to any competent judgement what an amazingly accomplished and versatile genius England had in the Thackeray who was but just thirty years old. The accomplishment is in parts still a little behind the variety and the quality, but only a little : and in parts again it is almost if not quite up to them. The best of *Catherine* ; the best of *A Shabby Genteel Story* ; the best of *Cox's Diary* ; all *The Second Funeral* ; the handful of lighter articles ; the verse—where else shall we find a twelve or eighteen months' work of such volume, such vigour, such variety ?



THE INTERVIEW OF MR. BILLINGS WITH HIS FATHER
See page 131
(From a drawing in the British Museum)

CATHERINE

A STORY

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, Esq., Junior

[*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1839—February, 1840]

CATHERINE

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

At that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanizing, restoring, re-restoring, play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing, to be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day; and a general, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madam Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when issuing thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily . . .

About the year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five*, that is, in the glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befel a series of adventures, which, since they are strictly in accordance with the present fashionable style and taste; since they have been already partly described in the 'Newgate Calendar;' since they are (as shall be seen anon) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting characters, have already been treated both copiously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and, indeed, of future) ages; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal FAGIN, requires a genius of inordinate stride, and to go a-robbing after the late though deathless TURPIN; the renowned JACK SHEPPARD; or the embryo DUVAL, may be impossible, and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill-will towards the eighth commandment, though it may, on the one hand, be asserted, that only vain coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly eminent; on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully, that nothing more can be said about them; on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument, three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them, as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cut-throats, and Newgate altogether;—though all these objections may be urged, and each is excellent, yet we intend to take a few more pages from the Old Bailey calendar, to bless the public with one more draught from the Stone Jug[1]:—yet a-while to listen, hurdle-mounted, and riding down the Oxford Road, to the bland conversation of Jack Ketch, and to hang with him round the neck of his patient, at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice, that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villany, throat-cutting, and bodily suffering in general, as are not to be found, no, not in ——; never mind comparisons, for such are odious.

In the year 1705, then, whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notion, that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or, whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or, whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jennings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it;—whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much soldiering and recruiting, parading, pike and gun-exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, as we can all remember in the year 1801, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores. A recruiting party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before), were now in Warwickshire; and having their dépôt at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the sergeant, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps in Cutts's corps,—and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

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[1] This, as your ladyship is aware, is the polite name for her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury), were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

Of those two gentlemen who are about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain,—we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain, and, it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace: but speaking the English language, and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons; he was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained); in height, about five feet six inches; in weight, nearly thirteen stone; with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy; an arm, that was like an opera-dancer's leg; a stomach, that was so elastic, that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food; a great aptitude for strong liquors; a considerable skill in singing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many, and passably bad; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous, and jovial; when angry, a perfect demon; bullying, cursing, storming, fighting, as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his cloth and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly what the Marquess of Rodil styled himself, in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *hijo de la guerra*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments, might contend for the honour of giving him birth; for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a royalist regiment; had then obeyed the Parliamentarians; died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country; and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity, displayed him as a fifer in the general's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army; he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of having command at the battle of the Boyne, though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side; and the very year before this narrative commences, he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg, for which service he was promised a pair of colours; he lost them, however, and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle; but having in some measure re-instated himself, by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim, it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of recruiting, and remove him altogether from the regiment where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history, if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along with a dozen other brothers, the title of count: eleven of these, of course, were penniless; one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services, and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses, hunting wild boars, swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means; obliged to be sordid at home all the year, to be splendid for a month at the capital, as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French, as page to a nobleman, then of his majesty's *gardes du corps;* then a lieutenant and captain in the Bavarian service; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian found himself among them; and at the epoch when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment; how it appeared that, before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers-on at Charles the Second's court;—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters, and to trace step by step the events of his history; here, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn, in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705; and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr. Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated at a round table before the kitchen fire, while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down in the village-green, before the inn door, two black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arch-necked, Roman-nosed, Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the Bugle Inn. The two gentlemen were seated at their ease at the inn-table, drinking mountain-wine; and if the reader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or harvest, at court or at Newgate, drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Galgenstein and Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken, and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what earthly business should we have in detailing their histories? What would the public care for them? Who would meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice, is the only thing which the readers of romances care to hear?

The little horseboy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise, which they were now taking in the cool evening air, as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats; but the lad had been especially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further commands from the gentlemen reposing in the Bugle kitchen; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the beasts, and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of contemplating such an innocent spectacle. Over the count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth, richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cipher at the four corners of the covering; and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it, a couple of silver-mounted pistols reposing in bearskin holsters; the bit was silver too, and the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribands. Of the corporal's steed, suffice it to say, that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable, as those which decorated the captain's animal. The boys who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horseboy; then the village matrons followed; and afterwards, sauntering by ones and twos, came the village maidens, who love soldiers as flies love treacle;—presently the males began to arrive, and lo! the parson of the parish, taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs, and the four children his offspring, at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the little ostler explained, that the animals belonged to two gentlemen now reposing at the Bugle; one young with gold hair, the other old with grizzled locks; both in red coats; both in jack-boots; putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses; and the parson, a learned man, explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count, or at least had a count's horsecloth;

pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son, William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals, and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place, the gentlemen whose appearance had created so much attention, came to the door of the inn, and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion; after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds.

Mr. Brock, when he saw the parson's band and cassock, took off his beaver reverently, and saluted the divine: 'I hope your reverence won't balk the little fellow,' said he; 'I think I heard him calling out for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his lordship's horse, I am sure it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir, the horses are not tired, we have only come seventy mile to-day, and Prince Eugene once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset.'

'Gracious powers! on which horse?' said Doctor Dobbs, very solemnly. 'On *this*, sir,—on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, William of Nassau; the prince, sir, gave it me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Sauerkrauter's regiment, who had made the prince prisoner.'

'Your own legs, sir!' said the doctor, 'gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!'

'No, no, not my own legs, my horse's I mean, sir; and the prince gave me William of Nassau that very day.'

To this no direct reply was made; but the doctor looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, 'Isn't it wonderful?' The corporal to this answered nothing, but, resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, '*That* horse, sir—good as mine is—that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his excellency's horse, Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galgenstein, captain of horse and of the holy Roman empire' (he lifted here his hat with much gravity, and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise). 'We call him George of Denmark, sir, in compliment to her Majesty's husband: he is Blenheim too, sir; Marshal Tallard rode him on that day, and you know how *he* was taken prisoner by the count?'

'George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! this is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys, stand forward! Look here, sir; these children have been respectively named after our late sovereign, and the husband of our present queen.'

'And very good names too, sir; aye, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that, with your reverence and your ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau.'

When this speech of the corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah! and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles; and the corporal leading one, entrusted the other to the horse-boy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manœuvre was very great; but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragoon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty wistful eye upon all going on without; and the horses marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and landlady of the Bugle Inn, another person connected with that establishment—a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant girl, about the age of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlour, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated in the village poorhouse, and having been pronounced by Doctor Dobbs and the schoolmaster, the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either had ever had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed it must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the Bugle Inn.

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall, was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score was a far superior shrew; and for the seven years of her apprenticeship, the girl was completely at her mistress's mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness, and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the Bugle. The fact is, that Miss Catherine was a great beauty; and for about two years, since her fame had begun to spread, the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bedroom, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half-a-dozen lovers in the village; and these were bound in honour to spend their pence at the alehouse she inhabited. O woman, lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss within the cup—and we are content to call the poison, wine!

The mountain-wine at the Bugle was, in fact, execrable; but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them, that they found it a passable, even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought instantaneously on her appearance, for whereas at that very moment the count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine-grower, and the English nation generally, when the young woman entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said ‘Coming, your honour; I think your honour called.’ Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer.

‘My dear Mary,’ then said that gentleman, ‘his honour is a lord; as good as a lord that is; for all he allows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him.’

Catherine dropped a low curtsy, and said, ‘Well, I don’t know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do; but his honour *looks* like a lord, though I never see one, to be sure.’

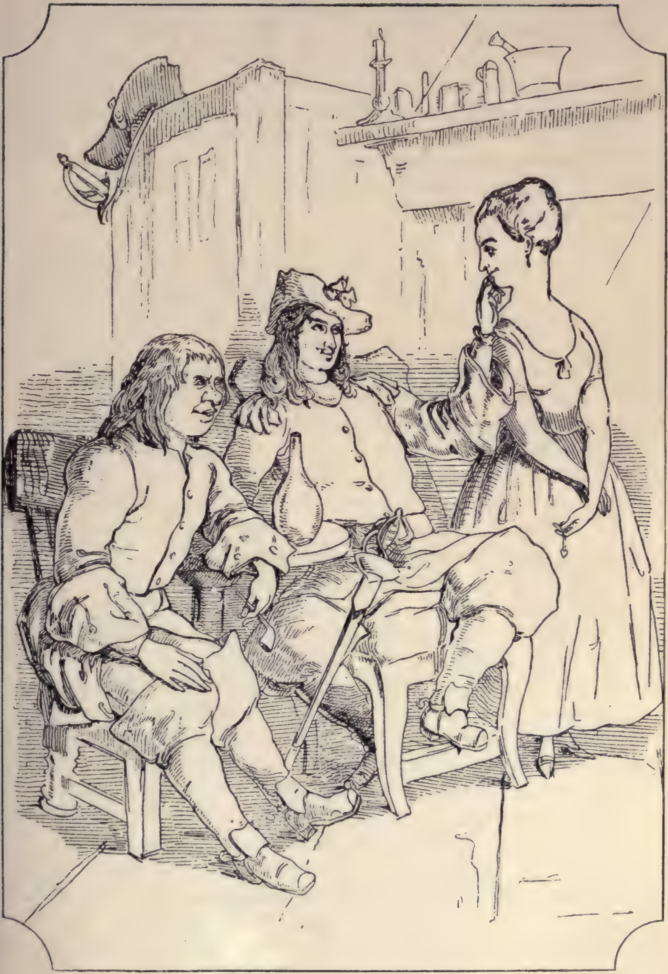
‘Then,’ said the captain, gathering courage, ‘how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?’

‘Pretty Catherine: I mean Catherine, if you please, sir.’

Here Mr. Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many oaths that she was right at first, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about ‘Keep your distance, low fellow! buss, indeed! poor country girl,’ &c. &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the captain. That gentleman looked also very angry; but whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. ‘Hark ye, Mr. Brock,’ he cried very fiercely, ‘I will suffer no such liberties in my presence; remember, it is only my condescension which permits you to share my bottle in this way; take care I don’t give you instead a taste of my cane.’ So saying, he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mrs. Catherine’s waist, holding the other clenched very near to the corporal’s nose.

Mrs. Catherine, for *her* share of this action of the count’s, dropped another curtsy, and said, ‘Thank you, my lord.’ But Galgenstein’s threat did not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should; for the corporal, at a combat of fisty-cuffs,



MRS. CATHERINE'S TEMPTATION

could have pounded his commander into a jelly in ten minutes: so he contented himself by saying, 'Well, noble captain, there's no harm done; it *is* an honour for poor old Peter Brock to be at table with you, and I *am* sorry sure enough.'

'In truth, Peter, I believe thou art; thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man; had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee.'

'I *know* you would not,' replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity; and so peace was made, and healths were drank. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the captain's glass; who swore that the wine was thus converted into nectar; and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and simpered in return.

The poor thing had never before seen anybody so handsome, or so finely dressed as the count; and, in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been; and though she said to each, 'O, now my lord,' and 'La, captain, how can you flatter one so?' and 'Your honour's laughing at me;' and made such polite speeches as are used on these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the grin of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the count's first operations had been highly successful. When following up his attack, he produced from his neck a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake; and chucked her under the chin, and called her his little rose-bud, it was pretty clear how things would go: anybody who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event (and the reader may by looking at the picture), might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

Being of a very vain, communicative turn, our fair barmaid gave her two companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village, whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. 'Yes, your honour,' said she—'my lord, I mean; sixteen last March, though there's a many girl in the village that, at my age, is quite chits; there's Polly Randall now, that red-haired girl along with Thomas Curtis, she's seventeen if she's a day, though he is the very first sweetheart she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village—father and mother died very young, and I was left a poor orphan—well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her!—to the care of Mrs. Score, my aunt, who has been a mother to me—a step-mother, you know;—and I've been to Stratford fair, and to Warwick many a time; and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none—only a gentleman, as I've always said; not a poor clodpole, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Blacksmith, yonder, him whose wife has got the black eye, but a real gentleman, like——'

'Like whom, my dear?' said the captain, encouraged.

'La, sir, how can you? why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach; or, at least, like the parson, Doctor Dobbs—that's he in the black gown, walking with Madam Dobbs in red.'

'And are those his children?'

'Yes: two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nassau, and one George Denmark—isn't it odd?' And from the parson, Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community, who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when, from the window, Corporal Brock saw the altercation between the worthy divine and his son, respecting the latter's ride, that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green, and to bestow on the two horses those famous historical names which we have just heard applied to them.

Mr. Brock's diplomacy was, as we have stated, quite successful; for, when the parson's boys had ridden and retired along with their mamma and papa, other young gentlemen of humbler rank in the village were placed upon 'George of Denmark' and 'William of Nassau;' the corporal joking and laughing with all the grown-up people. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's age, his red nose, and a certain squint of his eye, vowed the corporal was a jewel of a man; and among the men, his popularity was equally great.

'How much dost thee get, Thomas Clodpole?' said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as her suitor), who had laughed loudest at some of his jokes; 'how much dost thee get for a week's work, now?'

Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock, stated that his wages amounted to 'three shillings and a puddn.'

'Three shillings and a puddn!—monstrous!—and for this you toil like a galley slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America,—aye, gentlemen, and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on icy winter mornings, to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink.'

'Yes, indeed,' said the person addressed, who seemed astounded at the extent of the corporal's information.

'Or you clean pig-sty, and take dung down to meadow; or you act watchdog and tend sheep; or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass; and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head, and sweated the flesh out of your bones, and wellnigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what?—three shillings a week and a puddn! Do you get pudding every day?'

'No; only Sundays.'

'Do you get money enough?'

'No, sure.'

'Do you get beer enough?'

'Oh no, NEVER!' said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

'Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand; it shall have beer enough this day, or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty pieces in this purse: and how do you think I got 'em? and how do you think I shall get others when these are gone?—by serving her sacred majesty to be sure: long life to her, and down with the French king!'

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out a hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the corporal's: but it was remarked, that the greater part of the crowd drew back—the women whispering ominously to them and looking at the corporal.

'I see, ladies, what it is,' said he; 'you are frightened, and think I am a crimp come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken this hand, and drunk a pot with me: do you think he'd shake hands with a rogue? Here's Tummas Clodpole has never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to him and any other gentleman; am I good enough company for him? I have money, look you, and like to spend it: what should *I* be doing dirty actions for—hay, Tummas?'

A satisfactory reply to this query was not, of course, expected by the corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock; and the end of the dispute was, that he and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the Bugle, to regale upon the promised beer. Among the corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would show that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sunburnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the alehouse. This man was the only one of his hearers who, perhaps, was sceptical as to the truth of his stories; but as soon as Bullock accepted the invitation to drink, John Hayes, the carpenter (for such was his name and profession), said, 'Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too.'

'I know thee wilt,' said Thomas, 'thou'lt goo any where Catty Hall is, provided thou canst goo for nothing.'

'Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the corporal here.'

'A penny to *keep*, you mean: for all your love for the lass at the Bugle, did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the captain here stands treat.'

'Come, come, gentlemen, no quarrelling,' said Mr. Brock; 'if this pretty fellow will join us, amen say I: there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to pay the score. Comrade Tummas, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentleman farmers, Mr. Brock shall have the honour to pay for you all.' And with this, Corporal Brock, accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmith, Bakers-boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn; the horses being, at the same time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public; and although, at first sight a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cut-throat or highwayman for a hero, or a pickpocket at the very least: this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Clodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of Mrs. Catherine of the Bugle: and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune—of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father—and of the comfortable farm and house over which Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the barber and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village: and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had made some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly; and what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set his heart upon winning Catherine; and loved her with a desperate, greedy eagerness and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce and unreasonable among very cold and selfish men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands: but Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions; and, though quite ready to acknowledge the absurdity of his love for a penniless ale-house servant girl, nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. 'I know I'm a fool,' said he; 'and what's more, the girl does not care for me;

but marry her I must, or I think I shall just die, and marry her I will.' For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *sine qua non*, and had dismissed, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her; but three shillings a-week and a puddn was not to the girl's taste, and Thomas had been scornfully rejected: Hayes had also made her a direct proposal—Catherine did not say no, she was too prudent: but she was young, and could wait; she did not care for Mr. Hayes *yet*, enough to marry him—(it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for anybody)—and she gave her adorer flatteringly to understand, that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day Mrs. Catherine's *pis aller*.

In the meantime she considered herself free as the wind, and permitted herself all the innocent gaieties which that 'chartered libertine,' a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years: and let not the reader fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little shes of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well-grown girl, under encouraging circumstances,—say, she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Miss Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and Mr. John Hayes was miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousies, and desperate attacks upon the indifference-rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart, which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Lives there the man in Europe who has not felt them many times?—who has not knelt, and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain; and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company; shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, 'We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you:—despair, O lover, despair,' and die.—O cruel pangs! dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your nightcap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening—there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razors, and Macassar oil), lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine—there, in your writing desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffetees of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!), begging 'you would ware them at collidge, and think of her who'—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek to depict the agony of poor, mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men; depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard, pale, young old-clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of 'Clo:' I have often, I say, fancied that, besides the load of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior cura* at his tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of 'Clo, Clo;' who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is chaffering with the footman at No. 7, about an old dressing-gown, you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment. Psha! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in Holywell Street who fills up his heart;

and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic hell! Take another instance:—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint Martin's Court—there he is, at this very moment that I am writing and you are reading this,—there he is, to all appearances, quite calm: before the same round of beef—from morning till sun-down—for hundreds of years very likely—perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is HE silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting: you enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart; and, quite unmoved, on, on, he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passion ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I doubt it, and would give much to know his history,—who knows what furious Ætna-flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh-mountain—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not DESPAIR?

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The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes agreed to drink the corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes could not bear that Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to, Mrs. Catherine in his absence; and though the young woman never diminished her coquetries, but, on the contrary, rather increased them in his presence; it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content; for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent; and he was content in the present instance to sigh and drink beer. He sighed and drunk, sighed and drunk, and drunk again, until he had swallowed so much of the corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also; and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of Queen Anne's.

But, oh! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes, when, seated with the serjeant's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the captain at the place of honour, and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him; when, as she lightly whisked past him with the captain's supper, she, pointing to the locket, that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch lady at the Brill, looked archly on Hayes, and said, 'See, John, what his lordship has given me;' and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, 'Coming, my lord,' in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes, and left him gasping for breath.

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect: he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the corporal; and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pairs of colours, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace.

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the Bugle Inn, they might have taken down a conversation on love and war—the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen—which, as the parts were sung together, duet-wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the captain was whispering the softest nothings the corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it, *exiguo pinxit praelia tota* bero. For example:—

Captain. What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely laced, would become you wonderfully well?—and a gray hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say, there goes the captain's lady. What do you think of a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at—— *Corporal*—the ball, sir, ran right up his elbow, and was found the next day by Surgeon Splinter of ours,—where do you think, sir?—upon my honour as a gentleman it came out of the nape of his—— *Captain*—necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond earrings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a little leetle rouge—though, egad! such peach-cheeks as yours don't want it;—fie! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and pick at them as if they were fruit—— *Corporal*—over the wall; and three-and-twenty of our fellows jumped after me; by the pope of Rome, friend Tummas, that was a day!—Had you seen how the Mounseers looked when four-and-twenty rampaging he-devils, sword and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling into the redoubt! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillerymen's heads as there were cannon-balls. It was *Ah sacré!* d— you, take that; *O mon Dieu!* run him through; *Ventrebleu!* and it *was* ventrebleu with him, I warrant you: for *bleu*, in the French language, means through; and *ventre*—why, you see, ventre means—— *Captain*—waists, which are worn now excessive long;—and for the hoops, if you *could* but see them—slap my vitals, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's assembly (she came in one of my lord's coaches) who had a hoop as big as a tent, you might have dined under it comfortably;—ha! ha! 'pon my faith, now—— *Corporal*—and there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshal Tallard, who was endeavouring to drown his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine; and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. 'Who was the man who has done this?' said our noble general. I stept up. 'How many heads was it,' says he, 'that you cut off?' 'Nineteen,' says I, 'besides wounding several.' When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! 'Noble, noble fellow,' says he, 'Marshal you must excuse me, if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen;'—noble, noble fellow!—'here's a hundred guineas for you,' which sum he placed in my hand. 'Nay,' says the Marshal, 'the man has done his duty;' and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond hilted snuff-box, he gave me——*Mr. Bullock.* What, a goold snuff-box? Wauns, but thee *wast* in luck, corporal!—*Corporal.* No, not the snuff-box, but—*a pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he didn't! Could you but have seen the smile on Jack Churchill's grave face, at this piece of generosity—so, beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear, and whispered——*Captain*—'May I have the honour to dance a minuet with your ladyship?' The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder; for, as you know very well, poor Lady Susan *has a wooden leg:* ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear?—*Mrs. Catherine.* Giggle, giggle, giggle: he!

he! he! O captain, you rogue, you.—— *Second table.* Haw! haw! haw! well you *be* a foony mon, serjeant, zure enoff.

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This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will show pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the corporal, surrendered to him. Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmith's-boy, and a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butcher himself was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief: his wife namely, who, with two squalling children, rushed into the Bugle,—boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the corporal, that he was obliged to retreat; fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love: and at the end of the drinking bout was a great deal more cool than the corporal himself, to whom he wished a very polite good evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned to look at Catherine, to be sure, and then he was not quite so calm: but Catherine did not give any reply to his good-night. She was seated at the captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost,—sly fellow!—and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, the landlady, for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar; and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself; and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstein looked very much disturbed and out of humour, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually, but no Catherine came. At last, very sulkily, he desired to be shown to bed, and walked as well as he could (for, to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who showed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

'It's a very comfortable room,' said she, 'though not the best in the house; which belong of right to your lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that locked and double-locked with his three tipsy recruits. But your honour will find this here bed comfortable and well-aired; I've slept in it myself this eighteen years.'

'What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? It's cruel hard on you, madam.'

'Sit up, my lord; bless you, no! I shall have half of our Cat's bed, as I always do when there's company.' And with this Mrs. Score curtsied and retired.

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Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the ale and bacon for the corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the captain's breakfast. The young blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction; but Mr. Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret; for the gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not, therefore, a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs. Catherine expected him too, for she had offered many times to run up—with my lord's boots—with the hot water—to show Mr. Brock the way, who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mrs. Score had prevented her; not scolding, but with much gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came down stairs, and said, 'Catherine, darling, his honour, the Count, is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl ; run down, child, to Farmer Brigg's, and get one : pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his lordship a pretty breakfast.'

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, through the stables. There she heard the little horseboy whistling and hissing after the manner of horseboys ; and there she learned that Mrs. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The ostler said he was just going to lead the two horses round to the door. The corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford.

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the wing of a fowl, had risen with a horror and loathing for every thing in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford ; and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady 'why the d— *she* always came up, and why she did not send the girl,' Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this the captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and every thing connected with the Bugle Inn.

Out the horses came ; the little boys of the village gathered round ; the recruits, with bunches of ribands in their beavers, appeared presently ; Corporal Brock came swaggering out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse while the boys hurraed : then the captain came out, gloomy and majestic ; to him Mr. Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, and with much grinning, the recruits imitated. 'I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honour, and meet you at Stratford,' said the corporal. 'Good,' said the captain, as he mounted. The landlady curtsied ; the children hurraed more ; the little horseboy, who held the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown-piece from such a noble gentleman, got only a kick and a curse as Count von Galgenstein shouted, 'D— you all, get out of the way !' and galloped off : and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the captain ride off alone.

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O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the captain and the maid to have their way, and meet but for a minute before recruits, sergeants, and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half a mile on the Stratford road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onwards, at the turn of the road, a certain object, which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a tingling red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump, thump, against his side. A young lass was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge-flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the captain thought; but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was singing as if none were near; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the captain put his horse on the grass, that the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

When the kine had given a pailful (sang she),
  And the sheep came bleating home,
Poll, who knew it would be healthful,
  Went a-walking out with Tom.
Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,
  As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to Polly,
  But was answered no, no, no.

The captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might not disturb the music; and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway George of Denmark began chewing of such a salad as grew there; and now the captain slid off stealthily, and smiling comically, and hitching up his great jack-boots, and moving forward with a jerking tiptoe step, he, just as she was trilling the last o-o-o of the last *no* in the above poem of Tom D'Urfey, came up to her, and, touching her lightly on the waist, said, 'My dear, your very humble servant.'

Mrs. Catherine (you know you have found her out long ago!) gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she only shook all over, and said,

'O Sir! how you *did* frighten me!'

'Frighten you! my rose-bud; why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?'

'Oh no, your honour, I didn't mean that; only I wasn't thinking to meet you here, or that you would ride so early at all; for if you please sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one; and I thought, instead of going to Farmer Brigg's down Birmingham way, as she told me, I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir—my lord, I mean.'

'Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me, I was so dru—— I mean I ate such a good supper last night—and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart.'

'What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty, story-telling woman!'

'You were walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any more; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear.'

'Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't.'

'For your sake, my sweet angel?'

'Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen.'

'Well, then, for *your* sake, I won't; no, I'll live; but why live? Hell and fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am,—you know I am,—you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!'

Catherine's reply to this was 'La, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away;' and so he was; for, having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Hall ran lightly after the horse, and the captain after Mrs. Hall; and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase; when, lo! debouching from a twist in the road, came the detachment of cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman had desired the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol, and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Tummas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave when he saw the pair; but the corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

'La, sir, and so it is,' said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, 'but not for *running*. I do protest—ha!—and vow that I really can scarcely stand. I'm so tired of running after that naughty, naughty horse!'

'How do, Cattern?' said Thomas, 'zee, I be going a zouldering because thee wouldn't have me;' and here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arrival of the corporal's detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction in the captain's eyes,—he mounted the horse which Tummas still held,—'*Tired*, Mrs. Catherine!' said he, 'and for my sake? By Heavens, you shan't walk a step farther! No, you shall ride back with a guard of honour! Back to the village, gentlemen!—right about face! Show those fellows, corporal, how to right about face. Now, my dear, mount behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put your dear little foot on the toe of my boot; there now,—up! jump!—hurrah!'

'*That's* not the way, captain,' shouted out Thomas, still holding on the rein as the horse began to move; 'thee woant goo with him, will thee, Catty?'

But Mrs. Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the captain's waist; and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, struck him across the face and hands with his riding-whip; and the poor fellow, who, at the first cut, still held on the rein, dropped it at the second; and, as the pair galloped off, sate down on the roadside, and fairly began to weep.

'*March*, you dog!' shouted out the corporal a minute after; and so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she *was* the captain's lady sure enough, and wore a gray hat with a blue feather, and red riding-coat trimmed with silver lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse; which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears, that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

This being a good opportunity for closing Chapter I, we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless; as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that—bless the little dears!—their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we *are* to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content,—we shall apply to government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

I. S. Jun.

Cold Bath Fields, 15th April.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH ARE DEPICTED THE PLEASURES OF A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT

It will not be necessary, for the purpose of this history, to follow out very closely all the adventures which occurred to Mrs. Catherine from the period when she quitted the Bugle and became the captain's lady; for, although it would be just as easy to show as not, that the young woman, by following the man of her heart, had only yielded to an innocent impulse, and by remaining with him for a certain period, had proved the depth and strength of her affection for him,—although we might make very tender and eloquent apologies for the error of both parties, the reader might possibly be disgusted at such descriptions and such arguments, which, besides, are already done to his hand in the novel of *Ernest Maltravers* before-mentioned. Sir Edward is a mighty man, but even he cannot prove black to be white; no, not if he were to write a hundred dozen of volumes on the point, instead of half a dozen. We, too, are not small beer in our way. After all, Solomons is somebody. Sir Ikey Solomons would not sound badly; and who knows whether, some day or other, another batch of us literary chaps may not be called upon by a grateful sovereign to kneel gracefully on one knee, majesty waving over our heads a glittering cut-and-thrust, and saying with sweet accents, 'Rise up, Sir Something Whatdyecallum!'—who knows? Egad! if the Whigs remain in, I, for my part, will be content with nothing less than a blood-red hand on the Solomons' seal. But this is sheer talk, and we are flying away from the real subject; the respectability, namely, of the connexion between Mrs. Hall and his Excellency the Count von Galgenstein.

From the gentleman's manner towards Mrs. Catherine, and from his brilliant and immediate success, the reader will doubtless have concluded, in the first place, that Gustavus Adolphus had not a very violent affection for Mrs. Cat; in the second place, that he was a professional lady-killer, and therefore likely at some period to resume his profession; thirdly, and to conclude, that a connexion so begun, must, in the nature of things, be likely to end speedily.

And so, to do the count justice, it would, if he had been allowed to follow his own inclination entirely; for (as many young gentlemen will, and yet no praise to them) in about a week he began to be indifferent, in a month to be weary, in two months to be angry, in three to proceed to blows and curses; and, in short, to repent most bitterly the hour when he had ever been induced to present Mrs. Catherine the toe of his boot, for the purpose of lifting her on to his horse.

'Egad!' said he to the corporal one day, when confiding his griefs to Mr. Brock, 'I wish my toe had been cut off before ever it served as a ladder to this little vixen.'

'Or perhaps your honour would wish to kick her down stairs with it,' delicately suggested Mr. Brock.

'Kick her! why the wench would hold so fast by the banisters, that I *could* not kick her down, Mr. Brock. To tell you a bit of a secret, I *have* tried as much—not to kick her—no, no, not kick her, certainly, that's ungentlemanly; but to *induce* her to go back to that cursed pot-house where we fell in with her. I have given her many hints——'

'O yes, I saw your honour give her one yesterday—with a mug of beer. By the laws, as the ale run all down her face, and she clutched a knife to run at you, I don't think I ever saw such a she-devil! That woman will do for your honour some day, if you provoke her.'

'Do for *me?* No, hang it, Mr. Brock, never! She loves every hair of my head, sir; she worships me, corporal. Egad, yes! she worships me; and would much sooner apply a knife to her own weazand, than to scratch my little finger!'

'I think she does,' said Mr. Brock.

'I'm sure of it,' said the captain. Women, look you, are like dogs, they like to be ill-treated; they like it, sir, I know they do. I never had any thing to do with a woman in my life but I ill-treated her, and she liked me the better.'

'Mrs. Hall ought to be *very* fond of you then, sure enough!' said Mr. Corporal.

'Very fond!—ha, ha! Corporal, you wag you—and so she *is* very fond. Yesterday, after the knife-and-beer scene—no wonder I threw the liquor in her face, it was so dev'lish flat that no gentleman could drink it, and I told her never to draw it till dinner-time——'

'Oh, it was enough to put an angel in a fury!' said Brock.

'Well, yesterday after the knife business, when you had got the carver out of her hand, off she flings to her bedroom, will not eat a bit of dinner, forsooth, and remains locked up for a couple of hours. At two o'clock afternoon (I was over a tankard), out comes the little she-devil, her face pale, her eyes bleared, and the tip of her nose as red as fire with sniffling and weeping. Making for my hand, "Max," says she, "will you forgive me?" "What!" says I, "forgive a murderess?" says I; "no, curse me, never!" "Your cruelty will kill me," sobbed she. "Cruelty be hanged!" says I; "didn't you draw that beer an hour before dinner?" She could say nothing to *this*, you know, and I swore that every time she did so, I would fling it into her face again; whereupon back she flounced to her chamber, where she wept and stormed until night-time.'

'When you forgave her?'

'I *did* forgive her, that's positive. You see I had supped at the Rose along with Tom Trippet, and half a dozen pretty fellows; and I had eased a great fat-headed Warwickshire land-junker—what d'ye call him?—squire, of forty pieces; and I'm dev'lish good-humoured when I've won, and so Cat and I made it up; but I've taught her never to bring me stale beer again—ha, ha!'

This conversation will explain, a great deal better than any description of ours, however eloquent, the state of things as between Count Maximilian and Mrs. Catherine, and the feelings which they entertained for each other. The woman loved him, that was the fact; and, as we have shown in a former chapter, how John Hayes, a mean-spirited fellow as ever breathed, in respect of all other passions a pigmy, was in the passion of love a giant, and followed Mrs. Catherine with a furious longing which might seem at the first to be foreign to his nature; in the like manner, and playing at cross-purposes, Mrs. Hall had become smitten of the captain; and, as he said truly, only liked him the better for the brutality which she received at his hands. For it is my opinion, madam, that love is a bodily infirmity, from which human kind can no more escape than from small-pox; and which attacks every one of us, from the first duke in the peerage down to Jack Ketch inclusive; which has no respect for rank, virtue, or roguery in man, but sets each in his turn in a fever; which breaks out, the deuce knows how or why, and, raging its appointed time, fills each individual of the one sex with a blind fury and longing for some one of the other (who may be pure, gentle, blue-eyed, beautiful, and good; or vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous, according to circumstances and luck); which dies away, perhaps, in the natural course, if left to have its way, but which contradiction causes to rage more furiously than ever. Is not history, from the Trojan war upwards and downwards, full of instances of such strange inexplicable passions? Was not Helen, by the most moderate calculation, ninety years of age when she went off with his Royal Highness Prince Alexander of Troy? Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, blear-eyed, tallow-complexioned, scraggy, and with hair like tow? Was not Wilkes, the ugliest, charmingest, most successful man in the world? Such instances might be carried out so as to fill a dozen double numbers of *Fraser*, but *cui bono?* Love is fate, and not will; its origin not to be explained, its progress irresistible, and the best proof of this may be had at Bow Street any day, where, if you ask any officer of the establishment how they take most thieves, he will tell you at the houses of the women. They must see the dear creatures, though they hang for it; they will love, though they have their necks in the halter. And with regard to the other position, that ill-usage on the part of the man does not destroy the affection of the woman, have we not numberless police-reports showing how, when a bystander would beat a husband for beating his wife, man and wife fall together on the interloper, and punish him for his meddling?

These points, then, being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the reader will not be disposed to question the assertion, that Mrs. Hall had a real affection for the gallant count, and grew, as Mr. Brock was pleased to say, like a beefsteak, more tender as she was thumped. Poor thing, poor thing! his flashy airs and smart looks had overcome her in a single hour; and no more is wanted to plunge into love over head and ears, no more is wanted to make a first love with (and a woman's first love lasts *for ever*, a man's twenty-fourth or fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it, do what you will; it takes root, and lives and even grows, never mind what the soil may be in which it is planted, or the bitter weather it must bear—often as one has seen a wall-flower grow—out of a stone.

In the first weeks of their union, the count had at least been liberal to her; she had a horse and fine clothes, and received abroad some of those flattering attentions which she held at such high price. He had, however, some ill-luck at play, or had been forced to pay some bills, or had some other satisfactory reason for being poor, and his establishment was very speedily diminished. He argued that, as Mrs. Catherine had been accustomed to wait on others all her life, she might now wait upon herself and him; and when the incident of the beer arose, she had been for some time employed as the count's housekeeper, with unlimited superintendence over his comfort, his cellar, his linen, and such matters as bachelors are delighted to make over to active female hands. To do the poor wretch justice, she actually kept the man's *ménage* in the best order; nor was there any point of extravagance with which she could be charged, except a little extravagance of dress displayed on the very few occasions when he condescended to walk abroad with her, and extravagance of language and passion in the frequent quarrels they had together. Perhaps in such a connexion as subsisted between this precious couple, these faults are inevitable on the part of the woman. She must be silly and vain, and will pretty surely therefore be fond of dress; and she must, disguise it as she will, be perpetually miserable and brooding over her fall, which will cause her to be violent and quarrelsome.

Such, at least, was Mrs. Hall; and very early did the poor vain, misguided wretch, begin to reap what she had sown.

For a man, remorse under these circumstances is perhaps uncommon. No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman ; no bitter pangs of mortified vanity ; no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbour, and no sentence of contemptuous banishment is read against him ; these all fall on the tempted, and not on the tempter, who is permitted to go free. The chief thing that a man learns after having successfully practised on a woman, is to despise the poor wretch whom he has won. The game, in fact, and the glory, such as it is, is all his, and the punishment alone falls upon her. Consider this, ladies, when charming young gentlemen come to woo you with soft speeches. You have nothing to win, except wretchedness, and scorn, and desertion ; consider this, and be thankful to your Solomons for telling it.

It came to pass, then, that the count had come to have a perfect contempt and indifference for Mrs. Hall, and how should he not for a young person who had given herself up to him so easily ? and would have been quite glad of any opportunity of parting with her. But there was a certain lingering shame about the man, which prevented him from saying at once and abruptly, 'Go !' and the poor thing did not choose to take such hints as fell out in the course of their conversation and quarrels ; and so they kept on together, he treating her with simple insult, and she hanging on desperately by whatever feeble twig she could find, to the rock beyond which all was naught or death to her.

Well, after the night with Tom Trippet and the pretty fellows at the Rose, to which we have heard the count allude in the conversation just recorded, Fortune smiled on him a good deal ; for the Warwickshire squire, who had lost forty pieces on that occasion, insisted on having his revenge the night after ; when, strange to say, a hundred and fifty more found their way into the pouch of his excellency the count. Such a sum as this quite set the young nobleman afloat again, and brought back a pleasing equanimity to his mind, which had been a good deal disturbed in the former difficult circumstances, and in this, for a little and to a certain extent, poor Cat had the happiness to share. He did not alter the style of his establishment, which consisted as before, of herself and a small person who acted as scourer, kitchen-wench, and scullion, Mrs. Catherine always putting her hand to the principal pieces of the dinner; but he treated his mistress with tolerable good-humour; or, to speak more correctly, with such bearable brutality as might be expected from a man like him to a woman in her condition. Besides, a certain event was about to take place, which not unusually occurs in circumstances of this nature, and Mrs. Catherine was expecting soon to lie in.

The captain, distrusting naturally the strength of his own paternal feelings, had kindly endeavoured to provide a parent for the coming infant, and to this end had opened a negotiation with our friend, Mr. Thomas Bullock, declaring that Mrs. Cat should have a fortune of twenty guineas, and reminding Tummas of his ancient flame for her; but Mr. Tummas, when this proposition was made to him, declined it with many oaths, and vowed that he was perfectly satisfied with his present bachelor condition. In this dilemma Mr. Brock stepped forward, who declared himself very ready to accept Mrs. Catherine and her fortune, and might possibly have become the possessor of both, had not Mrs. Cat, the moment she heard of the proposed arrangement, with fire in her eyes, and rage—oh, how bitter!—in her heart, prevented the success of the measure by proceeding incontinently to the first justice of peace, and there swearing before his worship who was the father of the coming child.

This proceeding, which she had expected would cause not a little indignation on the part of her lord and master, was received by him, strangely enough, with considerable good-humour; he swore that the wench had served him a good trick, and was rather amused at the anger, the outbreak of fierce rage and contumely; and the wretched, wretched tears of heart-sick desperation which followed her announcement of this step to him. For Mr. Brock, she repelled his offer with scorn and loathing, and treated the notion of a union with Mr. Bullock with yet fiercer contempt. Marry him, indeed! a workhouse pauper carrying a brown Bess! She would have died sooner, she said, or robbed on the highway; and so, to do her justice, she would; for the little minx was one of the vainest creatures in existence, and vanity (as I presume every body knows) becomes *the* principle in certain hearts of women, their moral spectacles, their conscience, their meat and drink, their only rule of right and wrong.

As for Mr. Tummas, he, as we have seen, was quite as unfriendly to the proposition as she could be; and the corporal, with a good deal of comical gravity, vowed that, as he could not be satisfied in his dearest wishes, he would take to drinking for a consolation, which he straightway did.

'Come, Tummas,' said he to Mr. Bullock; 'since we *can't* have the girl of our hearts, why, hang it, Tummas, let's drink her health:' to which Bullock had no objection. And so strongly did the disappointment weigh upon honest Corporal Brock, that, even when, after unheard-of quantities of beer, he could scarcely utter a word, he was seen absolutely to weep, and, in accents almost unintelligible, to curse his confounded ill luck, at being deprived, not of a wife, but of a child: he wanted one so, he said, to comfort him in his old age.

The time of Mrs. Catherine's *couches* drew near, arrived, and was gone through safely. She presented to the world a chopping boy, who might use, if he liked, the Galgenstein arms with a bar sinister; and in her new cares and duties had not so many opportunities as usual of quarrelling with the count; who, perhaps, respected her situation, or, at least, was so properly aware of the necessity of quiet to her, that he absented himself from home morning, noon, and night.

The captain had, it must be confessed, turned these continued absences to a considerable worldly profit, for he played incessantly; and, since his first victory over the Warwickshire squire, Fortune had been so favourable to him, that he had at various intervals amassed a sum of nearly a thousand pounds, which he used to bring home as he won, and which he deposited in a strong iron chest, cunningly screwed down by himself under his own bed. This Mrs. Catherine regularly made, and the treasure underneath it could be no secret to her. However, the noble count kept the key, and bound her by many solemn oaths (that he discharged at her himself) not to reveal to any other person the existence of the chest and its contents.

But it is not in a woman's nature to keep such secrets; and the captain, who left her for days and days, did not reflect that she would seek for confidants elsewhere. For want of a female companion, she was compelled to bestow her sympathies upon Mr. Brock; who, as the count's corporal, was much in his lodgings, and who did manage to survive the disappointment which he had experienced by Mrs. Catherine's refusal of him.

About two months after the infant's birth, the captain, who was annoyed by its squalling, put it abroad to nurse, and dismissed its attendant. Mrs. Catherine now resumed her household duties, and was, as before, at once mistress and servant of the establishment. As such, she had the keys of the beer, and was pretty sure of the attentions of the corporal; who became, as we have said, in the count's absence, his lady's chief friend and companion. After the manner of ladies, she very speedily confided to him all her domestic secrets; the causes of her former discontent; the count's ill treatment of her, the wicked names he called her; the prices that all her gowns had cost her; how he beat her; how much money he won and lost at play; how she had once pawned a coat for him; how he had four new ones, laced, and paid for; what was the best way of cleaning and keeping gold lace, of making cherry-brandy, pickling salmon, &c., &c. Her *confidences* upon all these subjects used to follow each other in rapid succession; and Mr. Brock became, ere long, quite as well acquainted with the captain's history for the last year as the count himself,—for he was careless, and forgot things; women never do. They chronicle all the lover's small actions, his words, his headaches, the dresses he has worn, the things he has liked for dinner on certain days,—all which circumstances commonly are expunged from the male brain immediately after they have occurred, but remain fixed with the female.

To Brock, then, and to Brock only (for she knew no other soul), Mrs. Cat breathed in strictest confidence the history of the count's winnings, and his way of disposing of them; how he kept his money screwed down in an iron chest in their room; and a very lucky fellow did Brock consider his officer for having such a large sum. He and Cat looked at the chest; it was small, but mighty strong, sure enough, and would defy picklocks and thieves. Well, if any man deserved money, the captain did ('though he might buy me a few yards of that lace I love so,' interrupted Mrs. Cat), —if any man deserved money, he did, for he spent it like a prince, and his hand was always in his pocket.

It must now be stated, that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the assembly at Birmingham, and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The 'four new coats, laced, and paid for,' as Cat said, had been purchased, most probably, by his excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress; and he and the coats had succeeded so far, as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage, provided Pa would consent. This was obtained,—for Pa was a tradesman; and I suppose every one of my readers has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank Heaven, there is about a free-born Briton a cringing baseness, and lickspittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny in Europe, and is only to be found here and in America.

All these negotiations had been going on quite unknown to Cat; and, as the captain had determined, before two months were out, to fling that young woman on the *pavé*, he was kind to her in the meanwhile: people always are when they are swindling you, or meditating an injury against you.

The poor girl had much too high an opinion of her own charms to suspect that the count could be unfaithful to them, and had no notion of the plot that was formed against her. But Mr. Brock had; for he had seen many times a gilt coach, with a pair of fat white horses ambling in the neighbourhood of the town, and the captain on his black steed, caracolling majestically by its side; and he had remarked a fat, pudgy, pale-haired woman treading heavily down the stairs of the assembly, leaning on the captain's arm: all these Mr. Brock had seen, not without reflection. Indeed, the count one day, in great good-humour, had slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was about speedily to purchase a regiment; when, by his great gods, Mr. Brock should have a pair of colours. Perhaps this promise occasioned his silence to Mrs. Catherine hitherto; perhaps he never would have peached at all; and, perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written, but for a small circumstance which occurred at this period.

'What can you want with that drunken old corporal always about your quarters?' said Mr. Trippet to the count one day, as they sat over their wine, in the midst of a merry company, at the captain's rooms.

'What!' said he, 'old Brock? The old thief has been more useful to me than many a better man. He is brave in a row as a lion, as cunning in intrigue as a fox; he can nose a dun at an inconceivable distance, and scent out a pretty woman be she behind ever so many stone walls. If a gentleman wants a good rascal now, I can recommend him; I am going to reform, you know, and must turn him out of my service.'

'And pretty Mrs. Cat?'

'O curse pretty Mrs. Cat! she may go too.'

'And the brat?'

'Why, you have parishes, and what not, here in England. Egad! if a gentleman were called upon to keep all his children, there would be no living; no, stop my vitals! Croesus couldn't stand it.'

'No, indeed,' said Mr. Trippet; 'you are right; and when a gentleman marries, he is bound in honour to give up such low connexions as are useful when he is a bachelor.'

'Of course; and give them up I will, when the sweet Mrs. Dripping is mine. As for the girl, you can have her, Tom Trippet, if you take a fancy to her; and as for the corporal, he may be handed over to my successor in Cutts's,—for I will have a regiment to myself, that's poz; and to take with me such a swindling, pimping, thieving, brandy-faced rascal as this Brock will never do. Egad! he's a disgrace to the service. As it is, I've often a mind to have the superannuated vagabond drummed out of the corps.'

Although this *résumé* of Mr. Brock's character and accomplishments was very just, it came, perhaps, with an ill grace from Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, who had profited by all his qualities, and who certainly would never have given this opinion of them, had he known that the door of his dining parlour was open, and that the gallant corporal, who was in the passage, could hear every syllable that fell from the lips of his commanding officer. We shall not say, after the fashion of the story-books, that Mr. Brock listened with a flashing eye, and a distended nostril; that his chest heaved tumultuously, and that his hand fell down mechanically to his side, where it played with the brass handle of his sword. Mr. Kean would have gone through most of these bodily exercises, had he been acting the part of a villain, enraged and disappointed like Corporal Brock; but that gentleman walked away without any gestures of any kind, and as gently as possible. ‘He'll turn me out of the regiment, will he?’ says he, quite piano; and then added (*con molto espressione*), ‘I'll do for him.’

And it is to be remarked, how generally, in cases of this nature, gentlemen stick to their word.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH A NARCOTIC IS ADMINISTERED, AND A GREAT DEAL OF GENTEEL SOCIETY DEPICTED

When the corporal, who had retreated to the street door immediately on hearing the above conversation, returned to the captain's lodgings, and paid his respects to Mrs. Catherine, he found that lady in high good-humour. The count had been with her, she said, along with a friend of his, Mr. Trippet; had promised her twelve yards of the lace she coveted so much; had vowed that the child should have as much more for a cloak; and had not left her until he had sat with her for an hour, or more, over a bowl of punch, which he made on purpose for her. Mr. Trippet stayed, too. ‘A mighty pleasant man,’ said she, ‘only not very wise, and seemingly a good deal in liquor.’

‘A good deal, indeed!’ said the corporal; ‘he was so tipsy just now, that he could hardly stand. He and his honour were talking to Nan Fantail, in the market-place; and she pulled Trippet's wig off, for wanting to kiss her.’

‘The nasty fellow!’ said Mrs. Cat, ‘to demean himself with such low people as Nan Fantail, indeed! Why, upon my conscience now, corporal, it was but an hour ago that Mr. Trippet swore he never saw such a pair of eyes as mine, and would like to cut the captain's throat for the love of me. Nan Fantail indeed!’

‘Nan's an honest girl, Madam Catherine, and was a great favourite of the captain's before some one else came in his way. No one can say a word against her—not a word.’

‘And pray, corporal, who ever did?’ said Mrs. Cat, rather offended. ‘A nasty, angry slut! I wonder what the men can see in her.’

'She has got a smart way with her, sure enough; it's what amuses the men, and ——'

'And what? You don't mean to say that my Max is fond of her *now?*' said Mrs. Catherine, looking very fierce.

'O no; not at all; not of *her*,—that is ——'

'Not of *her!*' screamed she; 'Of whom, then?'

'O, psha! nonsense; of you, my dear, to be sure; who else should he care for? And, besides, what business is it of mine?' And herewith the corporal began whistling, as if he would have no more of the conversation. But Mrs. Cat was not to be satisfied,—not she, and carried on her cross questions.

'Why, look you,' said the corporal, after parrying many of these,—'why, look you. I'm an old fool, Catherine, and I *must* blab. That man has been the best friend I ever had, and so I was quiet; but I can't keep it in any longer,—no, hang me if I can. It's my belief he's acting like a rascal by you: he deceives you, Catherine; he's a scoundrel, Mrs. Hall, that's the truth on't.'

Catherine prayed him to tell all he knew; and he resumed.

'He wants you off his hands; he's sick of you, and so brought here that fool Tom Trippet, who has taken a fancy to you. He has not the courage to turn you out of doors like a man, though in doors he can treat you like a beast. But I'll tell you what he'll do. In a month he will go to Coventry, or pretend to go there, on recruiting business. No such thing, Mrs. Hall, he's going on *marriage* business, and he'll leave you without a farthing, to starve or to rot, for him. It's all arranged, I tell you; in a month, you are to be starved into becoming Tom Trippet's mistress; and his honour is to marry rich Miss Dripping, the twenty-thousand-pounder from London; and to purchase a regiment;—and to get old Brock drummed out of Cutts's, too,' said the corporal, under his breath. But he might have spoken out, if he chose; for the poor young woman had sunk on the ground in a real honest fit.

'I thought I should give it her,' said Mr. Brock, as he procured a glass of water; and, lifting her on to a sofa, sprinkled the same over her. 'Hang it! how pretty she is.'

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When Mrs. Catherine came to herself again, Brock's tone with her was kind, and almost feeling. Nor did the poor wench herself indulge in any subsequent shiverings and hysterics, such as usually follow the fainting fits of persons of higher degree. She pressed him for further explanations, which he gave, and to which she listened with a great deal of calmness; nor did many tears, sobs, sighs, or exclamations of sorrow or anger, escape from her; only when the corporal was taking his leave, and said to her, point-blank,—'Well, Mrs. Catherine, and what do you intend to do?' She did not reply a word; but gave a look which made him exclaim, on leaving the room,—

'By heavens! the woman means murder! I would not be the Holofernes to lie by the side of such a Judith as that—not I;' and he went his way, immersed in deep thought. When the captain returned at night, she did not speak to him; and when he swore at her for being sulky, she only said she had a headache, and was dreadfully ill; with which excuse Gustavus Adolphus seemed satisfied, and left her to herself and her child.

He saw her the next morning for a moment; he was going a-shooting.

Catherine had no friend, as is usual in tragedies and romances,—no mysterious sorceress of her acquaintance to whom she could apply for poison,—so she went simply to the apothecaries, pretending at each that she had a dreadful toothache, and procuring from them as much laudanum as she thought would suit her purpose.

When she went home again, she seemed almost gay. Mr. Brock complimented her upon the alteration of her appearance; and she was enabled to receive the captain at his return from shooting in such a manner as made him remark, that she had got rid of her sulks of the morning, and might sup with them, if she chose to keep her good-humour. The supper was got ready, and the gentlemen had the punch-bowl when the cloth was cleared,—Mrs. Catherine, with her delicate hands, preparing the liquor.

It is useless to describe the conversation that took place, or to reckon the number of bowls that were emptied, or to tell how Mr. Trippet, who was one of the guests, and declined to play at cards when some of the others began, chose to remain by Mrs. Catherine's side, and make violent love to her. All this might be told, and the account, however faithful, would not be very pleasing. No, indeed; and here, though, we are, only in the third chapter of this history, and feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about το καλον, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die white-washed saints, like poor Biss Dadsy, in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathize with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable; to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own, with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them, on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history: they are all rascals, every soul of them, and behave 'as sich.' Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it: don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there.

Just, then, have the kindness to fancy that the conversation, which took place over the bowls of punch which Mrs. Catherine prepared, was such as might be expected to take place, where the host was a dissolute, dare-devil, libertine captain of dragoons, the guests for the most part of the same class, and the hostess, a young woman originally from a country alehouse, and for the present mistress to the entertainer of the society. They talked, and they drank, and they grew tipsy; and very little worth hearing occurred during the course of the whole evening. Mr. Brock officiated, half as the servant, half as the companion of the society. Mr. Thomas Trippet made violent love to Mrs. Catherine, while her lord and master was playing at dice with the other gentlemen; and on this night, strange to say, the captain's fortune seemed to desert him. The

Warwickshire squire, from whom he had won so much, had an amazing run of good luck. The captain called perpetually for more drink, and higher stakes, and lost almost every throw. Three hundred, four hundred, six hundred, all his winnings of the previous months, were swallowed up in the course of a few hours. The corporal looked on, and, to do him justice, seemed very grave, as, sum by sum, the squire scored down the count's losses on the paper before him.

Most of the company had taken their hats and staggered off. The squire and Mr. Trippet were the only two that remained, the latter still remaining by Mrs. Catherine's sofa and table; and as she, as we have stated, had been employed all the evening in mixing the liquor for the gamesters, he was at the head-quarters of love and drink, and had swallowed so much of each as hardly to be able to speak.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks. Mr. Trippet could hardly see the captain, and thought, as far as his muzzy reason would let him, that the captain could not see him; so he rose from his chair as well as he could, and fell down on Mrs. Catherine's sofa. His eyes were fixed, his face was pale, his jaw hung down; and he flung out his arms, and said, in a maudlin voice, 'O you byoo-oo-oo-tiffle Cathrine, I must have a kick-kick-iss.'

'Beast!' said Mrs. Catherine, and pushed him away. The drunken wretch fell off the sofa, and on to the floor, where he stayed; and, after snorting out some unintelligible sounds, went to sleep.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks.

'Seven's the main,' cried the count. 'Four. Three to two against the caster.'

'Ponies,' said the Yorkshire squire.

Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, clatter, *nine*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, *eleven*. Clutter, clutter, clutter, clutter: 'Seven it is,' says the Yorkshire squire; 'that makes eight hundred, count.'

'One throw for two hundred,' said the count. 'But, stop; Cat, give us some more punch.'

Mrs. Cat came forward; she looked a little pale, and her hand trembled somewhat. 'Here is the punch, Max,' said she. It was steaming hot, in a large glass. 'Don't drink it all,' said she; 'leave me some.'

'How dark it is,' said the count, eyeing it.

'It's the brandy,' says Cat.

'Well, here goes! Squire, curse you! here's your health, and bad luck to you!' and he gulped off more than half of the liquor at a draught. But presently he put down the glass, and cried, 'What infernal poison is this, Cat?'

'Poison!' said she, 'it's no poison. Give me the glass;' and she pledged Max, and drunk a little of it. ''Tis good punch, Max, and of my brewing; I don't think you will ever get any better.' And she went back to the sofa again, and sate down, and looked at the players.

Mr. Brock looked at her white face and fixed eyes with a grim kind of curiosity. The count sputtered, and cursed the horrid taste of the punch still; but he presently took the box, and made his threatened throw.

As before, the squire beat him; and having booked his winnings, rose from table as well as he might, and besought Corporal Brock to lead him down stairs, which Mr. Brock did.

Liquor had evidently stupefied the count; he sat with his head between his hands, muttering wildly about ill-luck, seven's the main, bad punch, and so on. The street door banged to; and the steps of Brock and the squire were heard, until they could be heard no more.

'Max,' said she; but he did not answer. 'Max,' said she again, laying her hand on his shoulder.

'Curse you,' said that gentleman, 'keep off, and don't be laying your paws upon me. Go to bed, you jade, or to —, for what I care; and give me first some more punch —a gallon more punch, do you hear?'

The gentleman, by the curses at the commencement of this little speech, and the request contained at the end of it, showed that his losses vexed him, and that he was anxious to forget them temporarily.

'Oh, Max!' whimpered Mrs. Cat, 'you—don't—want—any more punch?'

'Don't! Shan't I be drunk in my own house, you cursed whimpering jade, you? Get out!' And with this the captain proceeded to administer a blow upon Mrs. Catherine's cheek.

Contrary to her custom, she did not avenge it, or seek to do so, as on the many former occasions when disputes of this nature had arisen between the count and her; but now Mrs. Catherine fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, and looking pitifully in the count's face, cried, 'O count, forgive me, forgive me!'

'Forgive you! What for? Because I slapped your face? Ha, ha! I'll forgive you again, if you don't mind.'

'Oh, no, no, no!' said she, wringing her hands, 'it isn't that. Max, dear Max, will you forgive me? It isn't the blow—I don't mind that; it's——'

'It's what? you — maudlin fool!'

'*It's the punch!*'

The count, who was more than half-seas-over, here assumed an air of much tipsy gravity. 'The punch! No, I never will forgive you that last glass of punch. Of all the foul, beastly drinks I ever tasted, that was the worst. No, I never will forgive you that punch.'

'Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that!' said she.

'I tell you it is that, — you. That punch, I say that punch was no better than paw—aw—oison.' And here the count's head sunk back, and he fell to snore.

'*It was poison!*' said she.

'*What!*' screamed he, waking up at once, and spurning her away from him, 'what, you infernal murderess, have you killed me?'

'O Max!—don't kill me, Max: it was laudanum—indeed it was. You were going to be married, and I was furious, and I went and got——'

'Hold your tongue, you fiend,' roared out the count; and with more presence of mind than politeness, he flung the remainder of the liquor (and, indeed, the glass with it) at the head of Mrs. Catherine. But the poisoned chalice missed its mark, and fell right on the nose of Mr. Tom Trippet, who was left asleep and unobserved under the table.

Bleeding, staggering, swearing, indeed a ghastly sight, up sprung Mr. Trippet, and drew his rapier: 'Come on,' says he; 'never say die! What's the row? I'm ready for a dozen of you.' And he made many blind and furious passes about the room.

'Curse you, we'll die together!' shouted the count, as he too pulled out his toledo, and sprung at Mrs. Catherine.

'Help! murder! thieves!' shrieked she: 'save me, Mr. Trippet, save me!' and she placed that gentleman between herself and the count, and then made for the door of the bedroom, and gained it, and bolted it.

'Out of the way, Trippet,' roared the count, 'out of the way, you drunken beast! I'll murder her, I will—I'll have the devil's life.' And here he gave a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword, which sent the weapon whirling clean out of his hand, and through a window into the street.

'Take my life, then,' said Mr. Trippet: 'I'm drunk, but I'm a man, and, damme, will never say die.'

'I don't want your life, you stupid fool. Hark you, Trippet, wake and be sober, if you can. That woman has heard of my marriage with Miss Dripping.'

'Twenty thousand pound,' ejaculated Trippet.

'She has been jealous, I tell you, and *poisoned* us. She has put laudanum into the punch.'

'What, in *my* punch?' said Trippet, growing quite sober, and losing his courage; 'O Lord! O Lord!'

'Don't stand howling there, but run for a doctor; 'tis our only chance.' And away ran Mr. Trippet, as if the deuce were at his heels.

The count had forgotten his murderous intentions regarding his mistress, or had deferred them, at least, under the consciousness of his own pressing danger. And it must be said, in the praise of a man who had fought for and against Marlborough and Tallard, that his courage in this trying and novel predicament never for a moment deserted him, but that he showed the greatest daring, as well as ingenuity, in meeting and averting the danger. He flew to the sideboard, where were the relics of a supper, and seizing the mustard and salt pots, and a bottle of oil, he emptied them all into a jug, into which he further poured a vast quantity of hot water. This pleasing mixture he then, without a moment's hesitation, placed to his lips, and swallowed as much of it as nature would allow him. But when he had imbibed about a quart, the anticipated effect was produced, and he was enabled, by the power of this ingenious extemporaneous emetic, to get rid of much of the poison which Mrs. Catherine had administered to him.

He was employed in these efforts when the doctor entered, along with Mr. Brock and Mr. Trippet, who was not a little pleased to hear that the poisoned punch had not in all probability been given to him. He was recommended to take some of the count's mixture, as a precautionary measure; but this he refused, and retired home, leaving the count under charge of the physician and his faithful corporal.

It is not necessary to say what further remedies were employed by them to restore the captain to health; but after some time the doctor, pronouncing that the danger was, he hoped, averted, recommended that his patient should be put to bed, and that somebody should sit by him, which Brock promised to do.

'That she devil will murder me, if you don't,' gasped the poor count. 'You must turn her out of the bedroom, or break open the door, if she refuses to let you in.'

And this step was found to be necessary; for, after shouting many times, and in vain, Mr. Brock found a small iron bar (indeed, he had the instrument for many days in his pocket), and forced the lock. The room was empty, the window was open, the pretty barmaid of the Bugle had fled.

'The chest,' said the count, 'is the chest safe?'

The corporal flew to the bed, under which it was screwed, and looked, and said, 'It *is* safe, thank Heaven!' The window was closed. The captain, who was too weak to stand without help, was undressed and put to bed. The corporal sat down by his side; slumber stole over the eyes of the patient; and his wakeful nurse marked with satisfaction the progress of the beneficent restorer of health.

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When the captain awoke, as he did some time afterwards, he found, very much to his surprise, that a gag had been placed in his mouth, and that the corporal was in the act of wheeling his bed to another part of the room. He attempted to move, and gave utterance to such unintelligible sounds as could issue through a silk handkerchief.

'If your honour stirs or cries out in the least, I will cut your honour's throat,' said the corporal.

And then, having recourse to his iron bar (the reader will now see why he was provided with such an implement, for he had been meditating this *coup* for some days), he proceeded first to attempt to burst the lock of the little iron chest in which the count kept his treasure; and failing in this, to unscrew it from the ground, which operation he performed satisfactorily.

'You see, count,' said he, calmly, 'when rogues fall out, there's the deuce to pay. You'll have me drummed out of the regiment, will you? I'm going to leave it of my own accord, look you, and to live like a gentleman for the rest of my days. *Schlafen sie wohl*, noble captain, *bon repos*. The squire will be with you pretty early in the morning, to ask for the money you owe him.'

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With these sarcastic observations Mr. Brock departed, not by the window, as Mrs. Catherine had done, but by the door, quietly, and so into the street. And when, the next morning, the doctor came to visit his patient, he brought with him a story how, at the dead of night, Mr. Brock had roused the hostler at the stables where the captain's horses were kept—had told him that Mrs. Catherine had poisoned the count, and had run off with a thousand pounds; and how he and all lovers of justice ought to scour the country in pursuit of the criminal. For this end Mr. Brock mounted the count's best horse—that very animal on which he had carried away Mrs. Catherine; and thus, on a single night, Count Maximilian had lost his mistress, his money, his horse, his corporal, and was very near losing his life.

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH MRS. CATHERINE BECOMES AN HONEST WOMAN AGAIN

In this woeful plight, moneyless, wifeless, horseless, corporalless, with a gag in his mouth and a rope round his body, are we compelled to leave the gallant Galgenstein, until his friends and the progress of this history shall deliver him from his durance. Mr. Brock's adventures on the captain's horse must likewise be pretermitted; for it is our business to follow Mrs. Catherine through the window by which she made her escape, and among the various chances that befel her.

She had one cause to congratulate herself,—that she had not her baby at her back,—for the infant was safely housed under the care of a nurse to whom the captain was answerable. Beyond this her prospects were but dismal; no home to fly to, but a few shillings in her pocket, and a whole heap of injuries and dark revengeful thoughts in her bosom: it was a sad task to her to look either backwards or forwards. Whither was she to fly? How to live? What good chance was to befriend her? There was an angel watching over the steps of Mrs. Cat—not a good one, I think, but one of those from that unnameable place, who have their many subjects here on earth, and often are pleased to extricate them from worse perplexities.

Mrs. Cat, now, had not committed murder, but as bad as murder; and as she felt not the smallest repentance in her heart, as she had, in the course of her life and connexion with the captain, performed and gloried in a number of wicked coquetries, idlenesses, vanities, lies, fits of anger, slanders, foul abuses, and what not, she was fairly bound over to this dark angel whom we have alluded to; and he dealt with her, and aided her, as one of his own children.

I do not mean to say that, in this strait, he appeared to her in the likeness of a gentleman in black, and made her sign her name in blood to a document conveying over to him her soul, in exchange for certain conditions to be performed by him. Such diabolical bargains have always appeared to me unworthy of the astute personage who is supposed to be one of the parties to them, and who would scarcely be fool enough to pay dearly for that which he can have in a few years for nothing. It is not, then, to be supposed that a demon of darkness appeared to Mrs. Cat, and led her into a flaming chariot, harnessed by dragons, and careering through air, at the rate of a thousand leagues a minute. No such thing: the vehicle that was sent to aid her was one of a much more vulgar description.

The 'Liverpool carryvan,' then, which in the year 1706 used to perform the journey between London and that place in ten days, left Birmingham about an hour after Mrs. Catherine had quitted that town; and as she sat weeping on a hill-side, and plunged in bitter meditation, the lumbering, jingling vehicle overtook her. The coachman was marching by the side of his horses, and encouraging them to maintain their pace of two miles an hour; the passengers had some of them left the vehicle, in order to walk up the hill; and the carriage had arrived at the top of it, and, meditating a brisk trot down the declivity, waited there until the lagging passengers should arrive; when Jehu, casting a goodnatured glance upon Mrs. Catherine, asked the pretty maid whence she was come, and whether she would like a ride in his carriage. To the latter of which questions Mrs. Catherine replied truly yes; to the former, her answer was that she had come from Stratford, whereas, as we very well know, she had lately quitted Birmingham.

'Hast thee seen a woman pass this way, on a black horse, with a large bag of goold over the saddle?' said Jehu, when he, the passengers, and Mrs. Cat, were mounted upon the roof of the coach.

'No, indeed,' said Mrs. Cat.

'Nor a trooper on another horse after her—no? Well, there be a mortal row down Birmingham way about sich a one. She have killed, they say, nine gentlemen at supper, and have strangled a German prince in bed. She have robbed him of twenty thousand guineas, and have rode away on a black horse.'

'That can't be I,' said Mrs. Cat, *naïvely*, 'for I have but three shillings and a groat.'

'No, it can't be thee, truly, for where's your bag of goold; and, besides, thee hast got too pretty a face to do such wicked things as to kill nine gentlemen and strangle a German prince.'

'Law, coachman,' said Mrs. Cat, blushing archly, 'law, coachman, *do* you think so?' The girl would have been pleased with a compliment even on her way to be hanged; and the parley ended by Mrs. Catherine's stepping into the carriage, where there was room for eight people at least, and where two or three individuals had already taken their places.

For these Mrs. Catherine had in the first place to make a story, which she did, and a very glib one for a person of her years and education. And being asked whither she was bound, and how she came to be alone of a morning sitting by a road-side, she invented a neat history suitable to the occasion, which elicited much interest from her fellow-passengers; one in particular, a young man, who had caught a glimpse of her face under her hood, was very tender in his attentions to her.

But whether it was that she had been too much fatigued by the occurrences of the past day and sleepless night, or whether the little laudanum which she had drunk a few hours previously now began to act upon her, certain it is that Mrs. Cat now suddenly grew sick, feverish, and extraordinarily sleepy; and in this state she continued for many hours, to the pity of all her fellow-travellers. At length the 'carryvan' reached the inn, where horses and passengers were accustomed to rest for a few hours, and to dine; and Mrs. Catherine was somewhat awakened by the stir of the passengers, and the friendly voice of the inn servant welcoming them to dinner. The gentleman who had been smitten by her beauty now urged her very politely to descend, which, taking the protection of his arm, she accordingly did.

He made some very gallant speeches to her as she stepped out; and she must have been very much occupied by them, or wrapt up in her own thoughts, or stupefied by sleep, fever, and opium, for she did not take any heed of the place into which she was going, which had she done, she would probably have preferred remaining in the coach, dinnerless and ill. Indeed, the inn into which she was about to make her entrance was no other than the Bugle, from which she set forth at the commencement of this history, and which then, as now, was kept by her relative, the thrifty Mrs. Score. That good landlady, seeing a lady, in a smart hood and cloak, leaning, as if faint, upon the arm of a gentleman of good appearance, concluded them to be man and wife, and folks of quality too, and with much discrimination, as well as sympathy, led them through the public kitchen to her own private parlour, or bar, where she handed the lady an armchair, and asked what she would like to drink. By this time, and, indeed, at the very moment she heard her aunt's voice, Mrs. Catherine was aware of her situation; and when her companion retired, and the landlady with much officiousness insisted on removing her hood, she was quite prepared for the screech of surprise which Mrs. Score gave on dropping it, exclaiming, 'Why, Law bless us, it's our Catherine!'

'I'm very ill, and tired, aunt,' said Cat; 'and would give the world for a few hours' sleep.'

‘A few hours, and welcome, my love, and a sack-possett, too. You do look sadly tired, and poorly, sure enough. Ah, Cat, Cat! you great ladies are sad rakes, I do believe. I wager now, that with all your balls, and carriages, and fine clothes, you are neither so happy nor so well as when you lived with your poor old aunt, who used to love you so.’ And with these gentle words, and an embrace or two, which Mrs. Catherine wondered at, and permitted, she was conducted to that very bed which the count had occupied a year previously, and undressed, and laid in it, and affectionately tucked up, by her aunt, who marvelled at the fineness of her clothes, as she removed them piece by piece; and when she saw that in Mrs. Catherine's pocket there was only the sum of three and fourpence, said, archly, ‘there was no need of money, for the captain took care of that.’

Mrs. Cat did not undeceive her, and deceived Mrs. Score certainly was,—for she imagined the well-dressed gentleman who led Cat from the carriage was no other than the count; and, as she had heard, from time to time, exaggerated reports of the splendour of the establishment which he kept up, she was induced to look upon her niece with the very highest respect, and to treat her as if she were a fine lady. ‘And so she *is* a fine lady,’ Mrs. Score had said months ago, when some of these flattering stories reached her, and she had overcome her first fury at Catherine's elopement. ‘The girl was very cruel to leave me; but we must recollect that she is as good as married to a nobleman, and must all forget and forgive, you know.’

This speech had been made to Doctor Dobbs, who was in the habit of taking a pipe and a tankard at the Bugle, and had been roundly reprobated by the worthy divine; who told Mrs. Score that the crime of Catherine was only the more heinous, if it had been committed from interested motives; and protested that, were she a princess, he would never speak to her again. Mrs. Score thought and pronounced the doctor's opinion to be very bigoted; indeed, she was one of those persons who have a marvellous respect for prosperity, and a corresponding scorn for ill-fortune. When, therefore, she returned to the public room, she went graciously to the gentleman who had led Mrs. Catherine from the carriage, and with a knowing curtsy welcomed him to the Bugle, told him that his lady would not come to dinner, but bade her say, with her best love to his lordship, that the ride had fatigued her, and that she would lie in bed for an hour or two.

This speech was received with much wonder by his lordship, who was, indeed, no other than a Liverpool tailor going to London to learn fashions; but he only smiled, and did not undeceive the landlady, who herself went off, smilingly, to bustle about dinner.

The two or three hours allotted to that meal by the liberal coachmasters of those days passed away, and Mr. Coachman, declaring that his horses were now rested enough, and that they had twelve miles to ride, put the steeds to, and summoned the passengers. Mrs. Score, who had seen with much satisfaction that her niece was really ill, and her fever more violent, and hoped to have her for many days an inmate in her house, now came forward, and casting upon the Liverpool tailor a look of profound but respectful melancholy, said, 'My lord (for I recollect your lordship quite well), the lady upstairs is so ill, that it would be a sin to move her: had I not better tell coachman to take down your lordship's trunks, and the lady's, and make you a bed in the next room?'

Very much to her surprise, this proposition was received with a roar of laughter. 'Madam,' said the person addressed, 'I'm not a lord, but a tailor and draper; and as for that young woman, before to-day I never set eyes on her.'

'*What!*' screamed out Mrs. Score, 'are not you the count? Do you mean to say that you ain't Cat's ——? *Do* you mean to say that you didn't order her bed, and that you won't pay this here little bill?' And with this she produced a document, by which the count's lady was made her debtor in a sum of half-a-guinea.

These passionate words excited more and more laughter. 'Pay it, my lord,' said the coachman; 'and then come along, for time presses.' 'Our respects to her ladyship,' said one passenger; 'Tell her my lord can't wait,' said another; and with much merriment one and all quitted the hotel, entered the coach, and rattled off.

Dumb—pale with terror and rage—bill in hand, Mrs. Score had followed the company; but when the coach disappeared, her senses returned. Back she flew into the inn, overturning the hostler, not deigning to answer Dr.

Dobbs (who, from behind soft tobacco fumes, mildly asked the reason of her disturbance), and, bounding up stairs like a fury, she rushed into the room where Catherine lay.

'Well, madam!' said she, in her highest key, 'do you mean that you have come into this here house to swindle me? Do you dare for to come with your airs here, and call yourself a nobleman's lady, and sleep in the best bed, when you're no better nor a common tramper? I'll thank you, ma'am, to get out, ma'am. I'll have no sick paupers in this house, ma'am. You know your way to the workhouse, ma'am, and there I'll trouble you for to go.' And here Mrs. Score proceeded quickly to pull off the bedclothes; and poor Cat arose, shivering with fright and fever.

She had no spirit to answer as she would have done the day before, when an oath from any human being would have brought half-a-dozen from her in return; or a knife, or a plate, or a leg of mutton, if such had been to her hand. She had no spirit left for such repartees; but in reply to the above words of Mrs. Score, and a great many more of the same kind, which are not necessary for our history, but which that lady uttered with inconceivable shrillness and volubility, the poor wench could say little,—only sob and shiver, and gather up the clothes again, crying, 'O, aunt, don't speak unkind to me! I'm very unhappy, and very ill!'

'Ill, you strumpet! ill, be hanged! Ill is as ill does, and if you are ill, it's only what you merit. Get out! dress yourself—tramp! Get to the workhouse, and don't come to cheat me any more! Dress yourself—do you hear? Satin petticoat, forsooth, and lace to her smock!'

Poor, wretched, chattering, burning, shivering, Catherine huddled on her clothes as well as she might: she seemed hardly to know or see what she was doing, and did not reply a single word to the many that the landlady let fall. Cat tottered down the narrow stairs, and through the kitchen, and to the door, which she caught hold of, and paused awhile, and looked into Mrs. Score's face, as for one more chance. 'Get out, you nasty trull!' said that lady, sternly, and arms a-kimbo; and poor Catherine, with a most piteous scream, and outgush of tears, let go of the door-post, and staggered away into the road.

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'Why, no—yes—no—it is poor Catherine Hall, as I live!' said somebody starting up, shoving aside Mrs. Score very rudely, and running into the road, wig off, and pipe in hand. It was honest Doctor Dobbs; and the result of his interview with Mrs. Cat was, that he gave up for ever smoking his pipe at the Bugle; and that she lay sick of a fever for some weeks in his house.

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Over this part of Mrs. Cat's history we shall be as brief as possible; for, to tell the truth, nothing immoral occurred during her whole stay at the good doctor's house, and we are not going to insult the reader by offering him silly pictures of piety, cheerfulness, good sense, and simplicity, which are milk-and-water virtues after all, and have no relish with them like a good strong vice, highly peppered. Well, to be short: Dr. Dobbs, though a profound theologian, was a very simple gentleman; and, before Mrs. Cat had been a month in the house, he had learned to look upon her as one of the most injured and repentant characters in the world; and had, with Mrs. Dobbs, resolved many plans for the future welfare of the young Magdalen. 'She was but sixteen, my love, recollect,' said the doctor; 'she was carried off, not by her own wish either. The count swore he would marry her; and, though she did not leave him until that monster tried to poison her, yet think what a fine Christian spirit the poor girl has shown! she forgives him as heartily—more heartily, I am sure, than I do Mrs. Score for turning her adrift in that wicked way.' The reader will perceïve some difference in the doctor's statement and ours, which we assure him is the true one; but the fact is, the honest rector had had his tale from Mrs. Cat, and it was not in his nature to doubt, if she had told him a history ten times more wonderful.

The reverend gentleman and his wife then laid their heads together; and, recollecting something of John Hayes's former attachment to Mrs. Cat, thought that it might be advantageously renewed, should Hayes be still constant. Having very adroitly sounded Catherine (so adroitly, indeed, as to ask her 'whether she would like to marry John Hayes?'), that young woman had replied, 'No. She had loved John Hayes—he had been her early, only love; but she was fallen now, and not good enough for him;' and this made the Dobbs family admire her more and more, and cast about for means to bring the marriage to pass.

Hayes was away from the village when Mrs. Cat had arrived there; but he did not fail to hear of her illness, and how her aunt had deserted her, and the good doctor taken her in. The worthy doctor himself met Mr. Hayes on the green; and, telling him that some repairs were wanting in his kitchen, begged him to step in and examine them. Hayes first said no, plump, and then no, gently; and then pished, and then pshawed; and then, trembling very much, went in; and there sat Mrs. Catherine, trembling very much too.

What passed between them? If your ladyship is anxious to know, think of that morning when Sir John himself popped the question. Could there be anything more stupid than the conversation which took place? Such stuff is not worth repeating; no, not when uttered by people in the very genteelest of company; as for the amorous dialogue of a carpenter and an ex-barmaid, it is worse still. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hayes, who had had a year to recover from his passion, and had, to all appearances, quelled it, was over head and ears again the very moment he saw Mrs. Cat, and had all his work to do again.

Whether the doctor knew what was going on, I can't say; but this matter is certain, that every evening Hayes was now in the rectory kitchen, or else walking abroad with Mrs. Catherine; and whether she run away with him, or he with her, I shall not make it my business to inquire; but certainly at the end of three months (which must be crowded up into this one little sentence), another elopement took place in the village. 'I should have prevented it, certainly,' said Dr. Dobbs, whereat his wife smiled; 'but the young people kept the matter a secret from me.' And so he would, had he known it; but though Mrs. Dobbs had made several attempts to acquaint him with the precise hour and method of the intended elopement, he peremptorily ordered her to hold her tongue. The fact is, that the matter had been discussed by the rector's lady many times. 'Young Hayes,' would she say, 'has a pretty little fortune and trade of his own; he is an only son, and may marry as he likes; and, though not specially handsome, generous, or amiable, has an undeniable love for Cat (who, you know, must not be particular), and the sooner she marries him, I think, the better. They can't be married at our church, you know, and ——' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'if they are married elsewhere, *I* can't help it, and know nothing about it, look you,' and upon this hint the elopement took place, which, indeed, was peaceably performed one early Sunday morning about a month after; Mrs. Hall getting behind Mr. Hayes on a pillow, and all the children of the parsonage giggling behind the window-blinds to see the pair go off.

During this month Mr. Hayes had caused the banns to be published at the town of Worcester, judging rightly that in a great town, they would cause no such remark as in a solitary village, and thither he conducted his lady. Oh, ill-starred John Hayes! whither do the dark fates lead you? Oh, foolish Dr. Dobbs, to forget that young people ought to honour their parents, and to yield to silly Mrs. Dobbs's ardent propensity for making matches!

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The *London Gazette* of the 1st April, 1706, contains a proclamation by the queen for putting in execution an act of parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of her majesty's fleet, which authorizes all justices to issue warrants to constables, petty constables, headboroughs, and tythingmen, to enter, and, if need be, to break open the doors of any houses where they shall believe deserting seamen to be; and for the further increase and encouragement of the navy, to take able-bodied landsmen when seamen fail. This act, which occupies four columns of the *Gazette*, and another of similar length and meaning for pressing men into the army, need not be quoted at length here, but caused a mighty stir throughout the kingdom at the time when it was in force.

As one has seen or heard, after the march of a great army, a number of rogues and loose characters bring up the rear, in like manner, at the tail of a great measure of state, follow many roguish personal interests, which are protected by the main body. The great measure of Reform, for instance, carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling, as could be shown were we not inclined to deal mildly with the Whigs; and this Enlistment Act, which, in order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British people in England (it is not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad), created a great company of rascals and informers throughout the land who lived upon it, or upon extortion from those who were subject to it; or, not being subject to it, were frightened into the belief that they were.

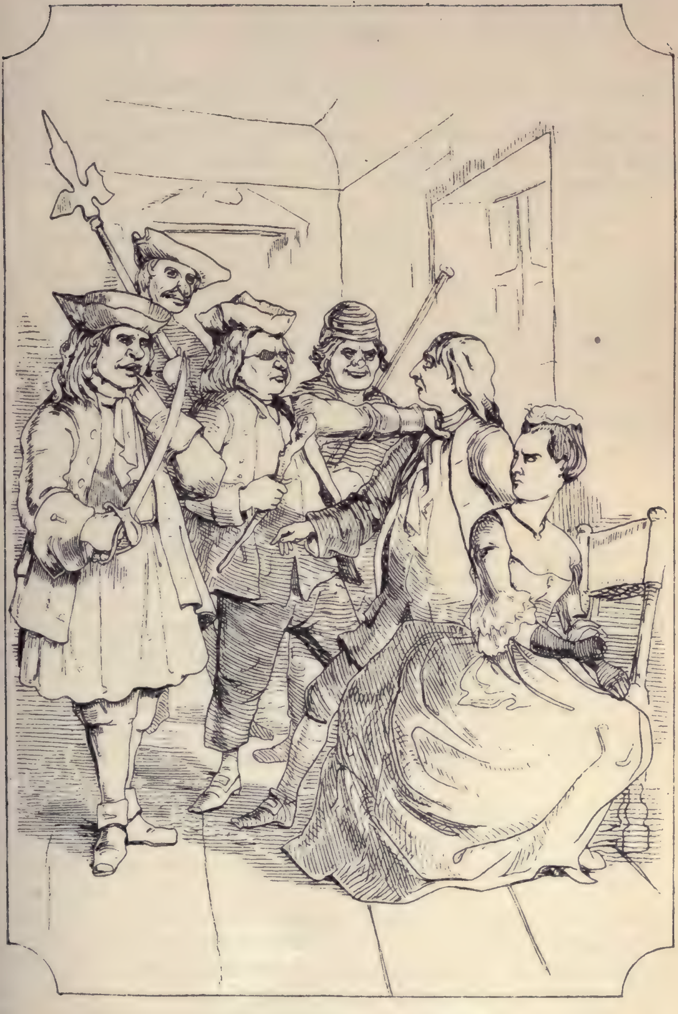
When Mr. Hayes and his lady had gone through the marriage ceremony at Worcester, the former concluding that at such a place lodging and food might be procured at a cheaper rate, looked about carefully for the meanest public-house in the town, where he might deposit his bride.

In the kitchen of this inn, a party of men were drinking; and, as Mrs. Hayes declined, with a proper sense of her superiority, to eat in company with such low fellows, the landlady showed her and her husband to an inner apartment, where they might be served in private.

The kitchen party seemed, indeed, not such as a lady would choose to join. There was one huge lanky fellow, that looked like a soldier, and had a halberd; another was habited in a sailor's costume, with a fascinating patch over one eye; and a third, who seemed the leader of the gang, was a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots, whom one might fancy, if he were anything, to be a horse-marine.

Of one of these worthies, Mrs. Hayes thought she knew the figure and voice; and she found her conjectures were true, when, all of a sudden, three people without 'With your leave,' or 'by your leave,' burst into the room, into which she and her spouse had retired. At their head was no other than her old friend, Mr. Peter Brock; he had his sword drawn, and his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, as it were, to Mrs. Catherine. He, with the patch on his eye, seized incontinently on Mr. Hayes; the tall man with the halbert kept the door; two or three heroes supported the one-eyed man; who, with a loud voice exclaimed, 'Down with your arms—no resistance! you are my prisoner, in the queen's name!'

And here, at this lock, we shall leave the whole company until the next chapter, which may possibly explain what they were.



THE INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE

CHAPTER V

CONTAINS MR. BROCK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER MATTER

'YOU don't sure believe these men?' said Mrs. Hayes, as soon as the first alarm, caused by the irruption of Mr. Brock and his companions, had subsided. 'These are no magistrate's men; it is but a trick to rob you of your money, John.'

'I will never give up a farthing of it!' screamed Hayes.

'Yonder fellow,' continued Mrs. Catherine, 'I know, for all his drawn sword and fierce looks; his name is ——'

'Wood, madam, at your service!' said Mr. Brock. 'I am follower to Mr. Justice Gobble, of this town: a'n't I, Tim?' said Mr. Brock to the tall halberd-man who was keeping the door.

'Yes, indeed,' said Tim, archly; 'we're all followers of his honour, Justice Gobble.'

'Certainly!' said the one-eyed man.

'Of course!' cried the man in the nightcap.

'I suppose, madam, you're satisfied *now?*' continued Mr. Brock-a-Wood. 'You can't deny the testimony of gentlemen like these; and our commission is to apprehend all able-bodied male persons who can give no good account of themselves, and enrol them in the service of her Majesty. Look at this Mr. Hayes' (who stood trembling in his shoes); 'can there be a bolder, properer, straighter gentleman? We'll have him for a grenadier before the day's over!'

'Take heart, John, don't be frightened. Psha, I tell you I know the man,' cried out Mrs. Hayes; 'he is only here to extort money.'

'Oh, for that matter, I *do* think I recollect the lady. Let me see where was it. At Birmingham, I think,—aye, at Birmingham,—about the time when they tried to murder Count Gal——'

'Oh, sir!' here cried Madam Hayes, dropping her voice at once from a tone of scorn to one of gentlest entreaty, 'what is it you want with my husband? I know not, indeed, if ever I saw you before. For what do you seize him? How much will you take to release him, and let us go? Name the sum; he is rich, and——'

'*Rich*, Catherine!' cried Hayes; 'rich!—O heavens!

Sir, I have nothing but my hands to support me; I'm a poor carpenter, sir, working under my father!'

'He can give twenty guineas to be free; I know he can!' said Mrs. Cat.

'I have but a guinea to carry me home,' sighed out Hayes.

'But you have twenty at home, John,' said his wife. 'Give these brave gentlemen a writing to your mother, and she will pay; and you will let us free then, gentlemen—won't you?'

'When the money's paid, yes,' said the leader, Mr. Brock.

'Oh, in course,' echoed the tall man with the halberd. 'What's a thrifling detintion, my dear?' continued he, addressing Hayes; 'we'll amuse you in your absence, and drink to the health of your pretty wife here.'

This promise, to do the halberdier justice, he fulfilled. He called upon the landlady to produce the desired liquor; and when Mr. Hayes flung himself at that lady's feet, demanding succour from her, and asking whether there was no law in the land,——

'There's no law at the Three Rooks except *this!*' said Mr. Brock in reply, holding up a horse-pistol; to which the hostess, grinning, assented, and silently went her way.

After some further solicitations, John Hayes drew out the necessary letter to his father, stating that he was pressed, and would not be set free under a sum of twenty guineas; and that it would be of no use to detain the bearer of the letter, inasmuch as the gentlemen who had possession of him vowed that they would murder him should any harm befall their comrade. As a further proof of the authenticity of the letter, a token was added, a ring that Hayes wore, and that his mother had given him.

The missives were, after some consultation, entrusted to the care of the tall halberdier, who seemed to rank as second in command of the forces that marched under Corporal Brock. This gentleman was called indifferently Ensign, Mr., or even Captain Macshane; his intimates occasionally, in sport, called him Nosey, from the prominence of that feature in his countenance; or Spindleshins, for the very reason which brought on the first Edward a similar nickname. Mr. Macshane then quitted Worcester, mounted on Hayes's horse, leaving all parties at the Three Rooks not a little anxious for his return.

This was not to be expected until the next morning, and a weary *nuit de noces* did Mr. Hayes pass. Dinner was served, and, according to promise, Mr. Brock and his two friends enjoyed the meal along with the bride and bridegroom. Punch followed, and this was taken in company; then came supper; Mr. Brock alone partook of this, the other two gentlemen preferring the society of their pipes and the landlady in the kitchen.

'It is a sorry entertainment, I confess,' said the ex-corporal, 'and a dismal way for a gentleman to spend his bridal night; but somebody must stay with you, my dears, for who knows but you might take a fancy to scream out of window, and then there would be murder, and the deuce and all to pay. One of us must stay, and my friends love a pipe, so you must put up with my company until they can relieve guard.'

The reader will not, of course, expect that three people who were to pass the night, however unwillingly, together in an inn-room, should sit there dumb and moody, and without any personal communication; on the contrary, Mr. Brock, as an old soldier, entertained his prisoners with the utmost courtesy, and did all that lay in his power, by the help of liquor and conversation, to render their durance tolerable. On the bridegroom his attentions were a good deal thrown away; Mr. Hayes consented to drink copiously, but could not be made to talk much; and, in fact, the fright of the seizure, the fate hanging over him should his parents refuse a ransom, and the tremendous outlay of money which would take place should they accede to it, weighed altogether on his mind so much as utterly to unman it.

As for Mrs. Cat, I don't think she was at all sorry in her heart to see the old corporal, for he had been a friend of old times—dear times to her; she had had from him, too, and felt for him, not a little kindness; and there was really a very tender, innocent friendship subsisting between this pair of rascals, who relished much a night's conversation together.

The corporal, after treating his prisoners to punch in great quantities, proposed the amusement of cards, over which Mr. Hayes had not been occupied more than an hour, when he found himself so excessively sleepy as to be persuaded to fling himself down on the bed, dressed as he was, and there to snore away until morning.

Mrs. Catherine had no inclination for sleep; and the corporal, equally wakeful, plied incessantly the bottle, and held with her a great deal of conversation. The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence, of John Hayes, took all restraint from their talk. She explained to Brock the circumstances of her marriage, which we have already described; they wondered at the chance which had brought them together at the Three Rooks; nor did Brock at all hesitate to tell her at once that his calling was quite illegal, and that his intention was simply to extort money. The worthy corporal had not the slightest shame regarding his own profession, and cut many jokes with Mrs. Cat about her late one, her attempt to murder the count, and her future prospects as a wife.

And here, having brought him upon the scene again, we may as well shortly narrate some of the principal circumstances which befell him after his sudden departure from Birmingham; and which he narrated with much candour to Mrs. Catherine.

He rode the captain's horse to Oxford (having exchanged his military dress for a civil costume on the road), and at Oxford he disposed of William of Nassau, a great bargain, to one of the heads of colleges. As soon as Mr. Brock, who took on himself the style and title of Captain Wood, had sufficiently examined the curiosities of the university, he proceeded at once to the capital, the only place for a gentleman of his fortune and figure.

Here he read, with a great deal of philosophical indifference, in the *Daily Post*, the *Courant*, the *Observator*, the *Gazette*, and the chief journals of those days, which he made a point of examining at Button's and Wills's, an accurate description of his person, his clothes, and the horse he rode, and a promise of fifty guineas' reward to any person who would give an account of him (so that he might be captured) to Captain Count Galgenstein at Birmingham, to Mr. Murfey at the Golden Ball in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the Blew Anchor in Pickadilly. But Captain Wood, in an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds,[1] with high red heels to his shoes, a silver sword, and a gold snuff-box, and a large wound (obtained, he said, at the siege of

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[1] In the ingenious contemporary history of Moll Flanders, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum.

Barcelona), which disfigured much of his countenance, and caused him to cover one eye, was in small danger, he thought, of being mistaken for Corporal Brock, the deserter of Cutts's; and strutted along the Mall with as grave an air as the very best nobleman who appeared there. He was generally, indeed, noted to be very good company; and as his expenses were unlimited ('A few convent candlesticks, my dear,' he used to whisper, 'melt into a vast number of doubloons'), he commanded as good society as he chose to ask for; and it was speedily known as a fact throughout town, that Captain Wood, who had served under his Majesty Charles III of Spain, had carried off the diamond petticoat of our Lady of Compostella, and lived upon the proceeds of the fraud. People were good Protestants in those days, and many a one longed to have been his partner in the pious plunder.

All surmises concerning his wealth, Captain Wood, with much discretion, encouraged. He contradicted no report, but was quite ready to confirm all; and when two different rumours were positively put to him, he used only to laugh, and say, 'My dear sir, *I* don't make the stories; but I'm not called upon to deny them; and I give you fair warning, that I shall assent to every one of them; so you may believe them or not, as you please:' and so he had the reputation of being a gentleman, not only wealthy, but discreet. In truth, it was almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born; in which case, doubtless, he would have lived and died as became his station; for he spent his money like a gentleman, he loved women like a gentleman, would fight like a gentleman, he gambled and got drunk like a gentleman. What did he want else? Only a matter of six descents, a little money, and an estate, to render him the equal of Saint John or Harley.

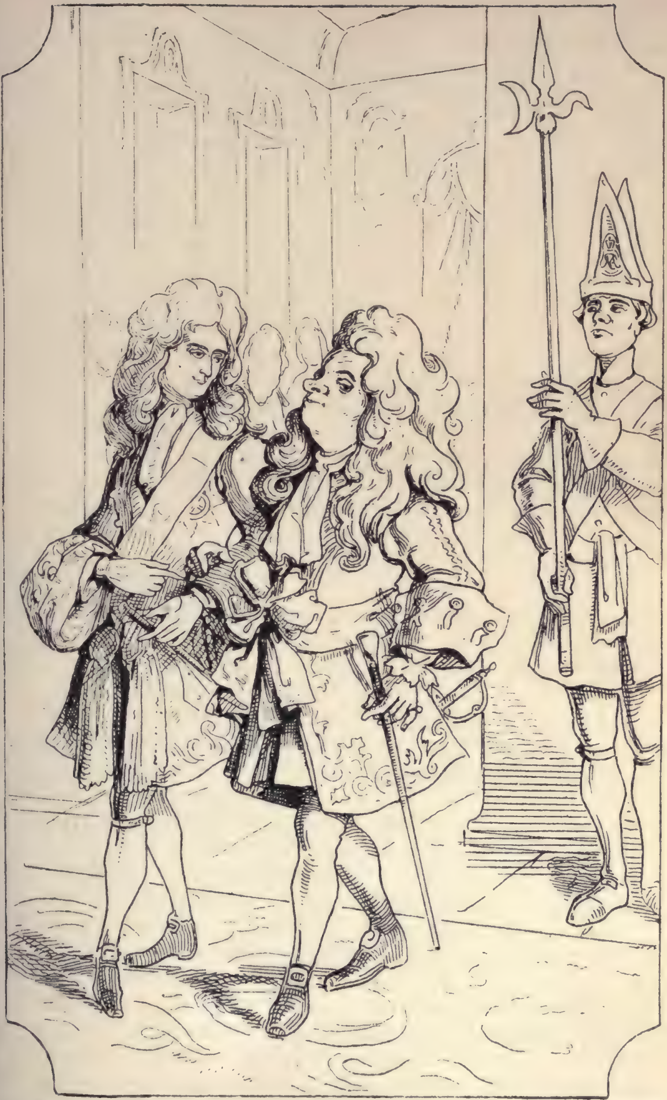
'Ah, those were merry days!' would Mr. Brock say,—for he loved, in a good old age, to recount the story of his London fashionable campaign;—'and when I think how near I was to become a great man, and to die, perhaps, a general, I can't but marvel at the wicked obstinacy of my ill luck. I will tell you what I did, my dear; I had lodgings in Piccadilly, as if I were a lord; I had two large periwigs, and three suits of laced clothes; I kept a little black, dressed out like a Turk; I walked daily in the Mall; I dined at the politest ordinary in Covent Garden; I frequented the best of coffee-houses, and knew all the pretty fellows of the town; I cracked a bottle with Mr. Addison, and lent many a piece to Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue, my dear); and, above all, I'll tell you what I did—the noblest stroke that sure ever a gentleman performed in my situation.

'One day, going into Wills's, I saw a crowd of gentlemen gathered together, and heard one of them say, "Captain Wood! I don't know the man; but there was a Captain Wood in Southwell's regiment." Egad, it was my Lord Peterborough himself who was talking about me! So, putting off my hat, I made a most gracious *congée* to my lord, and said I knew *him*, and rode behind him at Barcelona on our entry into that town.

'"No doubt you did, Captain Wood," says my lord, taking my hand; "and no doubt you know me: for many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows." And with this, at which all of us laughed, my lord called for a bottle, and he and I sat down and drank it together.

'Well, he was in disgrace, as you know, but he grew mighty fond of me; and—would you believe it?—nothing would satisfy him, but presenting me at court! Yes, to her sacred Majesty (as was then), and my Lady Marlborough, who was then in high feather. Aye, truly, the sentinels on duty used to salute me as if I were Corporal John himself! I was in the high road to fortune. Charley Mordaunt used to call me Jack, and drink canary at my chambers; I used to make one at my Lord Treasurer's levee; I had even got Mr. Army-Secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas in a compliment; and he had promised me a majority, when bad luck turned, and all my fine hopes were overthrown in a twinkling.

'You see, my dear, that after we had left that gaby, Galgenstein,—ha, ha,—with a gag in his mouth, and twopence-halfpenny in his pocket, the honest count was in the sorriest plight in the world, owing money here and there to tradesmen, a cool thousand to the Yorkshire squire, and all this on eighty pounds a year! Well, for a little time the tradesmen held their hands, while the jolly count moved heaven and earth to catch hold of his dear corporal, and his dear money-bags over again, and placarded every town from London to Liverpool with descriptions of my pretty person. The bird was flown, however,—the money clean



CAPTAIN BROCK APPEARS AT COURT WITH MY LORD PETERBOROUGH

gone,—and when there was no hope of regaining it, what did the creditors do but clap my gay gentleman into Shrewsbury gaol, where I wish he had rotted, for my part.

‘But no such luck for honest Peter Brock, or Captain Wood, as he was in those days. One blessed Monday I went to wait on Mr. Secretary, and he squeezed my hand and whispered to me that I was to be major of a regiment in Virginia—the very thing: for you see, my dear, I didn't care about joining my lord duke in Flanders, being pretty well known to the army there. The Secretary squeezed my hand (it had a fifty-pound bill in it) and wished me joy, and called me major, and bowed me out of his closet into the anteroom; and, as gay as may be, I went off to the Tilt-yard Coffee-house in Whitehall, which is much frequented by gentlemen of our profession, where I bragged not a little of my good luck.

‘Amongst the company were several of my acquaintance, and amongst them a gentleman I did not much care to see, look you! I saw a uniform that I knew—red and yellow facings—Cutts's, my dear; and the wearer of this was no other than his Excellency Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, whom we all know of!

‘He stared me full in the face, right into my eye (t'other one was patched, you know); and after standing stock-still with his mouth open, gave a step back, and then a step forward, and then screeched out, “It's Brock!”

‘“I beg your pardon, sir,” says I; “did you speak to me?”

‘“I'll *swear* it's Brock,” cries Gal, as soon as he hears my voice, and laid hold of my cuff (a pretty bit of mechlin as ever you saw, by the way).

‘“Sirrah!” says I, drawing it back, and giving my lord a little touch of the fist (just at the last button of the waistcoat, my dear,—a rare place if you wish to prevent a man from speaking too much; it sent him reeling to the other end of the room). “Ruffian!” says I; “dog!” says I; “insolent puppy and coxcomb! what do you mean by laying your hand on me?”

‘“Faith, major, you giv' him his *billyfull*,” roared out a long Irish unattached ensign, that I had treated with many a glass of Nantz at the tavern. And so, indeed, I had; for the poor wretch could not speak for some minutes, and all the officers stood laughing at him, as he writhed and wriggled hideously.

'"Gentlemen, this is a monstrous scandal," says one officer; "men of rank and honour at fists like a parcel of carters!"

'"Men of honour!" says the count, who had fetched up his breath by this time. (I made for the door, but Macshane held me, and said, "Major, you are not going to shirk him, sure?" Whereupon, I gripped his hand, and vowed I would have the dog's life.)

'"Men of honour!" says the count. "I tell you the man is a deserter, a thief, and a swindler! He was my corporal, and ran away with a thou——"

'"Dog, you lie!" I roared out, and made another cut at him with my cane; but the gentlemen rushed between us.

'"O bluthanowns!" says honest Macshane, "the lying scounthril this fellow is! Gentlemen, I swear, be me honour, that Captain Wood was wounded at Barcelona; and that I saw him there; and that he and I ran away together at the battle of Almanza, and bad luck to us." You see, my dear, that these Irish have the strongest imaginations in the world; and that I had actually persuaded poor Mac that he and I were friends in Spain. Everybody knew Mac, who was a character in his way, and believed him. "Strike a gentleman!" says I; "I'll have your blood, I will."

'"This instant," says the count, who was boiling with fury; "and where you like."

'"Montague House," says I. "Good," says he; and off we went, in good time too, for the constables came in at the thought of such a disturbance, and wanted to take us in charge.

'But the gentlemen present, being military men, would not hear of this. Out came Mac's rapier, and that of half a dozen others; and the constables were then told to do their duty if they liked, or to take a crown-piece and leave us to ourselves. Off they went; and presently, in a couple of coaches, the count and his friends, I and mine, drove off to the fields behind Montague House. Oh, that vile coffee-house, why did I enter it?

'We came to the ground. Honest Macshane was my second, and much disappointed because the second on the other side would not make a fight of it, and exchange a few passes with him; but he was an old major, a cool old hand, as brave as steel but no fool. Well, the swords are measured, Galgenstein strips off his doublet, and I my handsome cut-velvet in like fashion. Galgenstein flings off his hat, and I handed mine over—the lace on it cost me twenty pounds. I longed to be at him, for—curse him !—I hate him, and know that he has no chance with me at sword's-play.

'" You'll not fight in that periwig, sure ? " says Macshane. " Of course not," says I, and took it off.

' May all barbers be roasted in flames ; may all periwigs, bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Ramillies cocks, frizzle in purgatory from this day forth to the end of time ! Mine was the ruin of me : what might I not have been now but for that wig ?

' I gave it over to Ensign Macshane, and with it, went, what I had quite forgotten, the large patch which I wore over one eye, which popped out fierce, staring, and lively as was ever any eye in the world.

'" Come on ! " says I, and made a lunge at my count ; but he sprung back (the dog was as active as a hare, and knew, from old times, that I was his master with the small-sword), and his second, wondering, struck up my blade.

'" I will not fight that man," says he, looking mighty pale : " I swear upon my honour, that his name is Peter Brock ; he was for two years my corporal, and deserted, running away with a thousand pounds of my moneys. Look at the fellow ! what is the matter with his eye ? why did he wear a patch over it ? But stop ! " says he, " I have more proof, hand me my pocket-book ; " and from it, sure enough, he produced the infernal proclamation announcing my desertion ! " See if the fellow has a scar across his left ear " (and I can't say, my dear, but what I have ; it was done by a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne) ; " tell me if he has not got C.R. in blue upon his right arm " (and there it is sure enough). " Yonder swaggering Irishman may be his accomplice for what I know ; but I will have no dealings with Mr. Brock, except with a constable for a second."

'" This is an odd story, Captain Wood," said the old major who acted for the count.

'" A scounthrelly falsehood regarding me and my friend ! " shouted out Mr. Macshane ; " and the count shall answer for it."

'" Stop, stop," says the major ; " Captain Wood is too gallant a gentleman, I am sure, not to satisfy the count ;

and will show us that he has no such mark on his arm as only private soldiers put there."

'"Captain Wood," says I, "will do no such thing, major. I'll fight that scoundrel Galgenstein, or you, or any of you, like a man of honour, but I won't submit to be searched like a thief!"

'"No, in coorse," says Macshane.

'"I must take my man off the ground," says the major.

'"Well, take him, sir," says I, in a rage, "and just let me have the pleasure of telling him, that he's a coward and a liar; and that my lodgings are in Piccadilly, where, if ever he finds courage to meet me, he may hear of me!"

'"Faugh! I shpit on ye all," cries my gallant ally, Macshane; and sure enough he kept his word, or all but—suiting the action to it at any rate. And so we gathered up our clothes, and went back in our separate coaches, and no blood spilt.

'"And is it thrue now," said Mr. Macshane, when we were alone; "is it thrue now, all these divles have been saying?'

'"Ensign," says I, "you're a man of the world?"

'"'Deed and I am, and insign these twenty-two years."

'"Perhaps you'd like a few pieces," says I.

'"'Faith and I should; for, to tell you the secred thrut, I've not tasted mate these four days."

'"Well then, ensign, it *is* true," says I; "and as for meat, you shall have some at the first cook-shop." I bade the coach stop until he bought a plateful, which he ate in the carriage, for my time was precious. I just told him the whole story, at which he laughed, and swore that it was the best piece of *gineralship* he ever heard on. When his belly was full, I took out a couple of guineas, and gave them to him; and Mr. Macshane began to cry at this, and kissed me, and swore he never would desert me; as, indeed, my dear, I don't think he will, for we have been the best of friends ever since, and he's the only man I ever could trust, I think.

'I don't know what put it into my head; but I had a scent of some mischief in the wind; so stopped the coach a little before I got home, and, turning into a tavern, begged Macshane to go before me to my lodging, and see if the coast was clear, which he did; and came back to me as pale as death, saying that the house was full of constables: the cursed quarrel at the Tilt-yard had, I suppose, set the beaks upon me; and a pretty sweep they made of it. Ah, my dear! five hundred pounds in money, five suits of laced clothes, three periwigs, besides laced shirts, swords, canes, and snuff-boxes; and all to go back to that scoundrel count.

'It was all over with me, I saw—no more being a gentleman for me, and if I remained to be caught, only a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers. My love, under such circumstances, a gentleman can't be particular, and must be prompt: the livery-stable was hard by where I used to hire my coach to go to court,—ha! ha!—and was known as a man of substance,—thither I went immediately. "Mr. Warmmash," says I, "my gallant friend here and I have a mind for a ride and a supper at Twickenham, so you must lend us a pair of your best horses;" which he did in a twinkling, and off we rode.

'We did not go into the Park, but turned off and cantered smartly up towards Kilburn; and, when we got into the country, galloped as if the devil were at our heels. Bless you, my love, it was all done in a minute: and the ensign and I found ourselves regular knights of the road, before we knew where we were almost. Only think of our finding you and your new husband at the Three Rooks! there's not a greater fence than the landlady in all the country. It was she that put us on seizing your husband, and introduced us to the other two gentlemen, whose names I don't know any more than the dead.'

. . . .

'And what became of the horses?' said Mrs. Catherine to Mr. Brock, when his tale was finished.

'Rips, madam,' said he; 'mere rips: we sold them at Stourbridge fair, and got but thirteen guineas for the two.'

'And—and—the Count, Max; where is he, Brock?' sighed she.

'Whew!' whistled Mr. Brock; 'what, hankering after him still? My dear, he is off to Flanders with his regiment; and, I make no doubt, there have been twenty Countesses of Galgenstein since your time.'

'I don't believe any such thing, sir,' said Mrs. Catherine, starting up very angrily.

'If you did, I suppose you'd laudanum him; wouldn't you?'

'Leave the room, fellow,' said the lady. But she recollected herself speedily again; and, clasping her hands, and looking very wretched at Brock, at the ceiling, at the floor, at her husband (from whom she violently turned away her head), she began to cry piteously; to which tears the corporal set up a gentle accompaniment of whistling, as they trickled one after another down her nose.

I don't think they were tears of repentance, but of regret for the time when she had her first love, and her fine clothes, and her white hat and blue feather. Of the two, the corporal's whistle was much more innocent than the girl's sobbing; he was a rogue, but a good-natured old fellow, when his humour was not crossed. Surely our novel-writers make a great mistake in divesting their rascals of all gentle human qualities; they have such—and the only sad point to think of is, in all private concerns of life, abstract feelings, and dealings with friends, and so on, how dreadfully like a rascal is to an honest man. The man who murdered the Italian boy set him first to play with his children, whom he loved, and who doubtless deplored his loss.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMBASSADOR, MR. MACSHANE

If we had not been obliged to follow history in all respects, it is probable that we should have left out the last adventure of Mrs. Catherine and her husband, at the inn at Worcester, altogether; for, in truth, very little came of it, and it is not very romantic or striking. But we are bound to stick closely, above all, by THE TRUTH—the truth, though it be not particularly pleasant to read of or to tell. As anybody may read in the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn at Worcester, were confined there, were swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegroom for military service. What is one to do after that? Had we been writing novels instead of authentic histories, we might have carried them anywhere else we chose; and we had a great mind to make Hayes philosophizing with Bolingbroke, like a certain Devereux; and Mrs. Catherine *maîtresse en titre* to Mr. Alexander Pope, Doctor Sacheverel, Sir John Reade the oculist, Dean Swift, or Marshal Tallard, as the very commonest romancer would under such circumstances. But, alas and alas! truth must be spoken, whatever else is in the wind; and the excellent *Newgate Calendar*, which contains the biographies and thanatographies of Hayes and his wife, does not say a word of their connexions with any of the leading literary or military heroes of the time of her Majesty Queen Anne. The *Calendar* says, in so many words, that Hayes was obliged to send to his father in Warwickshire, for money to get him out of the scrape, and that the old gentleman came down to his aid: by this truth must we stick; and not for the sake of the most brilliant episode,—no, not for a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet, would we depart from it.

Mr. Brock's account of his adventure in London has given the reader some short notice of his friend, Mr. Macshane. Neither the wits nor the principles of that worthy ensign were particularly firm; for drink, poverty, and a crack on the skull at the battle of Steenkirk, had served to injure the former; and the ensign was not in his best days possessed of any share of the latter. He had really, at one period, held such a rank in the army, but pawned his half-pay for drink and play; and for many years past had lived, one of the hundred thousand miracles of our city, upon nothing that anybody knew of, or of which he himself could give any account. Who has not a catalogue of these men in his list? who can tell whence comes the occasional clean shirt, who supplies the continual means of drunkenness, who wards off the daily-impending starvation? Their life is a wonder from day to day; their breakfast a wonder; their dinner a miracle; their bed an interposition of Providence. If you and I, my dear sir, want a shilling to-morrow, who will give it us? Will *our* butchers give us mutton-chops? will *our* laundresses clothe us in clean linen?—not a bone or a rag. Standing as we do (may it be ever so) somewhat removed from want,[1] is there one of us who does not shudder at the thought of descending into the lists to combat with it, and expect anything but to be utterly crushed in the encounter?

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[1] The author, it must be remembered, has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government of his country.—O. Y.

Not a bit of it, my dear sir. It takes much more than you think for to starve a man. Starvation is very little when you are used to it. Some people I know even, who live on it quite comfortably, and make their daily bread by it. It had been our friend Macshane's sole profession for many years; and he did not fail to draw from it such a livelihood as was sufficient, and, perhaps, too good, for him. He managed to dine upon it a certain or rather uncertain number of days in the week, to sleep somewhere, and to get drunk at least three hundred times a year. He was known to one or two noblemen who occasionally helped him with a few pieces, and whom he helped in turn —never mind how. He had other acquaintances whom he pestered undauntedly, and from whom he occasionally extracted a dinner, or a crown, or mayhap, by mistake, a gold-headed cane, which found its way to the pawnbroker's. When flush of cash, he would appear at the coffee-house; when low in funds, the deuce knows into what mystic caves and dens he slunk for food and lodging. He was perfectly ready with his sword, and when sober, or better still, a very little tipsy, was a complete master of it; in the art of boasting and lying he had hardly any equals; in shoes he stood six feet five inches, and here is his complete *signalement*. It was a fact that he had been in Spain as a volunteer, where he had shown some gallantry, had had a brain fever, and was sent home to starve as before.

Mr. Macshane had, however, like Mr. Conrad, the corsair, one virtue, in the midst of a thousand crimes,—he was faithful to his employer for the time being: and a story is told of him, which may or may not be to his credit, viz., that being hired on one occasion by a certain lord to inflict a punishment upon a *roturier* who had crossed his lordship in his amours, he, Macshane, did actually refuse from the person to be belaboured, and who entreated his forbearance, a larger sum of money than the nobleman gave him for the beating, which he performed punctually, as bound in honour and friendship. This tale would the ensign himself relate, with much self-satisfaction; and when, after the sudden flight from London, he and Brock took to their roving occupation, he cheerfully submitted to the latter as his commanding officer, called him always major, and, bating blunders and drunkenness, was perfectly true to his leader. He had a notion—and, indeed, I don't know that it was a wrong one—that his profession was now, as before, strictly military, and according to the rules of honour. Robbing he called plundering the enemy; and hanging was, in his idea, a dastardly and cruel advantage that the latter took, and that called for the sternest reprisals.

The other gentlemen concerned were strangers to Mr. Brock, who felt little inclined to trust either of them upon such a message, or with such a large sum to bring back. They had, strange to say, a similar mistrust on their side; but Mr. Brock lugged out five guineas, which he placed in the landlady's hand as security for his comrade's return; and Ensign Macshane, being mounted on poor Hayes's own horse, set off to visit the parents of that unhappy young man. It was a gallant sight to behold our thieves' ambassador, in a faded sky-blue suit, with orange facings, in a pair of huge jack-boots, unconscious of blacking, with a mighty basket-hilted sword by his side, and a little shabby beaver, cocked over a large tow-periwig, ride out from the inn of the Three Rooks on his mission to Hayes's paternal village.

It was eighteen miles distant from Worcester; but Mr. Macshane performed the distance in safety, and in sobriety, moreover (for such had been his instructions), and had no difficulty in discovering the house of old Hayes; towards which, indeed, John's horse trotted incontinently. Mrs. Hayes, who was knitting at the house door, was not a little surprised at the appearance of the well-known grey gelding, and of the stranger mounted upon it.

Flinging himself off the steed with much agility, Mr. Macshane, as soon as his feet reached the ground, brought them rapidly together, in order to make a profound and elegant bow to Mrs. Hayes; and slapping his greasy beaver against his heart, and poking his periwig almost into the nose of the old lady, demanded whether he had the 'shooprame honour of adthressing Misthriss Hees?'

Having been answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to ask whether there was a blackguard boy in the house who would take 'the horse to the steeble;' whether 'he could have a dthrink of small-beer or buthermilk, being, faith, uncommon dthry;' and whether, finally, 'he could be feevored with a few minutes' private conversation with her and Mr. Hees, on a matther of consitherable impartance?' All these preliminaries were to be complied with before Mr. Macshane would enter at all into the subject of his visit. The horse and man were cared for; Mr. Hayes was called in; and not a little anxious did Mrs. Hayes grow, in the meanwhile, with regard to the fate of her darling son. 'Where is he? How is he? Is he dead?' said the old lady. 'O yes, I'm sure he's dead!'

'Indeed, madam, and you're misteeken intirely: the young man is perfectly well in health.'

'Oh, praised be Heaven!'

'But mighty cast down in sperrits. To misfortunes, madam, look you, the best of us are subject; and a trifling one has fell upon your son.'

And herewith Mr. Macshane produced a letter in the handwriting of young Hayes, of which we have had the good luck to procure a copy. It ran thus:—

> 'HONORED FATHER AND MOTHER,—The bearer of this is a kind gentleman, who has left me in a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, at this towne, I fell in with some gentlemen of the queene's servas; after drinking with whom, I accepted her majesty's mony to enliste. Repenting thereof, I did endeavour to escape; and, in so doing, had the misfortune to strike my superior officer, whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of warr. If, however, I pay twenty ginnys, all will be wel. You must give the same to the barer, els I shall be shott without fail on Tewsday morning. And so no more from your loving son,
>
> 'JOHN HAYES.
>
> '*From my prison at Bristol,*
> *this unhappy Monday.*'

When Mrs. Hayes read this pathetic missive, its success with her was complete, and she was for going immediately to the cupboard, and producing the money necessary for her darling son's release. But the carpenter Hayes was much more suspicious. 'I don't know you, sir,' said he to the ambassador.

'Do you doubt my honour, sir?' said the ensign, very fiercely.

'Why, sir,' replied Mr. Hayes, 'I know little about it, one way or other, but shall take it for granted, if you will explain a little more of this business.'

'I sildom condescind to explean,' said Mr. Macshane, 'for it's not the custom in my rank; but I'll explean anything in reason.'

'Pray, will you tell me in what regiment my son is enlisted?'

'In coorse. In Colonel Wood's fut, my dear; and a gallant corps it is as any in the army.'

'And you left him?'

'On me soul, only three hours ago, having rid like a horse-jockey ever since, as in the sacred cause of humanity, curse me, every man should.'

As Hayes's house was seventy miles from Bristol, the old gentleman thought this was marvellous quick riding, and so cut the conversation short. 'You have said quite enough, sir,' said he, 'to show me there is some roguery in the matter, and that the whole story is false from beginning to end.'

At this abrupt charge the ensign looked somewhat puzzled, and then spoke with much gravity. 'Roguery,' said he, 'Misthur Hees, is a sthrong term, and which, in consideration of my friendship for your family, I shall pass over. You doubt your son's honour, as there wrote by him in black and white?'

'You have forced him to write,' said Mr. Hayes.

'The sly ould divvle's right,' muttered Mr. Macshane, aside. 'Well, sir, to make a clean breast of it, he *has* been forced to write it. The story about the enlistment is a pretty fib, if you will, from beginning to end. And what then, my dear? Do you think your son's any better off for that?'

'Oh, where is he?' screamed Mrs. Hayes, plumping down on her knees. 'We *will* give him the money, won't we, John?'

'I know you will, madam, when I tell you where he is. He is in the hands of some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are at war with the present government, and no more care about cutting a man's throat than they do a chicken's. He is a prisoner, madam, of our sword and spear. If you choose to ransom him, well and good; if not, peace be with him! for never more shall you see him.'

'And how do I know you won't come back to-morrow for more money?' asked Mr. Hayes.

'Sir, you have my honour, and I'd as lieve break my neck as my word,' said Mr. Macshane, gravely. 'Twenty guineas is the bargain. Take ten minutes to talk of it—take it then, or leave it; it's all the same to me, my dear.' And it must be said of our friend the ensign, that he meant every word he said, and that he considered the embassy on which he had come as perfectly honourable and regular.

'And, pray, what prevents us,' said Mr. Hayes, starting up in a rage, 'from taking hold of you, as a surety for him?'

'You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would ye, you dishonourable ould civilian?' replied Mr. Macshane. 'Besides,' says he, 'there's more reasons to prevent you: the first is this,' pointing to his sword; 'here are two more,' and these were pistols; 'and the last and the best of all is, that you might hang me, and dthraw me, and quarther me, and yet never see so much as the tip of your son's nose again. Look you, sir, we run mighty risks in our profession—it's not all play, I can tell you. We're obliged to be punctual, too, or it's all up with the thrade. If I promise that your son will die as sure as fate to-morrow morning, unless I return home safe, our people *must* keep my promise; or else what chance is there for me? You would be down upon me in a moment with a posse of constables, and have me swinging before Warwick gaol. Pooh, my dear! you never would sacrifice a darling boy like John Hayes, let alone his lady, for the sake of my long carcass. One or two of our gentlemen have been taken that way already, because parents and guardians would not believe them.'

'*And what became of the poor children?*' said Mrs. Hayes, who began to perceive the gist of the argument, and to grow dreadfully frightened.

'Don't let's talk of them, ma'am: humanity shudthers at the thought!' And herewith Mr. Macshane drew his finger across his throat, in such a dreadful way as to make the two parents tremble. 'It's the way of war, madam, look you. The service I have the honour to belong to is not paid by the Queen; and so we're obliged to make our prisoners pay, according to established military practice.'

No lawyer could have argued his case better than Mr. Macshane so far, and he completely succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the necessity of ransoming their son. Promising that the young man should be restored to them next morning, along with his beautiful lady, he courteously took leave of the old couple, and made the best of his way back to Worcester again. The elder Hayes wondered who the lady could be of whom the ambassador had spoken, for their son's elopement was altogether unknown to them; but anger or doubt about this subject was overwhelmed by their fears for their darling John's safety. Away rode the gallant Macshane with the money necessary to effect this; and it must be mentioned, as highly to his credit, that he never once thought of appropriating the sum to himself, or of deserting his comrades in any way.

His ride from Worcester had been a long one. He had left that city at noon, but before his return thither the sun had gone down; and the landscape, which had been dressed, like a prodigal, in purple and gold, now appeared, like a quaker, in dusky grey; and the trees by the roadside grew black as undertakers or physicians, and, bending their solemn heads to each other, whispered ominously among themselves; and the mists hung on the common; and the cottage lights went out one by one; and the earth and heaven grew black, but for some twinkling useless stars, which freckled the ebon countenance of the latter; and the air grew colder; and about two o'clock the moon appeared, a dismal pale-faced rake, walking solitary through the deserted sky; and about four, mayhap, the Dawn (wretched 'prentice-boy!) opened in the east the shutters of the Day;—in other words, more than a dozen hours had passed, Corporal Brock had been relieved by Mr. Redcap, the latter by Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed gentleman, and Mrs. John Hayes, in spite of her sorrows and bashfulness, had followed the example of her husband, and fallen asleep by his side—slept for many hours—and awakened still under the guardianship of Mr. Brock's troop; and all parties began anxiously to expect the return of the ambassador, Mr. Macshane.

That officer, who had performed the first part of his journey with such distinguished prudence and success, found the night, on his journey homewards, was growing mighty cold and dark; and as he was thirsty and hungry, had money in his purse, and saw no cause to hurry, he determined to take refuge at an alehouse for the night, and to make for Worcester by dawn the next morning. He accordingly alighted at the first inn on his road, consigned his horse to the stable, and, entering the kitchen, called for the best liquor in the house.

A small company was assembled at the inn, among whom Mr. Macshane took his place with a great deal of dignity; and having a considerable sum of money in his pocket, felt a mighty contempt for his society, and soon let them know the contempt he felt for them. After a third flagon of ale, he discovered that the liquor was sour, and emptied, with much spluttering and grimaces, the remainder of the beer into the fire. This process so offended the parson of the parish (who in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honour in the chimney-nook), that he left his corner, looking wrathfully at the offender, who without any more ado instantly occupied it. It was a fine thing to hear the jingling of the twenty pieces in his pocket, the oaths which he distributed between the landlord, the guests, and the liquor—to remark the sprawl of his mighty jack-boots, before the sweep of which the timid guests edged farther and farther away, and the languishing leers which he cast on the landlady, as with widespread arms he attempted to seize upon her.

When the ostler had done his duties in the stable, he entered the inn, and whispered the landlord that 'the stranger was riding John Hayes's horse': of which fact the host soon convinced himself, and did not fail to have some suspicions of his guest. Had he not thought that times were unquiet, horses might be sold, and one man's money was as good as another's, he probably would have arrested the ensign immediately, and so lost all the profit of the score which the latter was causing every moment to be enlarged.

In a couple of hours, with that happy facility which one may have often remarked in men of the gallant ensign's nation, he had managed to disgust every one of the landlord's other guests, and scare them from the kitchen. Frightened by his addresses, the landlady too had taken flight; and the host was the only person left in the apartment, who there stayed for interest's sake merely, and listened moodily to his tipsy guest's conversation. In an hour more, the whole house was awakened by a violent noise of howling, curses, and pots clattering to and fro. Forth issued Mrs. Landlady in her night-gear, out came John Ostler with his pitchfork, downstairs tumbled Mrs. Cook and one or two guests, and found the landlord and ensign on the kitchen-floor—the wig of the latter lying, much singed, and emitting strange odours, in the fireplace, his face hideously distorted, and a great quantity of his natural hair in the partial occupation of the landlord, who had drawn it and the head down towards him, in order that he might have the benefit of pummelling the latter more at his ease. In revenge, the landlord was undermost, and the ensign's arms were working up and down his face and body like the flaps of a paddle-wheel : the man of war had clearly the best of it.

The combatants were separated as soon as possible ; but as soon as the excitement of the fight was over, Ensign Macshane was found to have no further powers of speech, sense, or locomotion, and was carried by his late antagonist to bed. His sword and pistols, which had been placed at his side at the commencement of the evening, were carefully put by, and his pocket visited. Twenty guineas in gold, a large knife—used, probably, for the cutting of bread-and-cheese—some crumbs of those delicacies, and a paper of tobacco, were found in the breeches' pockets ; while in the bosom of the sky-blue coat reposed the leg of a cold fowl, and half of a raw onion, which constituted his whole property.

These articles were not very suspicious ; but the beating which the landlord had received tended greatly to confirm his own and his wife's doubts about their guest ; and it was determined to send off in the early morning to Mr. Hayes, informing him how a person had lain at their inn who had ridden thither mounted upon young Hayes's horse. Off set John Ostler at earliest dawn ; but on his way he woke up Mr. Justice's clerk, and communicated his suspicions to him ; and Mr. Clerk consulted with the village baker, who was up always early ; and the clerk, the baker, the butcher with his cleaver, and two gentlemen who were going to work, all adjourned to the inn.

Accordingly, when Ensign Macshane was in a truckle-bed, plunged in that deep slumber which only innocence and drunkenness enjoy in this world, and charming the ears of morn by the regular and melodious music of his nose, a vile plot was laid against him ; and when about seven of the clock he woke, he found, on sitting up in his bed, three gentlemen on each side of it, armed, and looking ominous. One held a constable's staff, and, albeit unprovided with a warrant, would take upon himself the responsibility of seizing Mr. Macshane, and of carrying him before his worship at the hall.

'Taranouns, man!' said the ensign, springing up in bed, and abruptly breaking off a loud, sonorous yawn, with which he had opened the business of the day, 'you won't deteen a gentleman who's on life and death? I give ye my word, an affair of honour.'

'How came you by that there horse?' said the baker.

'How came you by these here fifteen guineas?' said the landlord, in whose hands, by some process, five of the gold pieces had disappeared.

'What is this here idolatrous string of beads?' said the clerk.

Mr. Macshane, the fact is, was a Catholic, but did not care to own it, for in those days his religion was not popular. 'Baids? Holy Mother of saints! give me back them baids,' said Mr. Macshane, clasping his hands; 'they were blest, I tell you, by his holiness the po——psha! I mane they belong to a darling little daughter I had that's in heaven now; and as for the money and the horse, I should like to know how a gentleman is to travel in this counthry without them?'

'Why, you see, he may travel in the country to *git* 'em,' here shrewdly remarked the constable; 'and it's our belief that neither horse nor money is honestly come by. If his worship is satisfied, why so, in course, shall we be; but there is highwaymen abroad, look you, and, to our notion, you have very much the cut of one.'

Further remonstrances or threats on the part of Mr. Macshane were useless: although he vowed that he was first cousin to the Duke of Leinster, an officer in her Majesty's service, and the dearest friend Lord Marlborough had, his impudent captors would not believe a word of his statement (which, further, was garnished with a tremendous number of oaths), and he was, about eight o'clock, carried up to the house of Squire Ballance, the neighbouring justice of the peace.

When the worthy magistrate asked the crime of which the prisoner had been guilty, the captors looked somewhat puzzled for the moment; since, in truth, it could not be shown that the ensign had committed any crime at all; and if he had confined himself to simple silence, and thrown upon them the onus of proving his misdemeanours, Justice Ballance must have let him loose, and soundly rated his clerk and the landlord for detaining an honest gentleman on so frivolous a charge.

But this caution was not in the ensign's disposition; and though his accusers produced no satisfactory charge against him, his own words were quite enough to show how suspicious his character was. When asked his name, he gave it in as Captain Geraldine, in his way to Ireland, by Bristol, on a visit to his cousin the Duke of Leinster. He swore solemnly, that his friends, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Peterborough, under both of whom he had served, should hear of the manner in which he had been treated; and when the justice, a sly old gentleman, and one that read the gazettes, asked him at what battles he had been present, the gallant ensign pitched on a couple in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other, and vowed that he had been desperately wounded at both; so that, at the end of his examination, which had been taken down by the clerk, he had been made to acknowledge as follows:—Captain Geraldine, six feet four inches in height; thin, with a very long red nose, and red hair; grey eyes, and speaks with a strong Irish accent, is the first cousin of the Duke of Leinster, and in constant communication with him: does not know whether his grace has any children; does not know whereabouts he lives in London; cannot say what sort of a looking man his grace is; is acquainted with the Duke of Marlborough, and served in the dragoons at the battle of Ramillies; at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona. Borrowed the horse which he rides from a friend in London, three weeks since. Peter Hobbs, ostler, swears that it was in his master's stable four days ago, and is the property of John Hayes, carpenter. Cannot account for the fifteen guineas found on him by the landlord; says they were twenty; says he won them at cards, a fortnight since at Edinburgh; says he is riding about the country for his amusement: afterwards says he is on a matter of life and death, and going to Bristol; declared last night, in the hearing of several witnesses, that he was going to York; says he is a man of independent property, and has large estates in Ireland, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Bank of England. Has no shirt or stockings, and the coat he wears is marked S. S.; in his boots are written 'Thomas Rodgers,' and in his hat is the name of the 'Rev. Doctor Snoffler.'

Dr. Snoffler lived at Worcester, and had lately advertised in the *Hue and Cry* a number of articles taken from his house. Mr. Macshane said, in reply to this, that his hat had been changed at the inn, and he was ready to take his oath that he came thither in a gold-laced one. But this fact was disproved by the oaths of many persons who had seen him at the inn. And he was about to be imprisoned for the thefts which he had not committed (the fact about the hat being, that he had purchased it from a gentleman at the Three Rooks, for two pints of beer)—he was about to be remanded, when, behold, Mrs. Hayes the elder made her appearance; and to her it was that the ensign was indebted for his freedom.

Old Hayes had gone to work before the ostler arrived; but when his wife heard the lad's message, she instantly caused her pillion to be placed behind the saddle, and mounting the grey horse, urged the stable-boy to gallop as hard as ever he could to the justice's house.

She entered panting and alarmed. 'Oh, what is your honour going to do to this honest gentleman?' said she. 'In the name of Heaven, let him go! His time is precious—he has important business—business of life and death.'

'I tould the jidge so,' said the ensign, 'but he refused to take my word—the sacred wurrd of honour of Captain Geraldine.'

Macshane was good at a single lie, though easily flustered on an examination; and this was a very creditable stratagem to acquaint Mrs. Hayes with the name that he bore.

'What! you know Captain Geraldine?' said Mr. Ballance, who was perfectly well acquainted with the carpenter's wife.

'In coorse she does. Hasn't she known me these tin years? Are we not related? Didn't she give me the very horse which I rode, and, to make belave, tould you I'd bought in London?'

'Let her tell her own story. Are you related to Captain Geraldine, Mrs. Hayes?'

'Yes—oh yes!'

'A very elegant connexion! And you gave him the horse, did you, of your own free-will?'

'Oh yes! of my own will—I would give him anything. Do, do, your honour, let him go. His child is dying,' said the old lady, bursting into tears; 'it may be dead before he gets to—before he gets there. Oh, your honour, your honour, pray, pray, don't detain him!'

The justice did not seem to understand this excessive sympathy on the part of Mrs. Hayes; nor did the father himself appear to be nearly so affected by his child's probable fate as the honest woman who interested herself for him. On the contrary, when she made this passionate speech, Captain Geraldine only grinned, and said, 'Niver mind, my dear, if his honour will keep an honest gentleman for doing nothing, why let him—the law must settle between us; and as for the child, poor thing, the Lord deliver it!'

At this, Mrs. Hayes fell to entreating more loudly than ever: and as there was really no charge against him, Mr. Ballance was constrained to let him go.

The landlord and his friends were making off, rather confused, when Ensign Macshane called upon the former in a thundering voice to stop, and refund the five guineas which he had stolen from him. Again the host swore there were but fifteen in his pocket. But when, on the Bible, the ensign solemnly vowed that he had twenty, and called upon Mrs. Hayes whether yesterday, half an hour before he entered the inn, she had not seen him with twenty guineas, and that lady expressed herself ready to swear that she had, Mr. Landlord looked more crestfallen than ever, and said that he had not counted the money when he took it; and though he did in his soul believe that there were only fifteen guineas, rather than be suspected of a shabby action, he would pay the five guineas out of his own pocket; which he did, and with the ensign's, or rather Mrs. Hayes's, own coin.

As soon as they were out of the justice's house, Mr. Macshane, in the fullness of his gratitude, could not help bestowing an embrace upon Mrs. Hayes. And when she implored him to let her ride behind him to her darling son, he yielded with a very good grace, and off the pair set on John Hayes's grey.

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'Who has Nosey brought with him now?' said Mr. Sicklop, Brock's one-eyed confederate, who, about three hours after the above adventure, was lolling in the yard of the Three Rooks. It was our ensign, with the mother of his captive: they had not met with any accident in their ride.

'I shall now have the shooprame bliss,' said Mr. Macshane, with much feeling, as he lifted Mrs. Hayes from the saddle, 'the shooprame bliss of intwining two harrts that are mead for one another. Ours, my dear, is a dismal profession; but, ah! don't moments like this make aminds for years of pain? This way, my dear: turn to your right, then to your left—mind the stip—and the third door round the corner.'

All these precautions were attended to; and after giving his concerted knock, Mr. Macshane was admitted into an apartment, which he entered holding his gold pieces in the one hand, and a lady by the other.

We shall not describe the meeting which took place between mother and son. The old lady wept copiously; the young man was really glad to see his relative, for he deemed that his troubles were over; Mrs. Cat bit her lips, and stood aside, looking somewhat foolish; Mr. Brock counted the money; and Mr. Macshane took a large dose of strong waters, as a pleasing solace for his labours, dangers, and fatigue.

When the maternal feelings were somewhat calmed, the old lady had leisure to look about her, and really felt a kind of friendship and good will for the company of thieves in which she found herself. It seemed to her that they had conferred an actual favour on her, in robbing her of twenty guineas, threatening her son's life, and finally letting him go.

'Who is that droll old gentleman?' said she; and being told that it was Captain Wood, she dropped him a curtsy, and said, with much respect, 'Captain, your very humble servant;' which compliment Mr. Brock acknowledged by a gracious smile and bow. 'And who is this pretty young lady?' continued Mrs. Hayes.

'Why—hum—oh—mother, you must give her your blessing—she is Mrs. John Hayes.' And herewith Mr. Hayes brought forward his interesting lady, to introduce her to his mamma.

The news did not at all please the old lady, who received Mrs. Catherine's embrace with a very sour face indeed. However, the mischief was done; and she was too glad to get back her son to be, on such an occasion, very angry with him. So, after a proper rebuke, she told Mrs. John Hayes, that though she never approved of her son's attachment, and thought he married below his condition, yet as the evil was done, it was their duty to make the best of it ; and she, for her part, would receive her into her house, and make her as comfortable there as she could.

'I wonder whether she has any more money in that house ? ' whispered Mr. Sicklop to Mr. Redcap, who, with the landlady, had come to the door of the room, and had been amusing themselves by the contemplation of this sentimental scene.

'What a fool that wild Hirishman was not to bleed her for more,' said the landlady ; 'but he's a poor ignorant Papist. I'm sure my man' (this gentleman had been hanged) 'wouldn't have come away with such a beggarly sum.'

'Suppose we have some more out of 'em ? ' said Mr. Redcap. 'What prevents us ? We have got the old mare, and the colt too,—ha ! ha ! and the pair of 'em ought to be worth at least a hundred to us.'

This conversation was carried on *sotto voce ;* and I don't know whether Mr. Brock had any notion of the plot which was arranged by the three worthies. The landlady began it. 'Which punch, madam, will you take ? ' says she ; 'you must have something for the good of the house, now you are in it.'

'In coorse,' said the ensign.

'Certainly,' said the other three ; but the old lady said she was anxious to leave the place ; and, putting down a crown-piece, requested the hostess to treat the gentlemen in her absence. 'Good-bye, captain,' said the old lady.

'Ajew ! ' cried the ensign, 'and long life to you, my dear ; you got me out of a scrape at the justice's yonder : and, split me but Insign Macshane will rimimber it as long as he lives.' And now Hayes and the two ladies made for the door ; but the landlady placed herself against it, and Mr. Sicklop said, 'No, no, my pretty madams, you ain't a-going off so cheap as that neither ; you are not going out for a beggarly twenty guineas, look you,—we must have more.'

Mr. Hayes, starting back, and cursing his fate, fairly burst into tears ; the two women screamed ; and Mr. Brock looked as if the proposition both amused and had been expected by him; but not so Ensign Macshane.

'Major!' said he, clawing fiercely hold of Brock's arms.

'Ensign,' said Mr. Brock, smiling.

'Arr we, or arr we not, men of honour?'

'Oh, in coorse,' said Brock, laughing, and using Macshane's favourite expression.

'If we *arr* men of honour, we are bound to stick to our word; and, hark-ye, you dirty one-eyed scoundrel, if you don't immadiately make way for these leedies, and this lily-livered young jontleman who's crying so, the meejor here and I will lug out, and force you;' and, so saying, he drew his great sword, and made a pass at Mr. Sicklop, which that gentleman avoided, and which caused him and his companion to retreat from the door. The landlady still kept her position at it, and with a storm of oaths against the ensign, and against two Englishmen who ran away from a wild Hirishman, swore she would not budge a foot, and would stand there until her dying day.

'Faith, then, needs must,' said the ensign, and made a lunge at the hostess, which passed so near the wretch's throat, that she screamed, sank on her knees, and at last opened the door.

Down the stairs, then, with great state, Mr. Macshane led the elder lady, the married couple following; and having seen them to the street, took an affectionate farewell of the party, whom he vowed that he would come and see. 'You can walk the eighteen miles aisy, between this and nightfall,' said he.

'*Walk!*' exclaimed Mr. Hayes; 'why, haven't we got Ball, and shall ride and tie all the way?'

'Madam!' cried Macshane, in a stern voice, 'honour before everything. Did you not, in the presence of his worship, vow and declare that you gave me that horse, and now d'ye talk of taking it back again? Let me tell you, madam, that such palthry thricks ill become a person of your years and respectability, and ought never to be played with Insign Timothy Macshane.'

He waved his hat, and strutted down the street; and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, along with her bridegroom and mother-in-law, made the best of their way homeward on foot.

CHAPTER VII

WHICH EMBRACES A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS

The recovery of so considerable a portion of his property from the clutches of Brock, was, as may be imagined, no trifling source of joy to that excellent young man, Count Gustavus Adolphus de Galgenstein; and he was often known to say, with much archness, and a proper feeling of gratitude to the Fate which had ordained things so, that the robbery was, in reality, one of the best things that could have happened to him,—for, in event of Mr. Brock's *not* stealing the money, his excellency the count would have had to pay the whole to the Warwickshire squire, who had won it from him at play. He was enabled, in the present instance, to plead his notorious poverty as an excuse; and the Warwickshire conqueror got off with nothing, except a very badly written autograph of the count's, simply acknowledging the debt.

This point his excellency conceded with the greatest candour, but (as, doubtless, the reader may have remarked in the course of his experience) to owe is not quite the same thing as to pay; and from the day of his winning the money until the day of his death, the Warwickshire squire did never, by any chance, touch a single bob, tizzy, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tomann, or rupee, of the sum which Monsieur de Galgenstein had lost to him.

That young nobleman was, as Mr. Brock hinted in the little autobiographical sketch which we gave in a former chapter, incarcerated for a certain period, and for certain other debts, in the donjons of Warwick; but he released himself from them, by that noble and consolatory remedy of white-washing, which the law has provided for gentlemen in his oppressed condition; and he had not been a week in London, when he fell in with, and overcame, or put to flight, Captain Wood, *alias* Brock, and immediately seized upon the remainder of his property. After receiving this, the count, with commendable discretion, disappeared from England altogether for a while; nor are we at all authorized to state that any of his debts to his tradesmen were discharged, any more than his debts of honour, as they are pleasantly called.

Having thus settled with his creditors, the gallant count had interest enough with some of the great folk to procure for himself a post abroad, and was absent in Holland for some time. It was here that he became acquainted with the lovely Madam Silverkoop, the widow of a deceased gentleman of Leyden; and although the lady was not at that age at which tender passions are usually inspired—being sixty—and though she could not, like Mademoiselle Ninon de l'Enclos, then at Paris, boast of charms which defied the progress of time,—for Mrs. Silverkoop was as red as a boiled lobster, and as unwieldy as a porpoise; and although her mental attractions did by no means make up for her personal deficiencies,—for she was jealous, violent, vulgar, drunken, and stingy to a miracle; yet her charms had an immediate effect on Monsieur de Galgenstein; and hence, perhaps, the reader (the rogue! how well he knows the world!) will be led to conclude that the honest widow was *rich*.

Such, indeed, she was; and Count Gustavus, despising the difference between his twenty quarterings and her twenty thousand pounds, laid the most desperate siege, and finished, by causing her to capitulate,—as I do believe, after a reasonable degree of pressing, any woman will do to any man; such, at least, has been *my* experience in the matter.

The count then married; and it was curious to see how he, who, as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Cat, had been as great a tiger and domestic bully as any extant, now, by degrees, fell into a quiet submission towards his enormous countess, who ordered him up and down as a lady orders her footman, who permitted him speedily not to have a will of his own, and who did not allow him a shilling of her money, without receiving for the same an accurate account.

How was it that he, the abject slave of Madam Silverkoop, had been victorious over Mrs. Cat? The first blow is, I believe, the decisive one in these cases, and the countess had stricken it a week after their marriage, establishing a supremacy which the count never afterwards attempted to question.

We have alluded to his excellency's marriage, as in duty bound, because it will be necessary to account for his appearance hereafter in a more splendid fashion than that under which he has hitherto been known to us; and just comforting the reader by the knowledge that the union, though prosperous in a worldly point of view, was, in reality, extremely unhappy, we must say no more from this time forth of the fat and legitimate Madam de Galgenstein. Our darling is Mrs. Catherine, who had formerly acted in her stead; and only in so much as the fat countess did influence in any way the destinies of our heroine, or those wise and virtuous persons who have appeared, and are to follow her to her end, shall we in any degree allow her name to figure here. It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of FATE, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else turning of a street, or on somebody else's doing of something else in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo, now or a thousand years ago: thus, for instance, if Miss Poots, in the year 1695, had never been the lovely inmate of a spiel-haus, at Amsterdam, Mr. Van Silverkoop would never have seen her; if the day had not been extraordinarily hot, the worthy merchant would never have gone thither; if he had not been fond of Rhenish wine and sugar, he never would have called for any such delicacies; if he had not called for them, Miss Ottilia Poots would never have brought them, and partaken of them; if he had not been rich, she would certainly have rejected all the advances made to her by Silverkoop; if he had not been so fond of Rhenish and sugar, he never would have died; and Mrs. Silverkoop would have been neither rich, nor a widow, nor a wife to Count von Galgenstein; nay, nor would this history have ever been written; for if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have . . .

Oh, my dear madam! you thought we were going to tell you. Pooh! nonsense,—no such thing; not for two or three and seventy pages or so,—when, perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done. *We* know when we have got a good thing as well as our neighbours.

The reader will remember, in the second part of these Memoirs, the announcement that Mrs. Catherine had given to the world a child, who might bear, if he chose, the arms of Galgenstein, with the further adornment of a bar-sinister. This child had been put out to nurse some time before its mother's elopement from the count; and as that nobleman was in funds at the time (having had that success at play which we duly chronicled), he paid a sum of no less than twenty guineas, which was to be the yearly reward of the nurse into whose charge the boy was put. The woman grew fond of the brat; and when, after the first year, she had no further news or remittances from father or mother, she determined, for a while at least, to maintain the infant at her own expense; for, when rebuked by her neighbours on this score, she stoutly swore that no parents could ever desert their children, and that some day or other she should not fail to be rewarded for her trouble with this one.

Under this strange mental hallucination poor Goody Billings, who had five children and a husband of her own, continued to give food and shelter to little Tom for a period of no less than seven years; and though it must be acknowledged that the young gentleman did not in the slightest degree merit the kindnesses shown to him, Goody Billings, who was of a very soft and pitiable disposition, continued to bestow them upon him, because, she said, he was lonely and unprotected, and deserved them more than other children who had fathers and mothers to look after them. If, then, any difference was made between Tom's treatment and that of her own brood, it was considerably in favour of the former, to whom the largest proportions of treacle were allotted for his bread, and the handsomest supplies of hasty pudding. Besides, to do Mrs. Billings justice, there *was* a party against him, and that consisted not only of her husband and her five children, but of every single person in the neighbourhood who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with Master Tom.

A celebrated philosopher, I think Miss Edgeworth, has broached the consolatory doctrine, that in intellect and disposition all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstance and education are the causes of the distinctions and divisions which afterwards unhappily take place among them. Not to argue this question, which places Jack Howard and Jack Thurtell on an exact level,—which would have us to believe that Lord Melbourne is by natural gifts and excellences a man as honest, brave, and far-sighted as the Duke of Wellington,—which would make out that Lord Lyndhurst is, in point of principle, eloquence, and political honesty, no better than Mr. O'Connell,—not, I say, arguing this doctrine, let us simply state that Master Thomas Billings (for, having no other, he took the name of the worthy people who adopted him) was in his longcoats fearfully passionate, screaming and roaring perpetually, and showing all the ill that he *could* show. At the age of two, when his strength enabled him to toddle abroad, his favourite resort was the coal-hole, or the dung-heap: his roarings had not diminished in the least, and he had added to his former virtues two new ones,—a love of fighting and stealing, both which amiable qualities he had many opportunities of exercising every day. He fought his little adoptive brothers and sisters; he kicked and cuffed his father and mother; he fought the cat, stamped upon the kittens, was worsted in a severe battle with the hen in the back-yard; but, in revenge, nearly beat a little sucking-pig to death, whom he caught alone, and rambling near his favourite haunt, the dunghill. As for stealing, he stole the eggs, which he perforated and emptied; the butter, which he ate with or without bread, as he could find it; the sugar, which he cunningly secreted in the leaves of a *Baker's Chronicle*, that nobody in the establishment could read; and thus from the pages of history he used to suck in all he knew—thieving and lying, namely, in which for his years he made wonderful progress. If any followers of Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers are inclined to disbelieve this statement, or to set it down as overcharged and distorted, let them be assured that just this very picture was, of all pictures in the world, taken from nature. I, Ikey Solomons, once had a dear little brother who could steal before he could walk (and this not from encouragement,—for, if you know the world, you must know that in families of our profession the point of honour is sacred at home,—but from pure nature)—who could steal, I say, before he could walk, and lie before he could speak; and who, at four and a-half years of age, having attacked my sister Rebecca on some question of lollypops, and smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologized to us, by saying, simply, '—— her, I wish it had been her head!' Dear, dear Aminadab! I think of you, and laugh these philosophers to scorn.

Nature made you for that career which you fulfilled; you were from your birth to your dying a scoundrel; you *couldn't* have been anything else, however your lot was cast; and blessed it was that you were born among the prigs,—for had you been of any other profession, alas! alas! what ills might you have done! As I have heard the author of *Richelieu, Natural Odes, Siamese Twins,* &c., say, 'Poeta nascitur non fit,' which means, that though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all moonshine; in the like manner, I say, '*Roagus* nascitur non fit.' We have it from nature, and so a fig for Miss Edgeworth.

In this manner, then, while his father, blessed with a wealthy wife, was leading, in a fine house, the life of a galley-slave; while his mother, married to Mr. Hayes, and made an honest woman of, as the saying is, was passing her time respectably in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Billings was inhabiting the same county, not cared for by either of them; but ordained by Fate to join them one day, and have a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. For, as it has often happened to the traveller in the York or the Exeter coach to fall snugly asleep in his corner, and on awaking suddenly to find himself sixty or seventy miles from the place where Somnus first visited him; as, we say, although you sit still, Time, poor wretch, keeps perpetually running on, and so must run day and night, with never a pause or a halt of five minutes to get a drink, until his dying day, let the reader imagine that, since he left Mrs. Hayes and all the other worthy personages of this history, in the last chapter, seven years have sped away in the interval; during which, all our heroes and heroines have been accomplishing their destinies.

Seven years of country carpentering, or other trading, on the part of a husband, of ceaseless scolding, violence, and discontent, on the part of a wife, are not pleasant to describe, so we shall omit altogether any account of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes. The *Newgate Calendar* (to which excellent compilation we and the *other* popular novelists of the day can never be sufficiently grateful) states that Hayes left his house three or four times during this period, and, urged by the restless humours of his wife, tried several professions; returning, however, as he grew weary of each, to his wife and his paternal home. After a certain time his parents died, and by their demise he succeeded to a small property, and the carpentering business, which he for some time followed.

What, then, in the meanwhile, had become of Captain Wood, or Brock, and Ensign Macshane ? the only persons now to be accounted for in our catalogue. For about six months after their capture and release of Mr. Hayes, those noble gentlemen had followed, with much prudence and success, that trade which the celebrated and polite Duval, the ingenious Sheppard, the dauntless Turpin, and, indeed, many other heroes of our most popular novels, had pursued, or were pursuing, in their time. And so considerable were said to be Captain Wood's gains, that reports were abroad of his having somewhere a buried treasure ; to which he might have added more, had not Fate suddenly cut short his career as a prig. He and the Ensign were—shame to say—transported for stealing three pewter pots off a railing at Exeter ; and not being known in the town, which they had only reached that morning, they were detained by no further charges, but simply condemned on this one. For this misdemeanour, her Majesty's Government vindictively sent them for seven years beyond the sea ; and, as the fashion then was, sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters during that space of time. It is thus, alas ! that the strong are always used to deal with the weak, and many an honest fellow has been led to rue his unfortunate difference with the law.

Thus, then, we have settled all scores. The count is in Holland with his wife ; Mrs. Cat, in Warwickshire, along with her excellent husband ; Master Thomas Billings, with his adoptive parents, in the same county ; and the two military gentlemen watching the progress and cultivation of the tobacco and cotton plant in the New World. All these things having passed between the acts, dingaring-a-dingaring-a-dingledingle-ding, the drop draws up, and the next act begins. By the way, the play *ends* with a drop ; but that is neither here nor there.

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[Here, as in a theatre, the orchestra is supposed to play something melodious. The people get up, shake themselves, yawn, and settle down in their seats again. 'Porter, ale, ginger-beer, cider,' comes round, squeezing through the legs of the gentlemen in the pit. Nobody takes anything, as usual ; and, lo ! the curtain rises again. ''Sh, 'shsh, 'shshshhh ! Hats off ! ' says everybody.]

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Mrs. Hayes had now been for six years the adored wife of Mr. Hayes, and no offspring had arisen to bless their loves and perpetuate their name. She had obtained a complete mastery over her lord and master; and having had, as far as was in that gentleman's power, every single wish gratified that she could demand, in the way of dress, treats to Coventry and Birmingham, drink, and what not—for, though a hard man, John Hayes had learned to spend his money pretty freely on himself and her—having had all her wishes gratified, it was natural that she should begin to find out some more; and the next whim she hit upon was to be restored to her child. It may be as well to state, that she had never informed her husband of the existence of that phenomenon, although he was aware of his wife's former connexion with the count,—Mrs. Hayes, in their matrimonial quarrels, invariably taunting him with accounts of her former splendour and happiness, and with his own meanness of taste in condescending to take up with his excellency's leavings.

She determined, then (but as yet had not confided her determination to her husband), she would have her boy, although in her seven years' residence within twenty miles of him she had never once thought of seeing him; and the kind reader knows that when his excellent lady determines on a thing—a shawl, or an opera-box, or a new carriage, or twenty-four singing lessons from Tamburini, or a night at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, or a ride in a 'bus to Richmond, and tea and brandy-and-water at Rose Cottage Hotel—the reader, high or low, knows that when Mrs. Reader desires a thing, have it she will; you may just as well talk of avoiding her as of avoiding gout, biles, or grey hairs—and that you know is impossible. I, for my part, have had all three—aye, and a wife too. But away with egotism and talk of one's own sorrows: my Lord Byron, and my friend the member for Lincoln, have drained such subjects dry.

I say that when a woman is resolved on a thing, happen it will—if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (*flectere si nequeo*, &c.; but quotations are odious). And some hidden power was working in the case of Mrs. Hayes, and, for its own awful purposes, lending her its aid.

Who has not felt how he works, the dreadful, conquering Spirit of Ill? Who cannot see, in the circle of his own society, the fated and foredoomed to woe and evil? Some call the doctrine of destiny a dark creed; but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins upon one's head, to deem oneself in the hands of Fate than to think, with our fierce passions and weak repentances, with our resolves so loud, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail, with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong, that we are the workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it against mighty circumstance? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has *your* striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honours and reputation; an apple plops on your nose, and makes you a world's wonder and glory; a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you, who were, and are still, an honest man; clubs, trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be, and are a rascal. Who sends the illness? who causes the apple to fall? who deprives you of your worldly goods? or who shuffles the cards, and brings trumps, honour, virtue, and prosperity back again? You call it chance; aye, and so it is chance, that when the floor gives way, and the rope stretches tight, the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted mortals as we are, we can't *see* the rope by which we hang, and know not when or how the drop may fall.

But, *revenons à nos moutons*, let us return to that sweet lamb, Master Thomas, and the milk-white ewe, Mrs. Cat. Seven years had passed away, and she began to think that she should very much like to see her child once more. It was written that she should; and you shall hear how, soon after, without any great exertions of hers, back he came to her.

In the month of July, in the year 1715, there came down a road, about ten miles from the city of Worcester, two gentlemen, not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse, but having a horse between them—a sorry bay, with a sorry saddle, and a large pack behind it; on which each by turn took a ride. Of the two, one was a man of excessive stature, with red hair, a very prominent nose, and a faded military dress; while the other, an old weather-beaten, sober-looking personage, wore the costume of a civilian—both man and dress appearing to have reached the autumnal, or seedy state. However, the pair seemed, in spite of their apparent poverty, to be passably merry. The old gentleman rode the horse; and had, in the course of their journey, ridden him two miles at least in every three. The tall one walked with immense strides by his side; and seemed, indeed, as if he could have quickly outstripped the four-footed animal, had he chosen to exert his speed, or had not affection for his comrade retained him at his stirrup.

A short time previously the horse had cast a shoe; and this the tall man on foot had gathered up, and was holding in his hand, it having been voted that the first blacksmith to whose shop they should come should be called upon to fit it again upon the bay horse.

'Do you remimber this counthry, meejor?' said the tall man, who was looking about him very much pleased, and sucking a flower. 'I think thim green cornfields is prettier looking-at than the d—— tobacky out yondther, and bad luck to it!'

'I recollect the place right well, and some queer pranks we played here seven years agone,' responded the gentleman addressed as major. 'You remember that man and his wife, whom we took in pawn at the Three Rooks?'

'And the landlady only hung last Michaelmas?' said the tall man, parenthetically.

'Hang the landlady! we've got all we ever would out of *her*, you know. But about the man and woman. You went after the chap's mother, and, like a jackass, as you are, let him loose. Well, the woman was that Catherine that you've often heard me talk about. I like the wench, —— her, for I almost brought her up; and she was for a year or two along with that scoundrel Galgenstein, who has been the cause of my ruin.'

'The inferrnal blackguard and ruffian!' said the tall man, who, with his companion, has no doubt been recognized by the reader.

'Well, this Catherine had a child by Galgenstein; and somewhere here hard by the woman lived to whom we carried the brat to nurse. She was the wife of a blacksmith, one Billings: it won't be out of the way to get our horse shod at his house, if he is alive still, and we may learn something about the little beast. I should be glad to see the mother well enough.'

'Do I remimber her?' said the ensign; 'do I remimber whisky? Sure I do, and the snivelling sneak her husband, and the stout old lady her mother-in-law, and the dirty one-eyed ruffian who sold me the parson's hat, that had so nearly brought me into trouble. Oh, but it was a rare rise we got out of them chaps, and the old landlady that's hanged too!' And here both Ensign Macshane and Major Brock, or Wood, grinned, and showed much satisfaction.

It will be necessary to explain the reason of it. We gave the British public to understand, that the landlady of the Three Rooks, at Worcester, was a notorious fence, or banker of thieves; that is, a purchaser of their merchandise. In her hands Mr. Brock and his companion had left property to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds, which was secreted in a cunning recess in a chamber of the Three Rooks, known only to the landlady and the gentlemen who banked with her; and in this place, Mr. Cyclop, the one-eyed man who had joined in the Hayes adventure, his comrade, and one or two of the topping prigs of the county, were free. Mr. Cyclop had been shot dead in a night attack near Bath; the landlady had been suddenly hanged, as an accomplice in another case of robbery; and when, on their return from Virginia, our two heroes, whose hopes of livelihood depended upon it, had bent their steps towards Worcester, they were not a little frightened to hear of the cruel fate of the hostess and many of the amiable frequenters of the Three Rooks. All the goodly company were separated; the house was no longer an inn. Was the money gone too? At least it was worth while to look, which Messrs. Brock and Macshane determined to do.

The house being now a private one, Mr. Brock, with a genius that was above his station, visited its owner, with a huge portfolio under his arm, and, in the character of a painter, requested permission to take a particular sketch from a particular window. The ensign followed with the artist's materials (consisting simply of a screwdriver and a crowbar); and it is hardly necessary to say that, when admission was granted to them, they opened the well-known door, and to their inexpressible satisfaction discovered, not their own peculiar savings exactly, for these had been appropriated instantly on hearing of their transportation, but stores of money and goods to the amount of near three hundred pounds; to which Mr. Macshane said they had as just and honourable right as anybody else. And so they had as just a right as anybody—except the original owners; but who was to discover them?

With this booty they set out on their journey—anywhere, for they knew not whither; and it so chanced that when their horse's shoe came off, they were within a few furlongs of the cottage of Mr. Billings, the blacksmith. As they came near, they were saluted by tremendous roars issuing from the smithy. A small boy was held across the bellows, two or three children of smaller and larger growth were holding him down, and many others of the village were gazing in at the window, while a man, half-naked, was lashing the little boy with a whip, and occasioning the cries heard by the travellers. As the horse drew up, the operator looked at the new-comers for a moment, and then proceeded incontinently with his work, belabouring the child more fiercely than ever.

When he had done, he turned round to the new-comers and asked, how he could serve them? whereupon Mr. Wood (for such was the name he adopted, and by such we shall call him to the end) wittily remarked that however he might wish to serve *them*, he seemed mightily inclined to serve that young gentleman first.

'It's no joking matter,' said the blacksmith; 'if I don't serve him so now, he'll be worse off in his old age. He'll come to the gallows, as sure as his name is Bill. Never mind what his name is.' And so saying, or *soi disant*, as Bulwer says, he gave the urchin another cut, which elicited, of course, another scream.

'Oh! his name is Bill?' said Captain Wood.

'His name's *not* Bill!' said the blacksmith, sulkily. 'He's no name, and no heart, neither. My wife took the brat in, seven years ago, from a beggarly French chap to nurse, and she kept him, for she was a good soul' (here his eyes began to wink), 'and she's—she's gone now' (here he began fairly to blubber); 'and, d—— him, out of love for her, I kept him too, and the scoundrel is a liar and a thief; and this blessed day, merely to vex me and my boys here, he spoke ill of her, he did, and I'll—cut—

his— (——) life—out—I—will!' and with each word honest Mulciber applied a whack on the body of little Tom Billings, who, by shrill shrieks, and oaths in treble, acknowledged the receipt of the blows.

'Come, come,' said Mr. Wood, 'set the boy down, and the bellows a-going; my horse wants shoeing, and the poor lad has had strapping enough.'

The blacksmith obeyed, and cast poor Master Thomas loose; as he staggered away and looked back at his tormentor, his countenance assumed an expression, which made Mr. Wood say, grasping hold of Macshane's arm, 'It's the boy, it's the boy! when his mother gave Galgenstein the laudanum, she had the self-same look with her!'

'Had she really now?' said Mr. Macshane; 'and pree, meejor, who *was* his mother?'

'Mrs. Cat, you fool!' answered Wood.

'Then, upon my secred word of honour, she's a mighty fine *kitten* anyhow, my dear, aha!'

'They don't *drown* such kittens,' said Mr. Wood, archly; and Macshane, taking the allusion, clapped his finger to his nose in token of perfect approbation of his commander's sentiment.

While the blacksmith was shoeing the horse, Mr. Wood asked him many questions concerning the lad whom he had just been chastising, and succeeded, beyond a doubt, in establishing his identity with the child whom Catherine Hall had brought into the world seven years since. Billings told him of all the virtues of his wife, and the manifold crimes of the lad; how he stole, and fought, and lied, and swore; and though the youngest under his roof, exercised the most baneful influence over all the rest of his family. He was determined at last, he said, to put him to the parish, for he did not dare to keep him.

'He's a fine whelp, and would fetch ten pieces in Virginny,' sighed the ensign.

'Crimp, of Bristol, would give five for him,' said Mr. Wood, ruminating.

'Why not take him?' said the ensign.

''Faith, why not?' said Mr. Wood. 'His keep, meanwhile, will not be sixpence a day.' Then turning round to the carpenter, 'Mr. Billings,' said he, 'you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know everything regarding that poor lad's history. His mother was an unfortunate lady of high family, now no more; his father a German nobleman, Count de Galgenstein by name.'

'The very man!' said Billings; 'a young, fair-haired man, who came here with the child, and a dragoon sergeant.'

'Count de Galgenstein by name, who, on the point of death, recommended the infant to me.'

'And did he pay you seven years' boarding?' said Mr. Billings, who was quite alive at the very idea.

'Alas, sir, not a jot! he died, sir, six hundred pounds in my debt, didn't he, ensign?'

'Six hundred, upon my secred honour! I remember when he got into the house along with the poli——'

'Psha! what matters it?' here broke out Mr. Wood, looking fiercely at the ensign. 'Six hundred pounds he owes me, how was he to pay you? But he told me to take charge of this boy, if I found him; and found him I have, and *will* take charge of him, if you will hand him over.'

'Send our Tom!' cried Billings; and when that youth appeared, scowling, and yet trembling, and prepared, as it seemed, for another castigation, his father, to his surprise, asked him if he was willing to go along with those gentlemen, or whether he would be a good lad and stay with him.

Mr. Tom replied immediately, 'I won't be a good lad, and I'd rather go to —— than stay with you!'

'Will you leave your brothers and sisters?' said Billings, looking very dismal.

'Hang my brothers and sisters—I hate 'em; and, besides, I haven't got any!'

'But you had a good mother, hadn't you, Tom?'

Tom paused for a moment.

'Mother's gone,' said he, 'and you flog me, and I'll go with these men.'

'Well, then, go thy ways,' said Billings, starting up in a passion; 'go thy ways for a graceless reprobate; and if this gentleman will take you, he may so.'

After some further parley, the conversation ended, and the next morning Mr. Wood's party consisted of three, a little boy being mounted upon the bay horse in addition to the ensign or himself, and the whole company went journeying towards Bristol.

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We have said that Mrs. Hayes had, on a sudden, taken a fit of maternal affection, and was bent upon being restored to her child; and that benign destiny, which watched over the life of this lucky lady, instantly set about gratifying her wish; and, without cost to herself of coach-hire or saddle-horse, sent the young gentleman very quickly to her arms. The village in which the Hayeses dwelt was but a very few miles out of the road from Bristol, whither, on the benevolent mission above hinted at, our party of worthies were bound; and coming, towards the afternoon, in sight of the house of that very Justice Ballance who had been so nearly the ruin of Ensign Macshane, that officer narrated, for the hundredth time, and with much glee, the circumstances which had then befallen him, and the manner in which Mrs. Hayes, the elder, had come forward to his rescue.

'Suppose we go and see the old girl?' suggested Mr. Wood; 'no harm can come to us now.' And his comrade always assenting, they wound their way towards the village, and reached it as the evening came on. In the public-house where they rested, Wood made inquiries concerning the Hayes's family, was informed of the death of the old couple, of the establishment of John Hayes and his wife in their place, and of the kind of life that these latter led together. When all these points had been imparted to him, he ruminated much; an expression of sublime triumph and exultation at length lighted up his features. 'I think, Tim,' said he at last, 'that we can make more than five pieces of that boy.'

'Oh, in coorse!' said Timothy Macshane, Esq., who always agreed with his 'meejor.'

'In coorse, you fool! and how? I'll tell you how. This Hayes is well-to-do in the world, and——'

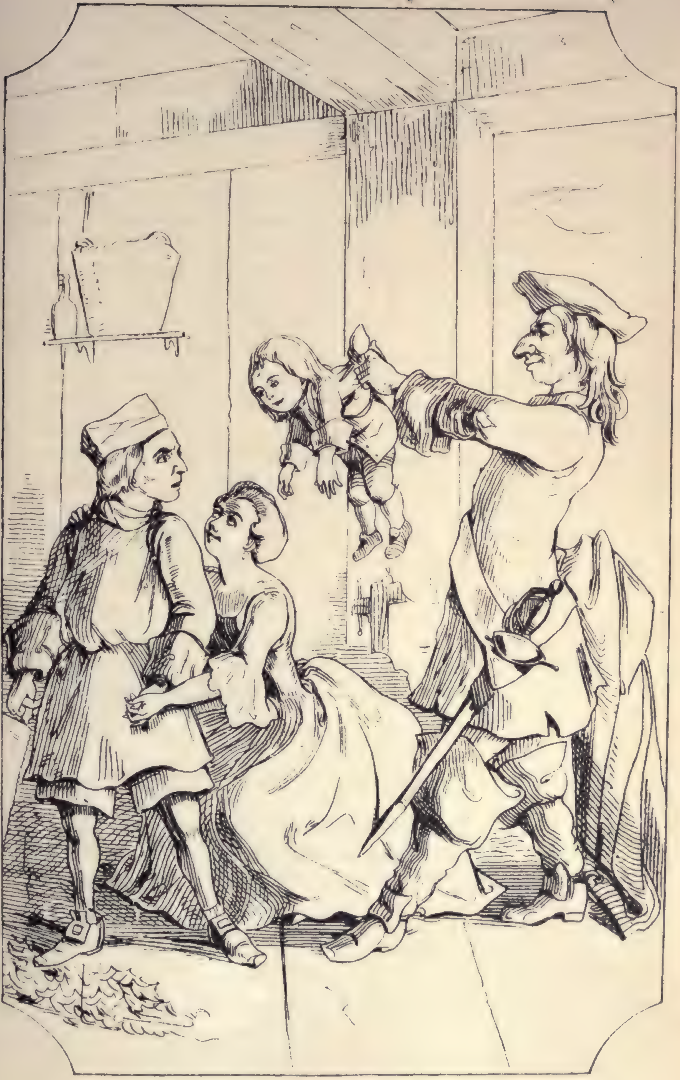
'And we'll nab him again—ha, ha!' roared out Macshane. 'By my secred honour, meejor, there never was a gineral like you at a strathyjam!'

'Peace, you bellowing donkey, and don't wake the child. The man is well-to-do, his wife rules him, and they have no children. Now, either she will be very glad to have the boy back again, and pay for the finding of him; or else she has said nothing about him, and will pay us for being silent too; or, at any rate, Hayes himself will be ashamed at finding his wife the mother of a child a year older than his marriage, and will pay for the keeping of the brat away. There's profit, my dear, in any one of the cases, or my name's not Peter Brock.'

When the ensign understood this wondrous argument, he would fain have fallen on his knees and worshipped his friend and guide. They began operations almost immediately, by an attack on Mrs. Hayes. On hearing, as she did in private interview with the ex-corporal the next morning, that her son was found, she was agitated by both of the passions which Wood attributed to her. She longed to have the boy back, and would give any reasonable sum to see him; but she dreaded exposure, and would pay equally to avoid that. How could she gain the one point, and escape the other?

Mrs. Hayes hit upon an expedient which, I am given to understand, is not uncommon nowadays. She suddenly discovered that she had a dear brother, who had been obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France, leaving behind him an only son. This boy her brother had, with his last breath, recommended to her protection, and had confided him to the charge of a brother-officer who was now in the country, and would speedily make his appearance; and, to put the story beyond a doubt, Mr. Wood wrote the letter from her brother stating all these particulars, and Ensign Macshane received full instructions how to perform the part of the brother-officer. What consideration Mr. Wood received for his services, we cannot say; only it is well known that Mr. Hayes caused to be committed to gaol a young apprentice in his service, charged with having broken open a cupboard in which Mr. Hayes had forty guineas in gold and silver, and to which none but he and his wife had access.

Having made these arrangements, the corporal and his little party decamped to a short distance, and Mrs. Catherine was left to prepare her husband for a speedy addition to his family, in the shape of this darling nephew. John Hayes received the news with anything but pleasure. He had never heard of any brother of Catherine's; she had been bred at the workhouse, and nobody ever hinted that she had relatives: but it is easy for a lady of moderate genius to invent circumstances; and with lies, tears, threats, coaxings, oaths, and other blandishments, she compelled him to submit.



CATHERINE'S PRESENT TO MR. HAYES

Two days afterwards, as Mr. Hayes was working in his shop and his lady seated beside him, the trampling of a horse was heard in his courtyard, and a gentleman, of huge stature, descended from it, and strode into the shop. His figure was wrapped in a large cloak, but Mr. Hayes could not help fancying that he had somewhere seen his face before.

'This, I preshoom,' said the gentleman, 'is Misther Hayes, that I have come so many miles to see, and this is his amiable lady? I was the most intimate frind, madam, of your laminted brother, who died in King Lewis's service, and whose last touching letters I dispatched to you two days ago. I have with me a further precious token of my dear friend, Captain Hall—it is *here*.'

And so saying, the military gentleman, with one arm, removed his cloak, and stretching forward the other into Hayes's face almost, stretched likewise forward a little boy, grinning and sprawling in the air, and prevented only from falling to the ground by the hold which the ensign kept of the waistband of his little coat and breeches.

'Isn't he a pretty boy?' said Mrs. Hayes, sidling up to her husband tenderly, and pressing one of Mr. Hayes's hands.

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About the lad's beauty it is needless to say what the carpenter thought; but that night, and for many, many nights after, the lad stayed at Mr. Hayes's.

CHAPTER VIII

ENUMERATES THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS—INTRODUCES BROCK AS DR. WOOD—AND ANNOUNCES THE EXECUTION OF ENSIGN MACSHANE

WE are obliged, in recording this history, to follow accurately that great authority, the *Calendarium Newgaticum Roagorumque Registerium*, of which every lover of literature in the present day knows the value; and as that remarkable work totally discards all the unities in its narratives, and reckons the life of its heroes only by their actions, and not by periods of time, we must follow in the wake of this mighty ark—a humble cockboat. When it pauses, we pause; when it runs ten knots an hour, we run with the same celerity; and as, in order to carry the reader from the penultimate chapter of this work unto the last chapter, we were compelled to make him leap over a gap of five blank years, ten years more must likewise be granted to us before we are at liberty to resume our history.

During that period, Master Thomas Billings had been under the especial care of his mother; and, as may be imagined, he rather increased than diminished the accomplishments for which he had been remarkable while under the roof of his stepfather. And with this advantage, that while at the blacksmith's, and only three or four years of age, his virtues were necessarily appreciated only in his family circle, and among those few acquaintances of his own time of life whom a youth of three can be expected to meet in the alley, or over the gutters, of a small country hamlet,—in his mother's residence, his circle extended with his own growth, and he began to give proofs of those powers of which in infancy there had been only encouraging indications. Thus it was nowise remarkable, that a child of four years should not know his letters, and should have had a great disinclination to learn them; but when a young man of fifteen showed the same creditable ignorance, the same undeviating dislike, it was easy to see that he possessed much resolution and perseverance. When it was remarked, too, that, in case of any difference, he not only beat the usher, but by no means disdained to torment and bully the very smallest boys of the school, it was easy to see that his mind was comprehensive and careful, as well as courageous and grasping. As it was said of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, that he had a thought for everybody—from Lord Hill to the smallest drummer in the army—in like manner Tom Billings bestowed *his* attention on high and low,—but in the shape of blows. He would fight the strongest and kick the smallest, and was always at work with one or the other. At thirteen, when he was removed from the establishment whither he had been sent, he was the cock of the school out of doors, and the very last boy in. He used to let the little boys and new-comers pass him by, and laugh; but he always belaboured them unmercifully afterwards; and then it was, he said, *his* turn to laugh. With such a pugnacious turn, Tom Billings ought to have been made a soldier, and might have died a marshal; but, by an unlucky ordinance of fate, he was made a tailor, and died a ——, never mind what for the present ; suffice it to say, that he was suddenly cut off at a very early period of his existence, by a disease which has exercised considerable ravages among the British youth.

By consulting the authority above mentioned, we find that Hayes did not confine himself to the profession of a carpenter, or remain long established in the country ; but was induced, by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine most probably, to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he lived, flourished, and died. Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court, were, at various periods of his residence in town, inhabited by him. At one place, he carried on the business of greengrocer and small coalman ; in another, he was carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money to the poor: finally, he was a lodging-house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road ; but continued to exercise the last-named charitable profession.

Lending as he did upon pledges, and carrying on a pretty large trade, it was not for him, of course, to inquire into the pedigree of all the pieces of plate, the bales of cloth, swords, watches, wigs, shoe-buckles, &c., that were confided by his friends to his keeping ; but it is clear that his friends had the requisite confidence in him, and that he enjoyed the esteem of a class of characters who still live in history, and are admired unto this very day. The mind loves to think that, perhaps, in Mr. Hayes's back-parlour the gallant Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine ; that here, perhaps, the noble Sheppard might have cracked his joke, or quaffed his pint of rum. Who knows but that Macheath and Paul Clifford may have crossed legs under Hayes's dinner-table ? and whilst the former sang (so as to make Mrs. Hayes blush) the prettiest, wickedest songs in the world ; the latter would make old Hayes yawn, by quotations from Plato, and passionate dissertations on the perfectibility of mankind. Here it was that that impoverished scholar, Eugene Aram, might have pawned his books, discounted or given those bills at three 'moons' after date which Sir Edward has rendered immortal. But why pause to speculate on things that might have been ? why desert reality for fond imagination, or call up from their honoured graves the sacred dead ? I know not : and yet, in sooth, I can never pass Cumberland Gate without a sigh, as I think of the gallant cavaliers who traversed that road in old time. Pious priests accompanied their triumphs; their chariots were surrounded by hosts of glittering javelin-men. As the slave at the car of the Roman conqueror shouted, 'Remember thou art mortal!' before the eyes of the British warrior rode the undertaker and his coffin, telling him that he too must die! Mark well the spot! A hundred years ago, Albion Street (where comic Power dwells, Milesia's darling son)—Albion Street was a desert. The square of Connaught was without its penultimate, and, strictly speaking, *naught*. The Edgeware Road was then a road, 'tis true; with tinkling waggons passing now and then, and fragrant walls of snowy hawthorn blossoms. The ploughman whistled over Nutford Place; down the green solitudes of Sovereign Street the merry milkmaid led the lowing kine. Here, then, in the midst of green fields and sweet air—before ever omnibuses were, and Pineapple Turnpike and Terrace were alike unknown—here stood Tyburn: and on the road towards it, perhaps to enjoy the prospect, stood, in the year 1725, the habitation of Mr. John Hayes.

One fine morning in the year 1725, Mrs. Hayes, who had been abroad in her best hat and riding-hood; Mr. Hayes, who for a wonder had accompanied her; and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger, who for a remuneration had the honour of sharing Mrs. Hayes's friendship and table; all returned, smiling and rosy, at about half-past ten o'clock, from a walk which they had taken to Bayswater. Many thousands of people were likewise seen flocking down the Oxford Road; and you would rather have thought, from the smartness of their appearance, and the pleasure depicted in their countenances, that they were just issuing from a sermon, than quitting the ceremony which they had been to attend.

The fact is, that they had just been to see a gentleman hanged,—a cheap pleasure, which the Hayes family never denied themselves; and they returned home with a good appetite to breakfast, braced by the walk, and tickled into hunger, as it were, by the spectacle. I can recollect, when I was a gyp at Cambridge, that the 'men' used to have breakfast-parties for the very same purpose; and the exhibition of the morning acted infallibly upon the stomach, and caused the young students to eat with much voracity.

Well, Mrs. Catherine, a handsome, well-dressed, plump, rosy woman, of three or four and thirty (and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at that age ?) came in quite merrily from her walk, and entered the back-parlour, which looked into a pleasant yard, or garden, whereon the sun was shining very gaily ; and where, at a table covered with a nice white cloth, laid out with some silver mugs, too, and knives, all with different crests and patterns, sat an old gentleman, reading in an old book.

'Here we are at last, doctor,' said Mrs. Hayes, 'and here's his speech.' She produced the little halfpenny tract, which to this day is sold at the gallows-foot upon the death of every offender. 'I've seen a many men turned off, to be sure ; but I never did see one who bore it more like a man than he did.'

'My dear,' said the gentleman addressed as doctor, 'he was as cool and as brave as steel, and no more minded hanging than tooth-drawing.'

'It was the drink that ruined him,' said Mrs. Cat.

'Drink, and bad company. I warned him, my dear,— I warned him years ago : and directly he got into Wild's gang, I knew that he had not a year to run. Ah, why, my love, will men continue such dangerous courses,' continued the doctor, with a sigh, 'and jeopardy their lives for a miserable watch or a snuff-box, of which Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce ? But here comes the breakfast, and, egad, I am as hungry as a lad of twenty.'

Indeed, at this moment Mrs. Hayes's servant appeared with a smoking dish of bacon and greens ; and Mr. Hayes himself ascended from the cellar (of which he kept the key), bearing with him a tolerably large jug of small beer. To this repast the doctor, Mrs. Springatt (the other lodger), and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, proceeded with great alacrity. A fifth cover was laid, but not used; the company remarking, that 'Tom had very likely found some acquaintances at Tyburn, with whom he might choose to pass the morning.'

Tom was Master Thomas Billings, now of the age of sixteen ; slim, smart, five feet ten inches in height, handsome, sallow in complexion, black-eyed, and black-haired. Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, of tolerable practice, who was to take him into partnership at the end of his term. It was supposed, and with reason, that Tom would not fail to make a fortune in this business, of which the present head was one Beinkleider, a German. Beinkleider was skilful in his trade (after the manner of his nation, which in breeches and metaphysics—in inexpressibles and incomprehensibles—may instruct all Europe), but too fond of his pleasure. Some promissory notes of his had found their way into Hayes's hands, and had given him the means not only of providing Master Billings with a cheap apprenticeship, and a cheap partnership afterwards; but would empower, in one or two years after the young partner had joined the firm, to eject the old one altogether. So that there was every prospect that, when Mr. Billings was twenty-one years of age, poor Beinkleider would have to act, not as his master, but his journeyman.

Tom was a very precocious youth, was supplied by a doting mother with plenty of pocket-money, and spent it with a number of lively companions of both sexes, at plays, bull-baitings, fairs, jolly parties on the river, and in suchlike innocent amusements. He could throw a main, too, as well as his elders; had pinked his man, in a row at Madam King's in the Piazza; and was much respected at the Roundhouse.

Mr. Hayes was not very fond of this promising young gentleman; indeed, he had the baseness to bear malice, because, in a quarrel which occurred about two years previously, he, Hayes, being desirous to chastise Mr. Billings, had found himself not only quite incompetent, but actually at the mercy of the boy, who struck him over the head with a joint stool, felled him to the ground, and swore he would have his life. The doctor, who was then also a lodger at Mr. Hayes's, interposed, and restored the combatants, not to friendship, but to peace. Hayes never afterwards attempted to lift his hand to the young man, but contented himself with hating him profoundly. In this sentiment Mr. Billings participated cordially, and, quite unlike Mr. Hayes, who never dared to show his dislike, used on every occasion when they met, by actions, looks, words, sneers, and curses, to let his father-in-law know the opinion which he had of him. Why did not Hayes discard the boy altogether? Because, if he did so, he was really afraid of his life, and because he trembled before Mrs. Hayes, his lady, as the leaf trembles before the tempest in October. His breath was not his own, but hers; his money, too, had been chiefly of her getting,—

for though he was as stingy and mean as mortal man can be, and so likely to save much, he had not the genius for *getting* which Mrs. Hayes possessed. She kept his books (for she had learned to read and write by this time), she made his bargains, and she directed the operations of the poor-spirited little capitalist. When bills became due, and creditors pressed for time, then she brought Hayes's own professional merits into play. The man was as deaf and cold as a rock; never did poor tradesman gain a penny from him; never were the bailiffs delayed one single minute from their prey. The Beinkleider business, for instance, showed pretty well the genius of the two. Hayes was for closing with him at once; but his wife saw the vast profits which might be drawn out of him, and arranged the apprenticeship and the partnership before alluded to. The woman heartily scorned, and spit upon her husband, who fawned upon her like a spaniel. She loved good cheer; she did not want for a certain kind of generosity. The only feeling that Hayes had for any one except himself was for his wife, whom he held in a cowardly awe and attachment: he liked drink, too, which made him chirping and merry, and accepted willingly any treats that his acquaintances might offer him; but he would suffer agonies when his wife brought or ordered from the cellar a bottle of wine.

And now for the doctor. He was nearly seventy years of age. He had been much abroad; he was of a sober, cheerful aspect; he dressed handsomely and quietly in a broad hat and cassock; but saw no company except the few friends whom he met at the coffee-house. He had an income of about a hundred pounds, which he promised to leave to young Billings. He was amused with the lad, and fond of his mother, and had boarded with them for some years past. The doctor, in fact, was our old friend Corporal Brock; the Rev. Dr. Wood now, as he had been Major Wood fifteen years back.

Any one who has read the former part of this history must have seen that we have spoken throughout with invariable respect of Mr. Brock; and that in every circumstance in which he has appeared, he has acted not only with prudence, but often with genius. The early obstacle to Mr. Brock's success was want of conduct simply. Drink, women, play—how many a brave fellow have they ruined!

—had pulled Brock down as often as his merit had carried him up. When a man's passion for play has brought him to be a scoundrel, it at once ceases to be hurtful to him in a worldly point of view; he cheats, and wins. It is only for the idle and luxurious that women retain their fascinations to a very late period; and Brock's passions had been whipped out of him in Virginia; where much ill-health, ill-treatment, hard labour, and hard food, speedily put an end to them. He forgot there even how to drink; rum or wine made this poor, declining gentleman so ill that he could indulge in them no longer, and so his three vices were cured. Had he been ambitious, there is little doubt but that Mr. Brock, on his return from transportation, might have risen in the world; but he was old, and a philosopher: he did not care about rising. Living was cheaper in those days, and interest for money higher: when he had amassed about six hundred pounds, he purchased an annuity of £72 and gave out—why should he not?—that he had the capital as well as the interest. After leaving the Hayes family in the country, he found them again in London: he took up his abode with them, and was attached to the mother and the son. Do you suppose that rascals have not affections like other people? hearts, madam—aye, hearts—and family ties which they cherish? As the doctor lived on with this charming family, he began to regret that he had sunk all his money in annuities, and could not, as he repeatedly vowed he would, leave his savings to his adopted children.

He felt an indescribable pleasure (*suave mari magno*, &c.) in watching the storms and tempests of the Hayes *ménage*. He used to encourage Mrs. Catherine into anger when, haply, that lady's fits of calm would last too long; he used to warm up the disputes between wife and husband, mother and son, and enjoy them beyond expression: they served him for daily amusement; and he used to laugh until the tears ran down his venerable cheeks at the accounts which young Tom continually brought him of his pranks abroad, among watchmen and constables, at taverns or elsewhere.

When, therefore, as the party were discussing their bacon and cabbage, before which the rev. doctor with much gravity said grace, Master Tom entered, Doctor Wood, who had before been rather gloomy, immediately brightened up, and made a place for Billings between himself and Mrs. Catherine.

'How do, old cock?' said that young gentleman familiarly. 'How goes it, mother?' And so saying, he seized eagerly upon the jug of beer which Mr. Hayes had drawn, and from which the latter was about to help himself, and poured down his throat exactly one quart.

'Ah!' said Mr. Billings, drawing breath after a draught which he had learned accurately to gauge from the habit of drinking out of pewter measures which held precisely that quantity; 'Ah!' said Mr. Billings, drawing breath, and wiping his mouth with his sleeves, 'this is very thin stuff, old Squaretoes; but my coppers have been red-hot since last night, and they wanted a sluicing.'

'Should you like some ale, dear?' said Mrs. Hayes, that fond and judicious parent.

'A quart of brandy, Tom?' said Dr. Wood. 'Your papa will run down to the cellar for it in a minute.'

'I'll see him hanged first!' cried Mr. Hayes, quite frightened.

'Oh, fie, now, you unnatural father!' said the doctor.

The very name of father used to put Mr. Hayes in a fury. 'I'm not his father, thank Heaven!' said he.

'No, nor nobody else's,' said Tom.

Mr. Hayes only muttered, 'Base-born brat!'

'His father was a gentleman,—that's more than *you* ever were!' screamed Mrs. Hayes. 'His father was a man of spirit; no cowardly sneak of a carpenter, Mr. Hayes! Tom has noble blood in his veins, for all he has a tailor's appearance; and if his mother had had her right, she would be now in a coach-and-six.'

'I wish I could find my father,' said Tom; 'for I think Polly Briggs and I would look mighty well in a coach-and-six.' Tom fancied, that if his father was a count at the time of his birth he must be a prince now; and, indeed, went among his companions by the latter august title.

'Aye, Tom, that you would,' cried his mother, looking at him fondly.

'With a sword by my side, and a hat and feather, there's never a lord at St. James's would cut a finer figure.'

After a little more of this talk, in which Mrs. Hayes let the company know her high opinion of her son—who, as usual, took care to show his extreme contempt for his father—the latter retired to his occupations; the lodger, Mrs. Springatt, who had never said a word all this time, retired to her apartment on the second floor; and, pulling out their pipes and tobacco, the old gentleman and the young one solaced themselves with half an hour's more talk and smoking; while the thrifty Mrs. Hayes, opposite to them, was busy with her books.

'What's in the confessions?' said Mr. Billings to Doctor Wood. 'There were six of 'em besides Mac: two for sheep, four housebreakers; but nothing of consequence, I fancy.'

'There's the paper,' said Wood, archly; 'read for yourself, Tom.'

Mr. Tom looked at the same time very fierce and very foolish; for, though he could drink, swear, and fight, as well as any lad of his inches in England, reading was not among his accomplishments. 'I tell you what, doctor,' said he, '—— you; have no bantering with me,—for I'm not the man that will bear it, —— me;' and he threw a tremendous swaggering look across the table.

'I want you to learn to read, Tommy dear. Look at your mother, there, over her books; she keeps them as neat as a scrivener now, and at twenty she could make never a stroke.'

'Your godfather speaks for your good, child; and for me, thou knowest that I have promised thee a gold-headed cane and periwig, on the first day that thou canst read me a column of the *Flying Post*.'

'Hang the periwig!' said Mr. Tom, testily. 'Let my godfather read the paper himself, if he has a liking for it.'

Whereupon, the old gentleman put on his spectacles, and glanced over the sheet of whity-brown paper, which, ornamented with a picture of the gallows at the top, contained the biographies of the seven unlucky individuals who had that morning suffered the penalty of the law. With the six heroes who came first in the list we have nothing to do; but have before us a copy of the paper containing the life of No. 7, and which the doctor read with an audible voice.

'Captain Macshane.

'The seventh victim to his own crimes was the famous highwayman, Captain Macshane, so well known as the Irish Fire-eater.

'The captain came to the ground in a fine white lawn shirt and nightcap; and, being a Papist in his religion, was attended by Father O'Flaherty, Popish priest, and chaplain to the Bavarian envoy.

'Captain Macshane was born of respectable parents, in the town of Clonakilty, in Ireland, being descended from most of the kings in that country. He had the honour of serving their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, and her Majesty Queen Anne, in Flanders and Spain, and obtained much credit from my Lords Marlborough and Peterborough for his valour.

'But being placed on half-pay at the end of the war, Ensign Macshane took to evil courses; and, frequenting the bagnios and dice-houses, was speedily brought to ruin.

'Being at this pass, he fell in with the notorious Captain Wood, and they two together committed many atrocious robberies in the inland counties; but these being too hot to hold them, they went into the west, where they were unknown. Here, however, the day of retribution arrived; for, having stolen three pewter pots from a public-house, they, under false names, were tried at Exeter, and transported for seven years beyond the sea. Thus it is seen that Justice never sleeps; but, sooner or later, is sure to overtake the criminal.

'On their return from Virginia, a quarrel about booty arose between these two, and Macshane killed Wood in a combat that took place between them near to the town of Bristol; but a wagon coming up, Macshane was obliged to fly without the ill-gotten wealth: so true is it, that wickedness never prospers.

'Two days afterwards, Macshane met the coach of Miss Macraw, a Scotch lady and heiress, going, for lumbago and gout, to the Bath. He at first would have robbed this lady; but such were his arts, that he induced her to marry him; and they lived together for seven years in the town of Eddenboro, in Scotland,—he passing under the name of Colonel Geraldine. The lady dying, and Macshane having expended all her wealth, he was obliged to resume his former evil courses, in order to save himself from starvation; whereupon he robbed a Scotch lord, by name the Lord of Whistlebinkie, of a mull of snuff; for which crime he was condemned to the Tolbooth prison at Eddenboro, in Scotland, and whipped many times in publick.

'These deserved punishments did not at all alter Captain Macshane's disposition; and on the 17th of February last he stopped the Bavarian envoy's coach on Blackheath, coming from Dover, and robbed his excellency and his chaplain; taking from the former his money, watches, star, a fur-cloak, his sword (a very valuable one); and from the latter a Romish missal, out of which he was then reading, and a case-bottle.'

'The Bavarian envy!' said Tom, parenthetically. 'My master, Beinkleider, was his lordship's regimental tailor in Germany, and is now making a court suit for him. It will be a matter of a hundred pounds to him, I warrant.'

Dr. Wood resumed his reading. 'Hum—hum! A Romish missal out of which he was reading, and a case-bottle.

'By means of the famous Mr. Wild, this notorious criminal was brought to justice, and the case-bottle and missal have been restored to Father O'Flaherty.

'During his confinement in Newgate, Mr. Macshane could not be brought to express any contrition for his crimes, except that of having killed his commanding officer. For this Wood he pretended an excessive sorrow, and vowed that usquebaugh had been the cause of his death,—indeed, in prison he partook of no other liquor, and drunk a bottle of it on the day before his death.

'He was visited by several of the clergy and gentry in his cell; among others, by the Popish priest whom he had robbed, Father O'Flaherty, before mentioned, who attended him likewise in his last moments (if that idolatrous worship may be called attention); and likewise by the father's patron, the Bavarian ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein.'

As old Wood came to these words, he paused to give them utterance.

'What! Max?' screamed Mrs. Hayes, letting her ink-bottle fall over her ledgers.

'Why, be hanged, if it ben't my father!' said Mr. Billings.

'Your father, sure enough, unless there be others of his name, and unless the scoundrel is hanged,' said the doctor; sinking his voice, however, at the end of the sentence.

Mr. Billings broke his pipe in an agony of joy. 'I think we'll have the coach now, mother,' says he; 'and I'm blessed if Polly Briggs shall not look as fine as a duchess.'

'Polly Briggs is a low slut, Tom, and not fit for the likes of you, his excellency's son. Oh, fie! You must be a gentleman, now, sirrah, and I doubt whether I shan't take you away from that odious tailor's shop altogether.'

To this proposition Mr. Billings objected altogether; for, besides Mrs. Briggs before alluded to, the young gentleman was much attached to his master's daughter, Mrs. Margaret Gretel, or Gretchen Beinkleider.

'No,' says he. 'There will be time to think of that hereafter, ma'am. If my pa makes a man of me, why, of course, the shop may go to the deuce, for what I care; but we had better wait, look you, for something certain, before we give up such a pretty bird in the hand as this.'

'He speaks like Solomon,' said the doctor.

'I always said he would be a credit to his old mother, didn't I, Brock?' cried Mrs. Cat, embracing her son very affectionately. 'A credit to her; aye, I warrant, a real blessing! And dost thou want any money, Tom? for a lord's son must not go about without a few pieces in his pocket. And I tell thee, Tommy, thou must go and see his lordship; and thou shalt have a piece of brocade for a waistcoat, thou shalt; aye, and the silver-hilted sword I told thee of; but oh, Tommy, Tommy! have a care, and don't be a-drawing of it in naughty company at the gaming-houses, or at the——'

'A drawing of fiddlesticks, mother! If I go to see my father, I must have a reason for it; and instead of going with a sword in my hand, I shall take something else in it.'

'The lad *is* a lad of nouse,' cried Dr. Wood, 'although his mother does spoil him so cruelly. Look you, Madam Cat; did you not hear what he said about Beinkleider and the clothes? Tommy will just wait on the count with his lordship's breeches. A man may learn a deal of news in the trying on of a pair of breeches.'

And so it was agreed, that in this manner the son should at first make his appearance before his father. Mrs. Cat gave him the piece of brocade, which, in the course of the day, was fashioned into a smart waistcoat (for Beinkleider's shop was close by, in Cavendish Square). Mrs. Gretel, with many blushes, tied a fine blue riband round his neck; and, in a pair of silk stockings, with gold buckles to his shoes, Master Billings looked a very proper young gentleman.

'And, Tommy,' said his mother, blushing and hesitating, 'should Max—should his lordship ask after your—want to know if your mother is alive, you can say she is, and well, and often talks of old times. And, Tommy' (after another pause), 'you needn't say anything about Mr. Hayes, only say I'm quite well.'

Mrs. Hayes looked at him as he marched down the street, a long, long way. Tom was proud and gay in his new costume, and was not unlike his father. As she looked, lo! Oxford Street disappeared; and she saw a green common, and a village, and a little inn. There was a soldier leading a pair of horses about on the green common; and in the inn sat a cavalier, so young, so merry, so beautiful! Oh, what slim, white hands he had; and winning words, and tender, gentle, blue eyes! Was it not an honour to a country lass that such a noble gentleman should look at her for a moment? Had he not some charm about him that she must needs obey, when he whispered in her ear, 'Come, follow me'? As she walked towards the lane that morning, how well she remembered each spot as she passed it, and the look it wore for the last time! How the smoke was rising from the pastures, how the fish were jumping and plashing in the mill-stream! There was the church, with all its windows lighted up with gold, and yonder were the reapers sweeping down the brown corn. She tried to sing as she went up the hill—what was it? She could not remember; but, oh, how well she remembered the sound of the horse's hoofs, as they came quicker, quicker—nearer, nearer! How noble he looked on his great horse! Was he thinking of her, or were they all silly words which he spoke last night, merely to pass away the time and deceive poor girls with? Would he remember them, would he?

. . . . . .

'Cat, my dear,' here cried Mr. Brock, *alias* Captain, *alias* Dr. Wood; 'here's the meat a-getting cold, and I am longing for my breakfast.'

As they went in, he looked her hard in the face. 'What, *still* at it, you silly girl? I've been watching you these five minutes, Cat; and be hanged but I think a word from Galgenstein, and you would follow him as a fly does a treacle-pot!'

They went in to breakfast; but, though there was a hot shoulder-of-mutton and onion-sauce—Mrs. Catherine's favourite dish—she never touched a morsel of it.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Thomas Billings, in his new clothes which his mamma had given him, in his new riband which the fair Miss Beinkleider had tied round his neck, and having his excellency's breeches wrapped in a silk handkerchief in his right hand, turned down in the direction of Whitehall, where the Bavarian envoy lodged. But, before he waited on him, Mr. Billings, being excessively pleased with his personal appearance, made an early visit to Mrs. Briggs, who lived in the neighbourhood of Swallow Street; and who, after expressing herself with much enthusiasm regarding her Tommy's good looks, immediately asked him what he would stand to drink? Raspberry gin being suggested, a pint of that liquor was sent for; and so great was the confidence and intimacy subsisting between these two young people, that the reader will be glad to hear that Mrs. Polly accepted every shilling of the money which Tom Billings had received from his mamma the day before; nay, could with difficulty be prevented from seizing upon the cut-velvet breeches which he was carrying to the nobleman for whom they were made. Having paid his adieux to Mrs. Polly, Mr. Billings departed to visit his father.

CHAPTER IX

INTERVIEW BETWEEN COUNT GALGENSTEIN AND MASTER THOMAS BILLINGS, WHEN HE INFORMS THE COUNT OF HIS PARENTAGE

I DON'T know, in all this miserable world, a more miserable spectacle than that of a young fellow of five or six and forty. The British army, that nursery of valour, turns out many of the young fellows I mean; who, having flaunted in dragoon uniforms from seventeen to six and thirty; having bought, sold, or swapped during that period some two hundred horses; having played, say fifteen thousand games at billiards; having drunk some six thousand bottles of wine; having consumed a reasonable number of Nugee coats; split many dozen pairs of high-heeled Hoby boots, and read the newspaper and the army-list duly, retire from the service when they have attained their eighth lustre, and saunter through the world, trailing from London to Cheltenham, and from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Baden, their idleness, their ill-health, and their *ennui*. 'In the morning of youth,' and when seen along with whole troops of their companions, these flowers look gaudy and brilliant enough; but there is no object more dismal than one of them alone, and in its autumnal or seedy state. My friend, Captain Popjoy, is one of them who has arrived at this condition, and whom everybody knows by his title of Father Pop. A kinder, simpler, more empty-headed fellow does not exist. He is forty-seven years old, and appears a young, good-looking man of sixty. At the time of the army of occupation, he really was as good-looking a man as any in the dragoons. He now uses all sorts of stratagems to cover the bald place on his head, by combing certain thin, grey side-locks over it. He has, in revenge, a pair of enormous moustaches, which he dyes of the richest blue-black. His nose is a good deal larger and redder than it used to be; his eyelids have grown flat and heavy; and a little pair of red, watery eyeballs float in the midst of them; it seems as if the light which was once in those sickly, green pupils had extravasated into the white part of the eye. If Pop's legs are not so firm and muscular as they used to be in those days when he took such leaps into White's buckskins, in revenge his waist is much larger. He wears a very good coat, however, and a waistband, which he lets out after dinner. Before ladies he blushes, and is as silent as a schoolboy. He calls them 'modest women.' His society is chiefly among young lads belonging to his former profession. He knows the best wine to be had at each tavern or café, and the waiters treat him with much respectful familiarity. He knows the names of every one of them; and shouts out, 'Send Markwell here!' or 'Tell Cuttriss to give us a bottle of the yellow seal;' or, 'Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, noo donny shampang frappy,' &c. He always makes the salad or the punch, and dines out three hundred days in the year; the other days you see him in a two-franc eating-house at Paris, or prowling about Rupert Street or St. Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat for eightpence. He has decent lodgings, and scrupulously clean linen; his animal functions are still tolerably well-preserved, his spiritual have evaporated long since; he sleeps well, has no conscience, believes himself to be a respectable fellow, and is tolerably happy on the days when he is asked out to dinner.

Poor Pop is not very high in the scale of created beings; but, if you fancy there is none lower, you are in egregious error. There was once a man who had a mysterious exhibition of an animal quite unknown to naturalists, called 'the wusser.' Those curious individuals who desired to see the wusser, were introduced into an apartment where appeared before them nothing more than a little lean, shrivelled, hideous, blear-eyed, mangy pig. Every one cried out swindle and shame. 'Patience, gentlemen, be heasy,' said the showman; 'look at that there hanimal; it's a perfect phenomaly of hugliness; I engage you never see such a pig.' Nobody ever had seen. 'Now, gentlemen,' said he, 'I'll keep my promise, has per bill; and bad as that there pig is, look at this here' (he showed another); 'look at this here, and you'll see at once that it's *a wusser*.' In like manner the Popjoy breed is bad enough, but it serves only to show off the Galgenstein race, which is *wusser*.

Galgenstein had led a very gay life, as the saying is, for the last fifteen years; such a gay one, that he had lost all capacity of enjoyment by this time, and only possessed inclinations without powers of gratifying them. He had grown to be exquisitely curious and fastidious about meat and drink, for instance, and all that he wanted was an appetite. He carried about with him a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a mistress, of whom he was heartily sick after two days; a priest, who had been a favourite of the exemplary Dubois, and by turns used to tickle him by the imposition of a penance, or by the repetition of a tale from the *recueil* of Nocé, or La Fare. All his appetites were wasted and worn, only some monstrosity would galvanize them into momentary action. He was in that effete state to which many noblemen of his time had arrived, who were ready to believe in ghost-raising, or in gold-making, or to retire into monasteries and wear hair-shirts, or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen, or to pine for the smiles or at the frowns of a prince of the blood, or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key. The last gratification he remembered to have enjoyed, was that of riding bare-headed in a soaking rain for three hours by the side of his grand-duke's mistress's coach; taking the *pas* of Count Krähwinkel, who challenged him, and was run through the body for this very dispute. Galgenstein gained a rheumatic gout by it, which put him to tortures for many months, and was further gratified with the post of English envoy. He had a fortune, he asked no salary, and could look the envoy very well. Father O'Flaherty did all the duties, and furthermore acted as a spy over the ambassador—a sinecure post; for the man had no feelings, wishes, or opinions—absolutely none.

'Upon my life, father,' said this worthy man, 'I care for nothing. You have been talking for an hour about the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury, and what not; and I care just as much as if you told me that one of my bauers at Galgenstein had killed a pig; or as if my lackey, La Rose, yonder, had made love to my mistress.'

'He does!' said the reverend gentleman.

'Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé!' said La Rose, who was arranging his master's enormous periwig, 'you are, hélas! wrong. Monsieur le Comte will not be angry at my saying that I wish the accusation were true?'

The count did not take the slightest notice of La Rose's wit, but continued his own complaints.

'I tell you, abbé; I care for nothing. I lost a thousand guineas t'other night at basset; I wish to my heart I could have been vexed about it. Egad! I remember the day when, to lose a hundred, made me half mad for a month. Well, next day I had my revenge at dice, and threw thirteen mains. There was some delay; a call for fresh bones, I think; and would you believe it? I fell asleep with the box in my hand!'

'A desperate case, indeed,' said the abbé.

'If it had not been for Krähwinkel, I should have been a dead man, that's positive. That pinking him saved me!'

'I make no doubt of it,' said the abbé. 'Had your excellency not run him through, he, without a doubt, would have done the same for you.'

'Psha! you mistake my words, Monsieur l'Abbé' (yawning); 'I mean—what cursed chocolate!—that I was dying for want of excitement. Not that I care for dying; no, d—— me, if I do!'

'*When* you do, your excellency means,' said the abbé, a fat, grey-haired Irishman, from the Irlandois College at Paris.

His excellency did not laugh, nor understand jokes of any kind ; he was of an undeviating stupidity, and only replied, ‘ Sir, I mean what I say ; I don’t care for living ; no, nor for dying either ; but I can speak as well as another, and I’ll thank you not to be correcting my phrases as if I were one of your cursed school-boys, and not a gentleman of fortune and blood.’

Herewith the count, who had uttered four sentences about himself (he never spoke of anything else), sunk back on his pillows again, quite exhausted by his eloquence ; the abbé, who had a seat and a table by the bedside, resumed the labours which had brought him into the room in the morning, and busied himself with papers, which occasionally he handed over to his superior for approval.

Presently Monsieur La Rose appeared.

‘ Here is a person with clothes from Mr. Beinkleider’s. Will your excellency see him, or shall I bid him leave the clothes ? ’

The count was very much fatigued by this time ; he had signed three papers, and read the first half-dozen lines of a pair of them.

‘ Bid the fellow come in, La Rose ; and, harkye, give me my wig : one must show one’s self to be a gentleman before these scoundrels.’ And he therefore mounted a large chestnut-coloured, orange-scented pyramid of horse-hair, which was to awe the new-comer.

He was a lad of about seventeen, in a smart waistcoat and a blue riband ; our friend, Tom Billings, indeed. He carried under his arm the count’s destined breeches ; he did not seem in the least awed, however, by his excellency’s appearance, but looked at him with a great degree of curiosity and boldness. In the same manner he surveyed the chaplain, and then nodded to him with a kind look of recognition.

‘ Where have I seen the lad ? ’ said the father. ‘ Oh, I have it ! My good friend, you were at the hanging yesterday, I think ? ’

Mr. Billings gave a very significant nod with his head. ‘ I never miss,’ said he.

‘ What a young Turk ! And pray, sir, do you go for pleasure, or for business ? ’

'Business! what do you mean by business?'

'Oh, I did not know whether you might be brought up to the trade, or whether your relations be undergoing the operation.'

'My relations,' said Mr. Billings, proudly, and staring the count full in the face, 'was not made for no such thing. I'm a tailor now, but I'm a gentleman's son; as good a man, aye, as his lordship there; for *you* a'n't his lordship—you're the Popish priest, you are; and we were very near giving you a touch of a few Protestant stones, master.'

The count began to be a little amused; he was pleased to see the abbé look alarmed, or even foolish.

'Egad, abbé,' said he, 'you turn as white as a sheet.'

'I don't fancy being murdered, my lord,' said the abbé, hastily, 'and murdered for a good work. It was but to be useful to yonder poor Irishman, who saved me as a prisoner in Flanders, when Marlborough would have hung me up like poor Macshane himself was yesterday.'

'Ah!' said the count, bursting out with some energy, 'I was thinking who the fellow could be ever since he robbed me on the Heath. I recollect the scoundrel now, he was a second in a duel I had here in the year 9.'

'Along with Major Wood, behind Montague House,' said Mr. Billings. '*I*'ve heard on it.' And here he looked more knowing than ever.

'*You!*' cried the count, more and more surprised; 'and pray who the devil *are* you?'

'My name's Billings.'

'Billings?' said the count.

'I come out of Warwickshire,' said Mr. Billings.

'Indeed!'

'I was born at Birmingham town.'

'Were you, really?'

'My mother's name was Hayes,' continued Billings, in a solemn voice; 'I was put out to nurse along with John Billings, a blacksmith; and my father run away. *Now* do you know who I am?'

'Why, upon honour, now,' said the count, who was amused,—'upon honour, Mr. Billings, I have not that advantage.'

'Well, then, my lord, *you're my father!*'

Mr. Billings, when he said this, came forward to the count with a theatrical air: and, flinging down the breeches of which he was the bearer, held out his arms and stared, having very little doubt but that his lordship would forthwith spring out of bed and hug him to his heart. A similar piece of *naïveté* many fathers of families have, I have no doubt, remarked in their children ; who, not caring for their parents a single doit, conceive, nevertheless, that the latter are bound to show all sorts of affection for them. His lordship did move, but backwards towards the wall, and began pulling at the bell-rope with an expression of the most intense alarm.

'Keep back, sirrah !—keep back ! Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me ? Good heavens, how the boy smells of gin and tobacco ! Don't turn away, my lad ; sit down there at a proper distance ; and, La Rose, give him some eau-de-cologne, and get a cup of coffee. Well, now, go on with your story. Egad, my dear abbé, I think it is very likely that what the lad says is true !'

'If it is a family conversation,' said the abbé, 'I had better leave you.'

'Oh, for heaven's sake, no ! I could not stand the boy alone. Now, mister, ah ! what's your name ? Have the goodness to tell your story.'

Mr. Billings was woefully disconcerted ; for his mother and he had agreed that, as soon as his father saw him, he would be recognized at once, and, mayhap, made heir to the estates and title ; in which, being disappointed, he very sulkily went on with his narrative, and detailed many of those events with which the reader has already been made acquainted. The count asked the boy's mother's Christian name, and being told it, his memory at once returned to him.

'What ! are you little Cat's son ?' said his excellency. 'By heavens, *mon cher abbé*, a charming creature, but a tigress—positively a tigress. I recollect the whole affair now ; she's a little, fresh, black-haired woman, a'n't she ? With a sharp nose, and thick eyebrows, aye ? Ah ! yes, yes,' went on my lord ; 'I recollect her, I recollect her ; it was at Birmingham I first met her ; she was my Lady Trippet's woman, wasn't she ?'

'She was no such thing,' said Mr. Billings, hotly ; 'her aunt kept the Bugle Inn on Waltham Green, and your lordship seduced her.'

'Seduced her ! oh, 'gad, so I did ; stap me, now, I did. Yes, I made her jump on my black horse, and bore her off like—like Aeneas bore away his wife from the siege of Rome! hey, l'Abbé?'

'The events were precisely similar,' said the abbé; 'it is wonderful what a memory you have!'

'I was always remarkable for it,' continued his excellency. 'Well, where was I,—at the black horse? Yes, at the black horse. Well, I mounted her on the black horse, and rode her *en croupe*,—egad, ha, ha!—to Birmingham; and there we billed and cooed together like a pair of turtledoves; yes—ha!—that we did!'

'And this, I suppose, is the end of some of the *billings?*' said the abbé, pointing to Mr. Tom.

'Billings! what do you mean? Yes, oh, ah, a pun, a *calembourg: fi, donc*, M. l'Abbé.' And then, after the wont of very stupid people, M. de Galgenstein went on to explain to the abbé his own pun. 'Well, but to proceed,' cries he; 'we lived together at Birmingham, and I was going to be married to a rich heiress, egad! when, what do you think this little Cat does? She murders me, egad! and makes me *manquer* the marriage. Twenty thousand, I think it was, and I wanted the money in those days. Now, wasn't she an abominable monster, that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a—What's-your-name?'

'She served you right!' said Mr. Billings, with a great oath, starting up out of all patience.

'Fellow!' said his excellency, quite aghast, 'do you know to whom you speak?—to a nobleman of seventy-eight descents; a count of the Holy Roman empire; a representative of a sovereign? ha, egad! Don't stamp, fellow, if you hope for my protection.'

'D—n your protection!' said Mr. Billings, in a fury. 'Curse you and your protection too! I'm a freeborn Briton, and no —— French Papist! And any man who insults my mother—aye, or calls me feller, had better look to himself and the two eyes in his head, I can tell him!' And with this Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cockpit, and invited his father, the reverend gentleman, and M. La Rose, the valet, to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter. The two latter, the abbé especially, seemed dreadfully frightened; but the count now looked on with much interest; and, giving utterance to a feeble kind of chuckle, which lasted for about half a minute, said,—

'Paws off, Pompey; you young hangdog, you—egad, yes, aha ! 'Pon honour, you're a lad of spirit ; some of your father's spunk in you, he ? I know him by that oath. Why, sir, when I was sixteen, I used to swear—to swear, egad, like a Thames waterman, and exactly in this fellow's way ! Buss me, my lad ; no, kiss my hand, that will do,' and he held out a very lean, yellow hand, peering from a pair of yellow ruffles ; it shook very much, and the shaking made all the rings upon it shine only the more.

'Well,' says Mr. Billings, 'if you wasn't a-going to abuse me nor mother, I don't care if I shake hands with you : I ain't proud !'

The abbé laughed with great glee ; and that very evening sent off to his court a most ludicrous, *spicy* description of the whole scene of meeting between this amiable father and child, in which he said that young Billings was the *élève favorite* of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, le bourreau de Londres, and which made the duke's mistress laugh so much, that she vowed that the abbé should have a bishopric on his return ; for, with such store of wisdom, look you, my son, was the world governed in those days.

The count and his offspring meanwhile conversed with some cordiality. The former informed the latter of all the diseases to which he was subject, his manner of curing them, his great consideration as chamberlain to the Duke of Bavaria ; how he wore his court-suits, and of a particular powder which he had invented for the hair ; how, when he was seventeen, he had run away with a canoness, egad ! who was afterwards locked up in a convent, and grew to be sixteen stone in weight ; how he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches ; and how the Duchess of Marlborough boxed his ears when he was so high, because he wanted to kiss her.

All these important anecdotes took some time in the telling, and were accompanied by many profound moral remarks ; such as, 'I can't abide garlic, nor white-wine, stap me, nor sauerkraut, though his highness eats half a bushel per day. I ate it the first time at court ; but, when they brought it me a second time, I refused—refused, split me and grill me if I didn't. Everybody stared ; his highness looked as fierce as a Turk ; and that infernal Krähwinkel (my dear, I did for him afterwards)—that cursed Krähwinkel, I say, looked as pleased as possible, and whispered to Countess Fritsch, "Blitzchen Frau Gräfinn," says he, "it's all over with Galgenstein." What did I do? I had the *entrée*, and demanded it. "Altesse," says I, falling on one knee, "I ate no kraut at dinner to-day; you remarked it, I saw your highness remark it."

'"I did, M. le Comte," said his highness, gravely.

'I had almost tears in my eyes, but it was necessary to come to a resolution, you know. "Sir," said I, "I speak with deep grief to your highness, who are my benefactor, my friend, my father; but of this I am resolved, I WILL NEVER EAT SAUERKRAUT MORE; it don't agree with me. After being laid up for four weeks by the last dish of sauerkraut of which I partook, I may say with confidence—*it don't* agree with me. By impairing my health, it impairs my intellect, and weakens my strength, and both I would keep for your highness's service.'

'"Tut, tut!" said his highness; "tut, tut, tut!" Those were his very words.

'"Give me my sword or my pen," said I; "give me my sword or my pen, and with these Maximilian de Galgenstein is ready to serve you; but sure,—sure, a great prince will pity the weak health of a faithful subject, who does not know how to eat sauerkraut?" His highness was walking about the room, I was still on my knees, and stretched forward my hand to seize his coat.

'"GEHT ZUM TEUFEL, sir!" said he, in a loud voice (it means "Go to the deuce," my dear),—"Geht zum teufel, and eat what you like!" With this he went out of the room abruptly, leaving in my hand one of his buttons, which I keep to this day. As soon as I was alone, amazed by his great goodness and bounty, I sobbed aloud—cried like a child' (the count's eyes filled and winked at the very recollection); 'and when I went back into the card-room, stepping up to Krähwinkel, "Count," says I, "who looks foolish now?"—Hey, there, La Rose, give me the diamond —— Yes, that was the very pun I made, and very good it was thought. "Krähwinkel," says I, "*who looks foolish now?*" and from that day to this I was never at a court-day asked to eat sauerkraut—*never*.

'Hey there, La Rose! Bring me that diamond snuff-box in the drawer of my *secrétaire*;' and the snuff-box was brought. 'Look at it, my dear,' said the count, 'for I saw you seemed to doubt; there is the button—the very one that came off his grace's coat.'

Mr. Billings received it, and twisted it about with a stupid air. The story had quite mystified him; for he did not dare yet to think his father was a fool—his respect for the aristocracy prevented him.

When the count's communications had ceased, which they did as soon as the story of the sauerkraut was finished, a silence of some minutes ensued. Mr. Billings was trying to comprehend the circumstances above narrated; his lordship was exhausted; the chaplain had quitted the room directly the word sauerkraut was mentioned—he knew what was coming. His lordship looked for some time at his son, who returned the gaze with his mouth wide open. 'Well,' said the count; 'well, sir? What are you sitting there for? If you have nothing to say, sir, you had better go. I had you here to amuse me—split me—and not to sit there staring!'

Mr. Billings rose in a fury.

'Hark ye, my lad,' said the count, 'tell La Rose to give thee five guineas, and, ah—come again some morning. A nice, well-grown young lad,' mused the count, as Master Tommy walked wondering out of the apartment; 'a pretty fellow enough, and intelligent too.'

'Well, he *is* an odd fellow, my father,' thought Mr. Billings, as he walked out, having received the sum offered to him. And he immediately went to call upon his friend Polly Briggs, from whom he had separated in the morning.

What was the result of their interview is not at all necessary to the progress of this history. Having made her, however, acquainted with the particulars of his visit to his father, he went to his mother's, and related to her all that had occurred.

Poor thing, she was very differently interested in the issue of it!

CHAPTER X

SHOWING HOW GALGENSTEIN AND MRS. CAT RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER IN MARYLEBONE GARDENS—AND HOW THE COUNT DRIVES HER HOME IN HIS CARRIAGE

About a month after the touching conversation above related, there was given, at Marylebone Gardens, a grand concert and entertainment, at which the celebrated Madame Aménaïde, a dancer of the theatre at Paris, was to perform, under the patronage of several English and foreign noblemen; among whom was his excellency the Bavarian envoy. Madame Aménaïde was, in fact, no other than the *maîtresse en titre* of the Monsieur de Galgenstein, who had her a great bargain from the Duke de Rohan-Chabot at Paris.

It is not our purpose to make a great and learned display here, otherwise the costumes of the company assembled at this fête might afford scope for at least half a dozen pages of fine writing; and we might give, if need were, specimens of the very songs and music sung on the occasion. Does not the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum, afford one an ample store of songs from which to choose? Are there not the memoirs of Colley Cibber? those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley? Is there not Congreve, and Farquhar—nay, and at a pinch, the *Dramatic Biography*, or even the *Spectator*, from which the observant genius might borrow passages, and construct pretty antiquarian figments? Leave we these trifles to meaner souls! Our business is not with the breeches and periwigs, with the hoops and patches, but with the divine hearts of men, and of the passions which agitate them. What need, therefore, have we to say that on this evening, after the dancing, the music, and the fireworks, Monsieur de Galgenstein felt the strange and welcome pangs of appetite, and was picking a cold chicken, along with some other friends, in an arbour—a cold chicken, with an accompaniment of a bottle of champagne—when he was led to remark that a very handsome, plump little person, in a gorgeous stiff damask gown and petticoat, was sauntering up and down the walk running opposite his supping-place, and bestowing continual glances towards his excellency. The lady, whoever she was, was in a mask, such as ladies of high and low fashion wore at public places in those days, and had a male companion. He was a lad of only seventeen, marvellously well dressed—indeed, no other than the count's own son, Mr. Thomas Billings; who had at length received from his mother the silver-hilted sword, and the wig, which that affectionate parent had promised to him.

In the course of the month which had elapsed since the interview that has been described in the former chapter, Mr. Billings had several times had occasion to wait on his father; but though he had, according to her wishes, frequently alluded to the existence of his mother, the count had never at any time expressed the slightest wish to renew his acquaintance with that lady; who, if she had seen him, had only seen him by stealth.

The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his first meeting with his excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in nothing at all, Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur de Galgenstein's lodgings. Four or five times in the week, as his excellency stepped into his coach, he might have remarked, had he chosen, a woman in a black hood, who was looking most eagerly into his eyes: but those eyes had long since left off the practice of observing; and Madame Catherine's visits had so far gone for nothing.

On this night, however, inspired by gaiety and drink, the count had been amazingly stricken by the gait and ogling of the lady in the mask. The Reverend O'Flaherty, who was with him, and had observed the figure in the black cloak, recognized, or thought he recognized her. 'It is the woman who dogs your excellency every day,' said he. 'She is with that tailor lad who loves to see people hanged—your excellency's son, I mean.' And he was just about to warn the count of a conspiracy evidently made against him, and that the son had brought, most likely, the mother to play her arts upon him—he was just about, I say, to show to the count the folly and danger of renewing an old *liaison* with a woman such as he had described Mrs. Cat to be, when his excellency, starting up, and interrupting his ghostly adviser at the very beginning of his sentence, said, 'Egad, l'Abbé, you are right—it *is* my son, and a mighty smart-looking creature with him. Hey! Mr. What's-your-name—Tom, you rogue, don't you know your own father?' And so saying, and cocking his beaver on one side, Monsieur de Galgenstein strutted jauntily after Mr. Billings and the lady.

It was the first time that the count had formally recognized his son.

'Tom, you rogue,' stopped at this, and the count came up. He had a white velvet suit, covered over with stars and orders, a neat modest wig and bag, and peach-coloured silk stockings, with silver clasps. The lady in the mask gave a start as his excellency came forward. 'Law, mother, don't squeege so,' said Tom. The poor woman was trembling in every limb; but she had presence of mind to 'squeege' Tom a great deal harder; and the latter took the hint, I suppose, and was silent.

The splendid count came up. Ye gods, how his embroidery glittered in the lamps! What a royal exhalation of musk and bergamot came from his wig, his handkerchief, and his grand lace ruffles and frills! A broad yellow riband passed across his breast, and ended at his hip in a shining diamond cross—a diamond cross, and a diamond sword-hilt! Was anything ever seen so beautiful? And might not a poor woman tremble when such a noble creature drew near to her, and deigned, from the height of his rank and splendour, to look down upon her? As Jove came down to Semele in state, in his habits of ceremony, with all the grand cordons of his orders blazing about his imperial person—thus dazzling, magnificent, triumphant, the great Galgenstein descended towards Mrs. Catherine. Her cheeks glowed red hot under her coy velvet mask, her heart thumped against the whalebone prison of her stays. What a delicious storm of vanity was raging in her bosom! What a rush of long-pent recollections burst forth at the sound of that enchanting voice!

As you wind up a hundred-guinea chronometer with a twopenny watch-key—as by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a-raging, and splashing, and storming—in like manner, and by like humble agents, were Mrs. Catherine's tumultuous passions set going. The count, we have said, slipped up to his son, and merely saying, 'How do, Tom?' cut the young gentleman altogether, and passing round to the lady's side, said, ‘Madam, ’tis a charming evening, egad it is!’ She almost fainted: it was the old voice—there he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!

Now I know what I could have done. I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) as well as another: I can throw off a bit of fine writing too, with passion, similes, and a moral at the end. What, pray, is the last sentence but one but the very finest writing? Suppose, for example, I had made Maximilian, as he stood by the side of Catherine, look up towards the clouds, and exclaim, in the words of the voluptuous Cornelius Nepos:

> ’Αενάοι Νεφέλαι
> ’Αρθῶμεν φανεραὶ
> Δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐαγῄτοι, κ.τ.λ.

Or suppose, again, I had said, in a style still more popular:—The count advanced towards the maiden. They both were mute for a while; and only the beating of her heart interrupted that thrilling and passionate silence. Ah, what years of buried joys and fears, hopes and disappointments, arose from their graves in the far past, and in those brief moments flitted before the united ones! How sad was that delicious retrospect, and oh, how sweet! The tears that rolled down the cheek of each were bubbles from the choked and moss-grown wells of youth; the sigh that heaved each bosom had some lurking odours in it—memories of the fragrance of boyhood, echoes of the hymns of the young heart! Thus is it ever—for these blessed recollections the soul always has a place; and while crime perishes, and sorrow is forgotten, the beautiful alone is eternal.

‘O golden legends, written in the skies!’ mused De Galgenstein, ‘ye shine as ye did in the olden days! *We* change, but *ye* speak ever the same language. Gazing in your abysmal depths, the feeble ratioci——’

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There, now, are six columns,[1] of the best writing to be found in this or any other book. Galgenstein has quoted Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times, besides extracts from the Latin syntax and the minor Greek poets. Catherine's passionate embreathings are of the most fashionable order; and I call upon the ingenious critic of the X—— newspaper to say whether they do not possess the real impress of the giants of the olden time—the real Platonic smack, in a word? Not that I want in the least to show off; but it is as well, every now and then, to show the public what one *can* do.

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[1] There *were* six columns, as mentioned by the accurate Mr. Solomons; but we have withdrawn two pages and three quarters, because, although our correspondent has been excessively eloquent,

Instead, however, of all this rant and nonsense, how much finer is the speech that the count really did make? 'It is a very fine evening,—egad it is!' The 'egad' did the whole business; Mrs. Cat was as much in love with him now as ever she had been: and, gathering up all her energies, she said, 'It is dreadful hot too, I think;' and with this she made a curtsy.

'Stifling, split me!' added his excellency. 'What do you say, madam, to a rest in an arbour, and a drink of something cool?'

'Sir!' said the lady, drawing back.

'Oh, a drink—a drink by all means,' exclaimed Mr. Billings, who was troubled with a perpetual thirst. 'Come, mo——, Mrs. Jones, I mean: you're fond of a glass of cold punch, you know; and the rum here is prime, I can tell you.'

The lady in the mask consented with some difficulty to the proposal of Mr. Billings, and was led by the two gentlemen into an arbour, where she was seated between them; and some wax candles being lighted, punch was brought.

She drank one or two glasses very eagerly, and so did her two companions, although it was evident to see, from the flushed looks of both of them, that they had little need of any such stimulus. The count, in the midst of his champagne, it must be said, had been amazingly stricken and scandalized by the appearance of such a youth as Billings in a public place, with a lady under his arm. He was, the reader will therefore understand, in the moral

according to custom, we were anxious to come to the facts of the story.

Solomons, by sending to our office, may have the cancelled passages.—O. Y.

stage of liquor; and when he issued out, it was not merely with the intention of examining Mr. Billings's female companion, but of administering to him some sound correction for venturing, at his early period of life, to form any such acquaintances. On joining Billings, his excellency's first step was naturally to examine the lady. After they had been sitting for a while over their punch, he bethought him of his original purpose, and began to address a number of moral remarks to his son.

We have already given some specimens of Monsieur de Galgenstein's sober conversation; and it is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with any further reports of his speeches. They were intolerably stupid and dull; as egotistical as his morning lecture had been, and a hundred times more rambling and prosy. If Cat had been in the possession of her sober senses, she would have seen in five minutes that her ancient lover was a ninny, and have left him with scorn; but she was under the charm of old recollections, and the sound of that silly voice was to her magical. As for Mr. Billings, he allowed his excellency to continue his prattle, only frowning, yawning, cursing, occasionally, but drinking continually.

So the count descanted at length upon the enormity of young Billings's early *liaisons;* and then he told his own, in the year six, with a burgomaster's daughter at Ratisbon, when he was in the Elector of Bavaria's service—then, after Blenheim, when he had come over to the Duke of Marlborough, when a physician's wife at Bonn poisoned herself for him, &c., &c.; of a piece with the story of the canoness, which had been recorded before. All the tales were true. A clever, ugly man every now and then is successful with the ladies; but a handsome fool is irresistible. Mrs. Cat listened and listened. Good heavens! she had heard all these tales before, and recollected the place and the time—how she was hemming a handkerchief for Max, who came round and kissed her, vowing that the physician's wife was nothing compared to her—how he was tired, and lying on the sofa, just come home from shooting. How handsome he looked! Cat thought he was only the handsomer now; and looked more grave and thoughtful, the dear fellow!

The garden was filled with a vast deal of company of all kinds, and parties were passing every moment before the arbour where our trio sat. About half an hour after his excellency had quitted his own box and party, the Rev. Mr. O'Flaherty came discreetly round, to examine the proceedings of his diplomatical *chef*. The lady in the mask was listening with all her might; Mr. Billings was drawing figures on the table with punch; and the count talking incessantly. The father-confessor listened for a moment; and then, with something resembling an oath, walked away to the entry of the gardens, where his excellency's gilt coach, with three footmen, was waiting to carry him back to London. 'Get me a chair, Joseph,' said his reverence, who infinitely preferred a seat, gratis, in the coach: 'that fool,' muttered he, 'will not move for this hour.' The reverend gentleman knew that, when the count was on the subject of the physician's wife, his discourses were intolerably long; and took upon himself, therefore, to disappear, along with the rest of the count's party, who procured other conveyances, and returned to their homes.

After this quiet shadow had passed before the count's box, many groups of persons passed and repassed; and among them was no other than Mrs. Polly Briggs, to whom we have been introduced in the morning. Mrs. Polly was in company with one or two other ladies, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman, with large shoulders and calves, a fierce cock to his hat, and a shabby genteel air. His name was Mr. Moffat, and his present occupation was that of doorkeeper at a gambling-house in Covent Garden; where, though he saw many thousands pass daily under his eyes, his own salary amounted to no more than four-and-sixpence weekly,—a sum quite insufficient to maintain him in the rank which he held.

Mr. Moffat, had, however, received some funds—amounting, indeed, to a matter of twelve guineas—within the last month, and was treating Mrs. Briggs very generously to the concert. It may be as well to say, that every one of the twelve guineas had come out of Mrs. Polly's own pocket, who, in return, had received them from Mr. Billings; and as the reader may remember that, on the day of Tommy's first interview with his father, he had previously paid a visit to Mrs. Briggs, having under his arm a pair of breeches, which Mrs. Briggs coveted: he should now be informed that she desired these breeches, not for pin-cushions, but for Mr. Moffat, who had long been in want of a pair.

Having thus episodically narrated Mr. Moffat's history, let us state that he, his lady, and their friends, passed before the count's arbour, joining in a melodious chorus, to a song which one of the society, an actor of Betterton's, was singing :

> ' 'Tis my will, when I'm dead, that no tear shall be shed,
> No "Hic Jacet" be graved on my stone ;
> But pour o'er my ashes a bottle of red,
> And say a good fellow is gone,
> My brave boys !
> And say a good fellow is gone.'

'My brave boys' was given with vast emphasis by the party ; Mr. Moffat growling it in a rich bass, and Mrs. Briggs in a soaring treble. As to the notes, when quavering up to the skies, they excited various emotions among the people in the gardens. 'Silence them blackguards !' shouted a barber, who was taking a pint of small-beer along with his lady. 'Stop that there infernal screeching !' said a couple of ladies, who were sipping ratafia in company with two pretty fellows.

'Dang it, it's Polly !' said Mr. Tom Billings, bolting out of the box, and rushing towards the sweet-voiced Mrs. Briggs. When he reached her, which he did quickly, and made his arrival known by tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist, and suddenly bouncing down before her and her friend, both of the latter drew back somewhat startled.

'Law, Mr. Billings !' says Mrs. Polly, rather coolly, 'is it you ? Who thought of seeing you here ?'

'Who's this here young feller ?' says towering Mr. Moffat, with his bass voice.

'It's Mr. Billings, cousin, a friend of mine,' said Mrs. Polly, beseechingly.

'O, cousin, if it's a friend of yours, he should know better how to conduct himself, that's all. Har you a dancing-master, young feller, that you cut them there capers before gentlemen ?' growled Mr. Moffat, who hated Mr. Billings, for the excellent reason that he lived upon him.

'Dancing-master be hanged !' said Mr. Billings, with becoming spirit : 'if you call me dancing-master, I'll pull your nose.'

'What !' roared Mr. Moffat, 'pull my nose ? *My nose !*

I'll tell you what, my lad, if you durst move me, I'll cut your throat, curse me!'

'Oh, Moffy—cousin, I mean—'tis a shame to treat the poor boy so. Go away, Tommy, do go away; my cousin's in liquor,' whimpered Madam Briggs, who really thought that the great doorkeeper would put his threat into execution.

'Tommy!' said Mr. Moffat, frowning horribly; 'Tommy to me too? Dog, get out of my ssss——' *sight* was the word which Mr. Moffat intended to utter; but he was interrupted, for, to the astonishment of his friends and himself, Mr. Billings did actually make a spring at the monster's nose, and caught it so firmly, that the latter could not finish his sentence.

The operation was performed with amazing celerity; and, having concluded it, Mr. Billings sprung back, and whisked from out its sheath that new silver-hilted sword which his mamma had given him. 'Now,' said he, with a fierce kind of calmness, 'now for the throat-cutting cousin: I'm your man!'

How the brawl might have ended, no one can say, had the two gentlemen actually crossed swords; but Mrs. Polly, with a wonderful presence of mind, restored peace, by exclaiming, 'Hush, hush! the beaks, the beaks!' Upon which, with one common instinct, the whole party made a rush for the garden gates, and disappeared into the fields. Mrs. Briggs knew her company: there was something in the very name of a constable which sent them all a-flying.

After running a reasonable time, Mr. Billings stopped. But the great Moffat was nowhere to be seen, and Polly Briggs had likewise vanished. Then Tom bethought him that he would go back to his mother; but, arriving at the gate of the gardens, was refused admittance, as he had not a shilling in his pocket. 'I've left,' says Tommy, giving himself the airs of a gentleman, 'some friends in the gardens. I'm with his excellency the Bavarian henvy.'

'Then you had better go away with him,' said the gate people.

'But I tell you I left him there, in the grand circle, with a lady, and, what's more, in the dark walk, I have left a silver-hilted sword.'

'Oh, my lord, I'll go and tell him, then,' cried one of the porters, 'if you will wait.'

Mr. Billings seated himself on a post near the gate, and there consented to remain until the return of his messenger. The latter went straight to the dark walk, and found the sword, sure enough. But, instead of returning it to its owner, this discourteous knight broke the trenchant blade at the hilt; and flinging the steel away, pocketed the baser silver metal, and lurked off by the private door consecrated to the waiters and fiddlers.

In the meantime, Mr. Billings waited and waited. And what was the conversation of his worthy parents inside the garden? I cannot say; but one of the waiters declared, that he had served the great foreign count with two bowls of rack-punch, and some biscuits, in No. 3: that in the box with him were first a young gentleman, who went away, and a lady, splendidly dressed and masked: that when the lady and his lordship were alone, she edged away to the farther end of the table, and they had much talk: that at last, when his grace had pressed her very much, she took off her mask, and said, 'Don't you know me now, Max?' that he cried out, 'My own Catherine, thou art more beautiful than ever!' and wanted to kneel down and vow eternal love to her; but she begged him not to do so in a place where all the world would see: that then his highness paid, and they left the gardens, the lady pulling on her mask again.

When they issued from the gardens, 'Ho! Joseph La Rose, my coach!' shouted his excellency, in rather a husky voice; and the men who had been waiting came up with the carriage. A young gentleman, who was dozing on one of the posts at the entry, woke up suddenly at the blaze of the torches and the noise of the footmen. The count gave his arm to the lady in the mask, who slipped in; and he was whispering La Rose, when the lad who had been sleeping hit his excellency on the shoulder, and said, 'I say, count, you can give *me* a cast home too,' and jumped into the coach.

When Catherine saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a burst of hysterical tears, of which Mr. Billings was at a loss to understand the meaning. The count joined them, looking not a little disconcerted; and the pair were landed at their own door, where stood Mr. Hayes, in his nightcap, ready to receive them, and astounded at the splendour of the equipage in which his wife returned to him.

CHAPTER XI

OF SOME DOMESTIC QUARRELS, AND THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF

An ingenious magazine-writer, who lived in the time of Mr. Brock and the Duke of Marlborough, compared the latter gentleman's conduct in battle, when he

> 'In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
> To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid;
> Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage'—

Mr. Joseph Addison, I say, compared the Duke of Marlborough to an angel, who is sent by Divine command to chastise a guilty people—

> 'And pleased his master's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

The four first of these novel lines touch off the duke's disposition and genius to a tittle. He had a love for such scenes of strife: in the midst of them his spirit rose calm and supreme, soaring (like an angel or not, but any way the compliment is a very pretty one) on the battle-clouds majestic, and causing to ebb or to flow the mighty tide of war.

But as this famous simile might apply with equal propriety to a bad angel as to a good one, it may in like manner be employed to illustrate small quarrels as well as great—a little family squabble, in which two or three people are engaged, as well as a vast national dispute, argued on each side by the roaring throats of five hundred angry cannon. The poet means, in fact, that the Duke of Marlborough had an immense genius for mischief.

Our friend Brock, or Wood (whose actions we love to illustrate by the very handsomest similes), possessed this genius in common with his Grace; and was never so happy, or seen to so much advantage, as when he was employed in setting people by the ears. His spirits, usually dull, then rose into the utmost gaiety and good-humour. When the doubtful battle flagged, he by his art would instantly restore it. When, for instance, Tom's repulsed battalions of rhetoric fled from his mamma's fire, a few words of apt sneer or encouragement on Wood's part would bring the fight round again; or when Mr. Hayes's fainting squadrons of abuse broke upon the stubborn squares of Tom's bristling obstinacy, it was Wood's delight to rally the former, and bring him once more to the charge. A great share had this man in making those bad people worse. Many fierce words and bad passions, many falsehoods and knaveries on Tom's part, much bitterness, scorn, and jealousy, on the part of Hayes and Catherine, might be attributed to this hoary old tempter, whose joy and occupation it was to raise and direct the domestic storms and whirlwinds of the family of which he was a member. And do not let us be accused of an undue propensity to use sounding words, because we compare three scoundrels in the Tyburn Road to so many armies, and Mr. Wood to a mighty field-marshal. My dear sir, when you have well studied the world, how supremely great the meanest thing in this world is, and how infinitely mean the greatest, I am mistaken if you do not make a strange and proper jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous, the lofty and the low. I have looked at the world, for my part, and come to the conclusion that I know not which is which.

Well, then, on the night when Mrs. Hayes, as recorded by us, had been to the Marylebone Gardens, Mr. Wood had found the sincerest enjoyment in plying her husband with drink, so that, when Catherine arrived at home, Mr. Hayes came forward to meet her in a manner which showed that he was not only surly but drunk. Tom stepped out of the coach first; and Hayes asked him, with an oath, where he had been? The oath Mr. Billings sternly flung back again (with another in its company), and at the same time refused to give his stepfather any sort of answer to his query.

'The old man is drunk, mother,' said he to Mrs. Hayes, as he handed that lady out of the coach (before leaving which she had to withdraw her hand rather violently from the grasp of the count, who was inside). Hayes instantly showed the correctness of his surmise by slamming the door courageously in Tom's face, when he attempted to enter the house with his mother. And when Mrs. Catherine remonstrated, according to her wont, in a very angry and supercilious tone, Mr. Hayes replied with equal haughtiness, and a regular quarrel ensued.

People were accustomed in those days to use much more simple and expressive terms of language than are now thought polite; and it would be dangerous to give, in this present year 1840, the exact words of reproach which passed between Hayes and his wife in 1726. Mr. Wood sat near, laughing his sides out. Mr. Hayes swore that his wife should not go abroad to tea-gardens in search of vile Popish noblemen; to which Mrs. Hayes replied, that Mr. Hayes was a pitiful, lying, sneaking cur, and that she would go where she pleased. Mr. Hayes rejoined, that if she said much more he would take a stick to her. Mr. Brock whispered, 'And serve her right.' Mrs. Hayes thereupon swore, she had stood his cowardly blows once or twice before, but that if ever he did so again, as sure as she was born she would stab him. Mr. Brock said, 'Curse him, but he liked her spirit.'

Mr. Hayes took another line of argument, and said, 'The neighbours would talk, madam.'

'Aye, that they will, no doubt,' said Mr. Wood.

'Then let them,' said Catherine. 'What do we care about the neighbours? Didn't the neighbours talk when you sent widow Wilkins to gaol? Didn't the neighbours talk when you levied on poor old Thomson? You didn't mind *then*, Mr. Hayes.'

'Business, ma'am, is business; and if I did distrain on Thomson, and lock up Wilkins, I think you knew about it as much as I.'

'I' faith, I believe you're a pair,' said Mr. Wood.

'Pray, sir, keep your tongue to yourself. Your opinion isn't asked, anyhow—no, nor your company wanted neither,' cried Mrs. Catherine, with proper spirit.

At which remark Mr. Wood only whistled.

'I have asked this here gentleman to pass this evening along with me. We've been drinking together, ma'am.'

'That we have,' said Mr. Wood, looking at Mrs. Cat with the most perfect good-humour.

'I say, ma'am, that we've been a-drinking together; and when we've been a-drinking together, I say that a man is my friend. Dr. Wood is my friend, madam—the Rev. Dr. Wood. We've passed the evening in company, talking about politics, madam—politics and riddle-iddle-igion.

We've not been flaunting in tea-gardens, and ogling the men.'

'It's a lie!' shrieked Mrs. Hayes: 'I went with Tom—you know I did; the boy wouldn't let me rest till I promised to go.'

'Hang him, I hate him,' said Mr. Hayes: 'he's always in my way.'

'He's the only friend I have in the world, and the only being I care a pin for,' said Catherine.

'He's an impudent, idle, good-for-nothing scoundrel, and I hope to see him hanged!' shouted Mr. Hayes. 'And pray, madam, whose carriage was that as you came home in? I warrant you paid something for the ride—Ha, ha!'

'Another lie!' screamed Cat, and clutched hold of a supper-knife. 'Say it again, John Hayes, and, by ——, I'll do for you.'

'Do for me? Hang me,' said Mr. Hayes, flourishing a stick, and perfectly pot-valiant, 'do you think I care for a bastard and a——'

He did not finish the sentence, for the woman ran at him like a savage, knife in hand. He bounded back, flinging his arms about wildly, and struck her with his staff sharply across the forehead. The woman went down instantly. A lucky blow was it for Hayes and her: it saved him from death, perhaps, and her from murder.

All this scene—a very important one of our drama—might have been described at much greater length; but, in truth, the author has a natural horror of dwelling too long upon such hideous spectacles, nor would the reader be much edified by a full and accurate knowledge of what took place. The quarrel, however, though not more violent than many that had previously taken place between Hayes and his wife, was about to cause vast changes in the condition of this unhappy pair.

Hayes was at the first moment of his victory very much alarmed; he feared that he had killed the woman; and Wood started up rather anxiously too, with the same fancy. But she soon began to recover. Water was brought; her head was raised and bound up; and in a short time Mrs. Catherine gave vent to a copious fit of tears, which relieved her somewhat. These did not affect Hayes much—they rather pleased him, for he saw he had got the better; and although Cat fiercely turned upon him when he made some small attempt towards reconciliation, he did not heed her anger, but smiled and winked in a self-satisfied way at Wood. The coward was quite proud of his victory; and finding Catherine asleep, or apparently so, when he followed her to bed, speedily gave himself up to slumber too, and had some pleasant dreams to his portion.

Mr. Wood also went sniggering and happy upstairs to his chamber. The quarrel had been a real treat to him; it excited the old man—tickled him into good-humour; and he promised himself a rare continuation of the fun when Tom should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the dispute. As for his excellency the count, the ride from Marybone Gardens, and a tender squeeze of the hand which Catherine permitted to him on parting, had so inflamed the passions of the nobleman, that after sleeping for nine hours, and taking his chocolate as usual the next morning, he actually delayed to read the newspaper, and kept waiting a toy-shop lady from Cornhill (with the sweetest bargain of Mechlin lace), in order to discourse to his chaplain on the charms of Mrs. Hayes.

She, poor thing, never closed her lids, except when she would have had Mr. Hayes imagine that she slumbered; but lay beside him, tossing and tumbling, with hot eyes wide open, and heart thumping, and pulse of a hundred and ten, and heard the heavy hours tolling; and at last the day came peering, haggard, through the window-curtains, and found her still wakeful and wretched.

Mrs. Hayes had never been, as we have seen, especially fond of her lord; but now as the day made visible to her the sleeping figure and countenance of that gentleman, she looked at him with a contempt and loathing such as she had never felt even in all the years of her wedded life. Mr. Hayes was snoring profoundly; by his bedside, on his ledger, stood a large, greasy tin candlestick, containing a lank tallow-candle, turned down in the shaft; and in the lower part his keys, purse, and tobacco-pipe; his feet were huddled up in his greasy, threadbare clothes; his head and half his sallow face muffled up in a red woollen nightcap; his beard was of several days' growth; his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring profoundly: on a more despicable little creature the sun never shone. And to this sordid wretch was Catherine united for ever. What a pretty rascal history might be read in yonder greasy daybook, which never left the miser—he never read in any other. Of what a treasure were yonder keys and purse the keepers! not a shilling they guarded but was picked from the pocket of necessity, plundered from needy wantonness, or pitilessly squeezed from starvation. 'A fool, a miser, and a coward! Why was I bound to this wretch?' thought Catherine; 'I, who am high-spirited and beautiful (did not *he* tell me so?); I who, born a beggar, have raised myself to competence, and might have mounted—who knows whither?—if cursed fortune had not balked me!'

As Mrs. Cat did not utter these sentiments, but only thought them, we have a right to clothe her thoughts in the genteelest possible language; and, to the best of our power, have done so. If the reader examines Mrs. Hayes's train of reasoning, he will not, we should think, fail to perceive how ingeniously she managed to fix all the wrong upon her husband, and yet to twist out some consolatory arguments for her own vanity. This perverse argumentation we have all of us, no doubt, employed in our time. How often have we,—we poets, politicians, philosophers, family men,—found charming excuses for our own rascalities in the monstrous wickedness of the world about us; how loudly have we abused the times and our neighbours! All this devil's logic did Mrs. Catherine, lying wakeful in her bed, on the night of the Marybone fête, exert in gloomy triumph.

It must, however, be confessed, that nothing could be more just than Mrs. Hayes's sense of her husband's scoundrelism and meanness; for, if we have not proved these in the course of this history, we have proved nothing. Mrs. Cat had a shrewd, observing mind; and if she wanted for proofs against Hayes, she had but to look before and about her to find them. This amiable pair were lying in a large walnut bed, with faded silk furniture, which had been taken from under a respectable old invalid widow, who had become security for a prodigal son; the room was hung round with an antique tapestry (representing Rebecca at the Well, Bathsheba Bathing, Judith and Holofernes, and other subjects from Holy Writ), which had been many score times sold for fifty pounds, and bought back by Mr. Hayes for two, in those accommodating bargains which he made with young gentlemen, who received fifty pounds of money and fifty of tapestry in consideration of their hundred-pound bills. Against this tapestry, and just cutting off Holofernes's head, stood an enormous ominous black clock, the spoil of some other usurious transaction. Some chairs, and a dismal old black cabinet, completed the furniture of this apartment: it wanted but a ghost to render its gloom complete.

Mrs. Hayes sate up in the bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person (do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?);—some such influence had Catherine's looks upon her husband; for, as he slept under them, the man began to writhe about uneasily, and to burrow his head in the pillow, and to utter quick, strange moans and cries, such as have often jarred one's ear, while watching at the bed of the feverish sleeper. It was just upon six, and presently the clock began to utter those dismal grinding sounds, which issue from clocks at such periods, and which sound like the death-rattle of the departing hour. Then the bell struck the knell of it; and with this Mr. Hayes awoke, and looked up, and saw Catherine gazing at him.

Their eyes met for an instant, and Catherine turned away burning red, and looking as if she had been caught in the commission of a crime.

A kind of blank terror seized upon old Hayes's soul; a horrible icy fear, and presentiment of coming evil: and yet the woman had but looked at him. He thought rapidly over the occurrences of the last night, the quarrel, and the end of it. He had often struck her before when angry, and heaped all kinds of bitter words upon her; but, in the morning, she bore no malice, and the previous quarrel was forgotten, or, at least, passed over. Why should the last night's dispute not have the same end? Hayes calculated all this, and tried to smile.

'I hope we're friends, Cat?' said he. 'You know I was in liquor last night, and sadly put out by the loss of that fifty pound. They'll ruin me, dear—I know they will.'

Mrs. Hayes did not answer.

'I should like to see the country again, dear,' said he, in his most wheedling way. 'I've a mind, do you know, to call in all our money. It's you who've made every farthing of it, that's sure; and it's a matter of two thousand pound by this time. Suppose we go into Staffordshire, Cat, and buy a farm, and live genteel. Shouldn't you like to live a lady in your own county again? How they'd stare at Birmingham? hey, Cat?'

And with this Mr. Hayes made a motion, as if he would seize his wife's hand, but she flung his back again.

'Coward!' said she, 'you want liquor to give you courage, and then you've only heart enough to strike women.'

'It was only in self-defence, my dear,' said Hayes, whose courage was all gone. 'You tried, you know, to—to——'

'To *stab* you, and I wish I had!' said Mrs. Hayes, setting her teeth, and glaring at him like a demon; and so saying, she sprung out of bed. There was a great stain of blood on her pillow. 'Look at it,' said she; 'that blood's of your shedding!' and at this Hayes fairly began to weep, so utterly downcast and frightened was the miserable man. The wretch's tears only inspired his wife with a still greater rage and loathing; she cared not so much for the blow, but she hated the man; the man to whom she was tied for ever, for ever! The bar between her and wealth, happiness, love, rank, perhaps. 'If I were free,' thought Mrs. Hayes (the thought had been sitting at her pillow all night, and whispering ceaselessly into her ear)—'if I were free, Max would marry me; I know he would—he said so yesterday!'

. . . . . .

As if by a kind of intuition, old Wood seemed to read all this woman's thoughts; for he said that day with a sneer, that he would wager she was thinking how much better it would be to be a count's lady than a poor miser's wife. 'And faith,' said he, 'a count and a chariot-and-six is better than an old skinflint with a cudgel!' And then he asked her if her head was better, and supposed that she was used to beating, and cut sundry other jokes, which made the poor wretch's wounds of mind and body feel a thousand times sorer.

Tom, too, was made acquainted with the dispute, and swore his accustomed vengeance against his stepfather. Such feelings, Wood, with a dexterous malice, would never let rest; it was his joy, at first quite a disinterested one, to goad Catherine, and to frighten Hayes; though, in truth, that unfortunate creature had no occasion for incitements from without, to keep up the dreadful state of terror and depression into which he had fallen.

For from the morning after the quarrel, the horrible words and looks of Catherine never left Hayes's memory; but a cold fear followed him—a dreadful prescience. He strove to overcome this fate as a coward would—to kneel to it for compassion—to coax and wheedle it into forgiveness. He was slavishly gentle to Catherine, and bore her fierce taunts with mean resignation. He trembled before young Billings, who was now established in the house (his mother said to protect her against the violence of her husband), and suffered his brutal language and conduct without venturing to resist.

The young man and his mother lorded over the house; he hardly dared to speak in their presence; seldom sat with the family except at meals; but slipped away to his chamber (he slept apart now from his wife), or passed the evening at the public-house, where he was constrained to drink—to spend some of his beloved sixpences for drink!

And, of course, the neighbours began to say, 'John Hayes neglects his wife;' 'He tyrannizes over her, and beats her;' 'Always at the public-house, leaving an honest woman alone at home!'

The unfortunate wretch did *not* hate his wife. He was used to her—fond of her as much as he could be fond—sighed to be friends with her again—repeatedly would creep, whimpering, to Wood's room, when the latter was alone, and beg him to bring about a reconciliation. They *were* reconciled as much as ever they could be. The woman looked at him, thought what she might be but for him, and scorned and loathed him with a feeling that almost amounted to insanity. What nights she lay awake, weeping and cursing herself and him! His humility and beseeching looks only made him more despicable and hateful to her.

If Hayes did not hate the mother, however, he hated the boy—hated and feared him dreadfully. He would have poisoned him if he had had the courage; but he dared not: he dared not even look at him as he sat there, the master of the house, in insolent triumph. O God! how the lad's brutal laughter rung in Hayes's ears; and how the stare of his fierce, bold, black eyes pursued him! Of a truth, if Mr. Wood loved mischief, as he did, honestly and purely for mischief's sake, he had enough here. There was mean malice, and fierce scorn, and black revenge, and sinful desire, boiling up in the hearts of these wretched people, enough to content Mr. Wood's great master himself.

Hayes's business, as we have said, was nominally that of a carpenter; but since, for the last few years, he had added to it that of a lender of money, the carpenter's trade had been neglected altogether for one so much more profitable. Mrs. Hayes had exerted herself, with much benefit to her husband, in his usurious business. She was a resolute, clear-sighted, keen woman, that did not love money, but loved to be rich and push her way in the world. She would have nothing to do with the trade now, however, and told her husband to manage it himself. She felt that she was separated from him for ever, and could no more be brought to consider her interests as connected with his own.

The man was well fitted for the creeping and niggling of his dastardly trade; and gathered his moneys, and busied himself with his lawyer, and acted as his own book-keeper and clerk, not without satisfaction. His wife's speculations, when they worked in concert, used often to frighten him. He never sent out his capital without a pang, and only because he dared not question her superior judgement and will. He began now to lend no more; he could not let the money out of his sight. His sole pleasure was to creep up into his room, and count and recount it. When Billings came into the house, Hayes had taken a room next to that of Wood. It was a protection to him, for Wood would often rebuke the lad for using Hayes ill; and both Catherine and Tom treated the old man with deference.

At last—it was after he had collected a good deal of his money—Hayes began to reason with himself, 'Why should I stay?—stay to be insulted by that boy, or murdered by him? He is ready for any crime.' He determined to fly. He would send Catherine money every year. No—she had the furniture; let her let lodgings—that would support her. He would go, and live away, abroad in some cheap place—away from that boy and his horrible threats. The idea of freedom was agreeable to the poor wretch; and he began to wind up his affairs as quickly as he could.

Hayes would now allow no one to make his bed or enter his room; and Wood could hear him through the panels fidgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting of chests, and clinking of coin. At the least sound he would start up, and would go to Billings's door and listen. Wood used to hear him creeping through the passages, and returning stealthily to his own chamber.

One day the woman and her son had been angrily taunting him in the presence of a neighbour. The neighbour retired soon; and Hayes, who had gone with him to the door, heard, on returning, the voice of Wood in the parlour. The old man laughed in his usual saturnine way, and said, 'Have a care, Mrs. Cat, for if Hayes were to die suddenly, by the Laws, the neighbours would accuse thee of his death.'

Hayes started as if he had been shot. 'He too is in the plot,' thought he. 'They are all leagued against me; they *will* kill me; they are only biding their time.' Fear seized him, and he thought of flying that instant and leaving all; and he stole into his room and gathered his money together. But only a half of it was there; in a few weeks all would have come in. He had not the heart to go. But that night Wood heard Hayes pause at *his* door, before he went to listen at Mrs. Catherine's. 'What is the man thinking of?' said Wood. 'He is gathering his money together. Has he a hoard yonder unknown to us all?'

Wood thought he would watch him. There was a closet between the two rooms: Wood bored a hole in the panel, and peeped through. Hayes had a brace of pistols, and four or five little bags before him on the table. One of these he opened, and placed, one by one, five-and-twenty guineas into it. Such a sum had been due that day—Catherine spoke of it only in the morning; for the debtor's name had by chance been mentioned in the conversation. Hayes commonly kept but a few guineas in the house. For what was he amassing all these? The next day, Wood asked for change for a twenty-pound bill. Hayes said he had but three guineas; and when asked by Catherine where the money was that was paid the day before, said that it was at the banker's. 'The man is going to fly,' said Wood; that is sure: if he does, I know him—he will leave his wife without a shilling.'

He watched him for several days regularly: two or three more bags were added to the former number. 'They are pretty things, guineas,' thought Wood, 'and tell no tales, like bank-bills.' And he thought over the days when he and Macshane used to ride abroad in search of them.

I don't know what thoughts entered into Mr. Wood's brain; but the next day, after seeing young Billings, to whom he actually made a present of a guinea, that young man, in conversing with his mother, said, 'Do you know, mother, that if you were free, and married the count, I should be a lord! It's the German law, Mr. Wood says; and you know he was in them countries with Marlborough.'

'Aye, that he would,' said Mr. Wood, 'in Germany: but Germany isn't England; and it's no use talking of such things.'

'Hush, child,' said Mrs. Hayes, quite eagerly: 'how can *I* marry the count? Besides, a'n't I married, and isn't he too great a lord for me?'

'Too great a lord?—not a whit, mother. If it wasn't for Hayes, I might be a lord now. He gave me five guineas only last week; but curse the skinflint who never will part with a shilling.'

'It's not so bad as his striking your mother, Tom; I had my stick up, and was ready to fell him t'other night,' added Mr. Wood. And herewith he smiled, and looked steadily in Mrs. Catherine's face. She dared not look again; but she felt that the old man knew a secret that she had been trying to hide from herself. Fool! he knew it; and Hayes knew it dimly: and never, never, since that day of the gala, had it left her, sleeping or waking. When Hayes, in his fear, had proposed to sleep away from her, she started with joy: she had been afraid that she might talk in her sleep, and so let slip her horrible confession!

Old Wood knew all her history since the period of the Marybone fête. He had wormed it out of her, day by day; he had counselled her how to act; warned her not to yield; to procure, at least, a certain provision for her son, and a handsome settlement for herself, if she determined on quitting her husband. The old man looked on the business in a proper philosophical light, told her bluntly that he saw she was bent upon going off with the count, and bade her take precautions, else she might be left as she had been before.

Catherine denied all these charges, but she saw the count daily, notwithstanding, and took all the measures which

Wood had recommended to her. There were very prudent ones: Galgenstein grew hourly more in love; never had he felt such a flame, not in the best days of his youth; not for the fairest princess, countess, or actress from Vienna to Paris.

At length—it was the night after he had seen Hayes counting his money-bags—old Wood spoke to Mrs. Hayes very seriously. 'That husband of yours, Cat,' said he, 'meditates some treason; aye, and fancies we are about such. He listens nightly at your door and at mine; he is going to leave you, be sure on't; and if he leaves you, he leaves you to starve.'

'I can be rich elsewhere,' said Mrs. Cat.

'What, with Max?'

'Aye, with Max, and why not?' said Mrs. Hayes.

'Why not, fool! Do you recollect Birmingham? Do you think that Galgenstein, who is so tender now because he *hasn't* won you, will be faithful because he *has?* Psha, woman, men are not made so! Don't go to him until you are sure; if you were a widow now, he would marry you; but never leave yourself at his mercy; if you were to leave your husband to go to him, he would desert you in a fortnight!'

She might have been a countess! she knew she might, but for this cursed barrier between her and her fortune. Wood knew what she was thinking of, and smiled grimly.

'Besides (he continued) remember Tom. As sure as you leave Hayes without some security from Max, the boy's ruined; he who might be a lord, if his mother had but—— Psha! never mind; that boy will go on the road, as sure as my name's Wood. He's a Turpin-cock in his eye, my dear,—a regular Tyburn look. He knows too many of that sort already, and is too fond of a bottle and a girl to resist and be honest when it comes to the pinch.'

'It's all true,' says Mrs. Hayes; 'Tom's a high mettlesome fellow, and would no more mind a ride on Hounslow Heath than he does a walk now in the Mall.'

'Do you want him hanged, my dear?' said Wood.

'Ah, doctor!'

'It *is* a pity, and that's sure,' concluded Mr. Wood, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing this interesting conversation. 'It is a pity that that old skinflint should be in the way of both your fortunes; and he about to fling you over, too!'

Mrs. Catherine retired musing, as Mr. Billings had previously done; a sweet smile of contentment lighted up the venerable features of Doctor Wood, and he walked abroad into the streets as happy a fellow as any in London.

CHAPTER XII

TREATS OF LOVE, AND PREPARES FOR DEATH

And to begin this chapter, we cannot do better than quote a part of a letter from M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty to Madame la Comtesse de X—— at Paris:—

'Madam,—The little Arouet de Voltaire, who hath come "hither to take a turn in England," as I see by the post of this morning, hath brought me a charming pacquet from your ladyship's hands, which ought to render a reasonable man happy; but, alas! makes your slave miserable. I think of dear Paris (and something more dear than all Paris, of which, madam, I may not venture to speak further)—I think of dear Paris, and find myself in this dismal *Vitehall*, where, when the fog clears up, I can catch a glimpse of muddy Thames, and of that fatal palace which the kings of England have been obliged to exchange for your noble castle of Saint Germains, that stands so stately by silver Seine. Truly, no bad bargain; for my part, I would give my grand ambassadorial saloons, hangings, gildings, feasts, valets, ambassadors and all, for a *bicoque* in sight of the Thuilleries' towers, or my little cell in the Irlandois.

'My last sheets have given you a pretty notion of our ambassador's public doings; now for a pretty piece of private scandal respecting that great man. Figure to yourself, madam, his excellency is in love, actually in love, talking day and night about a certain fair one whom he hath picked out of a gutter; who is wellnigh forty years old; who was his mistress when he was in England a captain of dragoons, some sixty, seventy, or a hundred years since; who hath had a son by him, moreover, a sprightly lad, apprentice to a tailor of eminence that has the honour of making his excellency's breeches.

'Since one fatal night when he met this fair creature at a certain place of publique resort, called Marylebone Gardens, our Cyrus hath been an altered creature. Love hath mastered this brainless ambassador, and his antics afford me food for perpetual mirth. He sits now opposite to me at a table, inditing a letter to his Catherine, and copying it from—what do you think?—from the *Grand Cyrus*. "*I swear, madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hand, as I have my heart long ago, and I beg you to bear* *in mind this declaration.*" I have just dictated to him the above tender words; for our envoy, I need not tell you, is not strong at writing or thinking.

'The fair Catherine, I must tell you, is no less than a carpenter's wife, a well-to-do bourgeois, living at the Tyburn, or Gallows Road. She found out her ancient lover very soon after our arrival, and hath a marvellous hankering to be a count's lady. A pretty little creature is this Madam Catherine. Billets, breakfasts, pretty walks, presents of silks and satins, pass daily between the pair; but, strange to say, the lady is as virtuous as Diana, and hath resisted all my count's cajoleries hitherto. The poor fellow told me, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he should have carried her by storm on the very first night of their meeting, but that her son stepped into the way, and he or somebody else hath been in the way ever since. Madam will never appear alone. I believe it is this wondrous chastity of the lady that has elicited this wondrous constancy of the gentleman. She is holding out for a settlement, who knows if not for a marriage? Her husband, she says, is ailing; her lover is fool enough, and she herself conducts her negotiations, as I must honestly own, with a pretty notion of diplomacy.'

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This is the only part of the reverend gentleman's letter that directly affects this history. The rest contains some scandal concerning greater personages about the court; a great share of abuse of the Elector of Hanover, and a pretty description of a boxing-match at Mr. Figg's amphitheatre in Oxford Road, where John Wells, of Edmund Bury (as by the papers may be seen), master of the noble science of self-defence, did engage with Edward Sutton, of Gravesend, master of the said science, and the issue of the combat.

'*N.B.* (adds the father, in a postscript) Monsieur Figue gives a hat to be cudgelled for before the Master mount; and the whole of this fashionable information hath been given me by monseigneur's son, Monsieur Billings, *garçon-tailleur*, Chevalier de Galgenstein.'

Mr. Billings was, in fact, a frequent visitor at the ambassador's house; to whose presence he, by a general order, was always admitted. As for the connexion between Mrs. Catherine and her former admirer, the abbé's history of it is perfectly correct; nor can it be said that this wretched woman, whose tale now begins to wear a darker hue, was, in anything but *soul*, faithless to her husband. But she hated him, longed to leave him, and loved another; the end was coming quickly, and every one of our unknowing actors and actresses were to be implicated, more or less, in the catastrophe.

It will be seen that Mrs. Cat had followed pretty closely the injunctions of Mr. Wood in regard to her dealings with the count, who grew more heart-stricken and tender daily, as the completion of his wishes was delayed, and his desires goaded by contradiction. The abbé has quoted one portion of a letter written by him ; here is the entire performance, extracted, as the holy father said, chiefly from the romance of the *Grand Cyrus* :—

'*Unhappy* MAXIMILIAN *unto unjust* CATHERINA.

'MADAM,—It must needs be that I love you better than any ever did, since, notwithstanding your injustice in calling me perfidious, I love you no less than I did before. On the contrary, my passion is so violent, and your unjust accusation makes me so sensible of it, that if you did but know the resentments of my soule, you would confess your selfe the most cruell and unjust woman in the world. You shall, ere long, madam, see me at your feete ; and as you were my first passion, so you will be my last.

'On my knees I will tell you, at the first handsom opportunity, that the grandure of my passion can only be equalled by your beauty ; it hath driven me to such a fatall necessity, as that I cannot hide the misery which you have caused. Sure, the hostil goddes have, to plague me, ordayned that fatal marridge, by which you are bound to one so infinitely below you in degree. Were that bond of ill-omind Hymen cut in twayn witch binds you, I swear, madam, that my happiniss woulde be to offer you this hande, as I have my harte long agoe. And I praye you to beare in minde the declaraçion, which I here sign with my hande, and witch I pray you may one day be called upon to prove the truth on. Beleave me, madam, that there is none in the world who doth more honor to your vertue than myselfe, nor who wishes your happinesse with more zeal than

MAXIMILIAN.

'From my lodgings in Whitehall, this 25th of February.

'*To the incomparable Catherina these*
with a scarlet satten petticoat.'

The count had debated about the sentence promising marriage in event of Hayes's death ; but the honest abbé cut these scruples very short, by saying, justly, that, because he wrote in that manner, there was no need for him to act so ; that he had better not sign and address the note in full ; and that he presumed his excellency was not quite so timid as to fancy that the woman would follow him all the way to Germany, when his diplomatic duties would be ended ; as they would soon.

The receipt of this billet caused such a flush of joy and exultation to unhappy happy Mrs. Catherine, that Wood did not fail to remark it, and speedily learned the contents of the letter. Wood had no need to bid the poor wretch guard it very carefully: it never from that day forth left her; it was her title of nobility,—her pass to rank, wealth, happiness. She began to look down on her neighbours; her manner to her husband grew more than ordinarily scornful; the poor, vain wretch longed to tell her secret, and to take her place openly in the world. She a countess, and Tom a count's son! She felt that she should royally become the title!

About this time—and Hayes was very much frightened at the prevalence of the rumour—it suddenly began to be bruited about in his quarter that he was going to quit the country. The story was in everybody's mouth; people used to sneer, when he turned pale, and wept, and passionately denied it. It was said, too, that Mrs. Hayes was not his wife, but his mistress—everybody had this story,—his mistress, whom he treated most cruelly, and was about to desert. The tale of the blow which had felled her to the ground was known in all quarters. When he declared that the woman tried to stab him, nobody believed him; the women said he would have been served right if she had done so. How had these stories gone abroad? 'Three days more, and I *will* fly,' thought Hayes; 'and the world may say what it pleases.'

Aye, fool, fly—away so swiftly, that Fate cannot overtake thee; hide so cunningly, that Death shall not find thy place of refuge!

CHAPTER XIII

BEING A PREPARATION FOR THE END

THE reader, doubtless, doth now partly understand what dark acts of conspiracy are beginning to gather around Mr. Hayes, and possibly hath comprehended,

1. That if the rumour was universally credited which declared that Mrs. Catherine was only Hayes's mistress, and not his wife,

She might, if she so inclined, marry another person, and thereby not injure her fame, and excite wonderment, but actually add to her reputation.

2. That if all the world did steadfastly believe that Mr. Hayes intended to desert this woman, after having cruelly maltreated her,

The direction which his journey might take would be of no consequence ; and he might go to Highgate, to Edinburgh, to Constantinople, nay, down a well, and no soul would care to ask whither he had gone.

These points Mr. Hayes had not considered duly. The latter case had been put to him, and annoyed him, as we have seen ; the former had actually been pressed upon him by Mrs. Hayes herself, who, in almost the only communication she had had with him since their last quarrel, had asked him, angrily, in the presence of Wood and her son, whether he had dared to utter such lies, and how it came to pass that the neighbours looked scornfully at her, and avoided her ?

To this charge Mr. Hayes pleaded, very meekly, that he was not guilty ; and young Billings, taking him by the collar, and clinching his fist in his face, swore a dreadful oath that he would have the life of him, if he dared abuse his mother. Mrs. Hayes then spoke of the general report abroad, that he was going to desert her ; which, if he attempted to do, Mr. Billings vowed that he would follow him to Jerusalem, and have his blood. These threats, and the insolent language of young Billings, rather calmed Hayes than agitated him : he longed to be on his journey, but he began to hope that no obstacle would be placed in the way of it. For the first time since many days, he began to enjoy a feeling something akin to security, and could look with tolerable confidence towards a comfortable completion of his own schemes of treason.

These points being duly settled, we are now arrived, O public, at a point, for which the author's soul hath been yearning ever since this history commenced. We are now come, O critic, to a stage of the work when this tale begins to assume an appearance so interestingly horrific, that you must have a heart of stone if you are not interested by it. We are now prepared, O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of the hideous scenes of brutal bloodshed which have of late come forth from pens of certain eminent wits, to give to the world a scene infinitely more brutal and bloody than even the murder of Miss Nancy, or the death of Sir Rowland Trenchard; if you turn away disgusted from the book, remember that this passage hath not been written for you, or such as you, who have taste to know and hate the style in which it hath been composed; but for the public, which hath no such taste, —for the public, which can patronize four different representations of Jack Sheppard,—for the public, whom its literary providers have gorged with blood, and foul Newgate garbage,—and to whom we poor creatures, humbly following at the tail of our great high-priests and prophets of the press, may, as in duty bound, offer some small gift of our own,—a little mite truly, but given with goodwill. Come up, then, fair Catherine, and brave count,—appear, gallant Brock, and faultless Billings,—hasten hither, honest John Hayes: the former chapters are but flowers in which we have been decking you for the sacrifice; ascend to the altar, ye innocent lambs, and prepare for the final act; lo! the knife is sharpened, and the sacrificer ready! Stretch your throats, sweet ones,—for our god, the public, is thirsty, and must have blood!

CHAPTER THE LAST

That Mr. Hayes had some notion of the attachment of Monsieur de Galgenstein for his wife is very certain: the man could not but perceive that she was more gaily dressed, and more frequently absent than usual; and must have been quite aware, that from the day of the quarrel until the present period Catherine had never asked him for a shilling for the house expenses. He had not the heart to offer, however; nor, in truth, did she seem to remember that money was due.

She received, in fact, many sums from the tender count. Tom was likewise liberally provided by the same personage; who was, moreover, continually sending presents of various kinds to the person on whom his affections were centred.

One of these gifts was a hamper of choice mountain wine, which had been some weeks in the house, and excited the longing of Mr. Hayes, who loved wine very much. This liquor was generally drank by Wood and Billings, who applauded it greatly ; and many times, in passing through the back-parlour, which he had to traverse in order to reach the stair, Hayes had cast a tender eye towards the drink, of which, had he dared, he would have partaken.

On the 1st of March, in the year 1726, Mr. Hayes had gathered together almost the whole sum with which he intended to decamp ; and having on that very day recovered the amount of a bill which he thought almost hopeless, he returned home in tolerable good-humour, and feeling, so near was his period of departure, something like security. Nobody had attempted the least violence on him ; besides, he was armed with pistols, had his money in bills and a belt about his person, and really reasoned with himself that there was no danger for him to apprehend.

He entered the house about dusk, at five o'clock. Mrs. Hayes was absent with Mr. Billings ; only Mr. Wood was smoking, according to his wont, in the little back-parlour ; and as Mr. Hayes passed, the old gentleman addressed him in a friendly voice, and, wondering that he had been such a stranger, invited him to sit and take a glass of wine. There was a light and a foreman in the shop ; Mr. Hayes gave his injunctions to that person, and saw no objection to Mr. Wood's invitation.

The conversation, at first a little stiff between the two gentlemen, began speedily to grow more easy and confidential ; and so particularly bland and good-humoured was Mr., or Doctor, Wood, that his companion was quite caught, and softened by the charm of his manner, and the pair became as good friends as in former days of their intercourse.

'I wish you would come down sometimes of evenings,' quoth Doctor Wood ; 'for, though no book-learned man, Mr. Hayes, look you, you are a man of the world, and I can't abide the society of boys. There's Tom, now, since this tiff with Mrs. Cat, the scoundrel plays the Grand Turk here ! The pair of 'em, betwixt them, have completely gotten the upper hand of you. Confess that you are beaten, Master Hayes, and don't like the boy.'

'No more I do,' said Hayes ; 'and that's the truth on't.' A man doth not like to have his wife's sins flung in his face, nor to be perpetually bullied in his own house by such a fiery sprig as that ! '

'Mischief, sir,—mischief only,' said Wood; ''tis the fun of youth, sir, and will go off as age comes to the lad. Bad as you may think him—and he is as skittish and fierce, sure enough, as a young colt—there is good stuff in him; and though he hath, or fancies he hath, the right to abuse every one, by the Lord he will let none others do so! Last week, now, didn't he tell Mrs. Cat that you served her right in the last betting matter? and weren't they coming to knives, just as in your case? By my faith, they were. Aye, and at the Braund's Head, when some fellow said that you were a bloody Bluebeard, and would murder your wife, stab me if Tom wasn't up in an instant, and knocked the fellow down for abusing of you!'

The first of these stories was quite true; the second was only a charitable invention of Mr. Wood, and employed, doubtless, for the amiable purpose of bringing the old and young men together. The scheme partially succeeded; for, though Hayes was not so far mollified towards Tom as to entertain any affection for a young man whom he had cordially detested ever since he knew him, yet he felt more at ease and cheerful regarding himself, and surely not without reason. While indulging in these benevolent sentiments, Mrs. Catherine and her son arrived, and found, somewhat to their astonishment, Mr. Hayes seated in the back-parlour, as in former times; and they were invited by Mr. Wood to sit down and drink.

We have said that certain bottles of mountain wine were presented by the count to Mrs. Catherine: these were, at Mr. Wood's suggestion, produced; and Hayes, who had long been coveting them, was charmed to have an opportunity to drink his fill. He forthwith began bragging of his great powers as a drinker, and vowed that he could manage eight bottles without becoming intoxicated.

Mr. Wood grinned strangely, and looked in a peculiar way at Tom Billings, who grinned too. Mrs. Cat's eyes were turned towards the ground; but her face was deadly pale.

The party began drinking. Hayes kept up his reputation as a toper, and swallowed one, two, three bottles without wincing. He grew talkative and merry, and began to sing songs, and to cut jokes; at which Wood laughed hugely, and Billings after him. Mrs. Cat could not laugh; but sat silent. What ailed her? Was she thinking of the count? She had been with Max that day, and had promised him, for the next night at ten, an interview near his lodgings at Whitehall. It was the first time that she would see him alone. They were to meet (not a very cheerful place for a love-tryst) at St. Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey. Of this, no doubt, Cat was thinking; but what could she mean by whispering to Wood, 'No, no! for God's sake, not to-night!'

'She means we are to have no more liquor,' said Wood to Mr. Hayes, who heard this sentence, and seemed rather alarmed.

'That's it,—no more liquor,' said Catherine, eagerly; 'you have had enough to-night. Go to bed, and lock your door, and sleep, Mr. Hayes.'

'But I say I've *not* had enough drink!' screamed Hayes; 'I'm good for five bottles more, and wager I will drink them, too.'

'Done, for a guinea!' said Wood.

'Done, and done!' said Billings.

'Be *you* quiet!' growled Hayes, scowling at the lad; 'I will drink what I please, and ask no counsel of yours;' and he muttered some more curses against young Billings, which showed what his feelings were towards his wife's son; and which the latter, for a wonder, only received with a scornful smile, and a knowing look at Wood.

Well, the five extra bottles were brought, and drank by Mr. Hayes; and seasoned by many songs from the *recueil* of Mr. Thomas D'Urfey and others. The chief part of the talk and merriment was on Hayes's part, as, indeed, was natural,—for, while he drank bottle after bottle of wine, the other two gentlemen confined themselves to small beer,—both pleading illness as an excuse for their sobriety.

And now might we depict, with much accuracy, the course of Mr. Hayes's intoxication, as it rose from the merriment of the three-bottle point to the madness of the four—from the uproarious quarrelsomeness of the sixth bottle to the sickly stupidity of the seventh; but we are desirous of bringing this tale to a conclusion, and must pretermit all consideration of a subject so curious, so instructive, and so delightful. Suffice it to say, as a matter of history, that Mr. Hayes did actually drink seven bottles of mountain wine; and that Mr. Thomas Billings went to the Braund's Head, in Bond Street, and purchased another, which Hayes likewise drank.

'That'll do,' said Mr. Wood to young Billings; and they led Hayes up to bed, whither, in truth, he was unable to walk himself.

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Mrs. Springatt, the lodger, came down to ask what the noise was. ''Tis only Tom Billings making merry with some friends from the country,' answered Mrs. Hayes; whereupon Springatt retired, and the house was quiet.

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Some scuffling and stamping was heard about eleven o'clock.

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After they had seen Mr. Hayes to bed, Billings remembered that he had a parcel to carry to some person in the neighbourhood of the Strand; and, as the night was remarkably fine, he and Mr. Wood agreed to walk together, and set forth accordingly.

[Here follows a description of the THAMES AT MIDNIGHT, in a fine historical style, with an account of Lambeth, Westminster, the Savoy, Baynard's Castle, Arundel House, the Temple; of Old London Bridge, with its twenty arches, 'on which be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall street than a bridge;' of Bankside, and the Globe and the Fortune Theatres; of the ferries across the river, and of the pirates who infest the same,—namely, tinklermen, petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen; of the fleet of barges that lay at the Savoy steps; and of the long lines of slim wherries sleeping on the river-banks, and basking and shining in the moonbeams. A combat on the river is described, that takes place between the crews of a tinklerman's boat and the water-bailiff's. Shouting his war-cry, 'St. Mary Overy, *à la rescousse!*' the water-bailiff sprung at the throat of the tinklerman captain. The crews of both vessels, as if aware that the struggle of their chiefs would decide the contest, ceased hostilities, and awaited on their respective poops the issue of the death-shock. It was not long coming. 'Yield, dog!' said the water-bailiff. The tinklerman could not answer,—for his throat was grasped too tight in the iron clench of the city-champion; but drawing his snickersnee, he plunged it seven times in the bailiff's chest: still the latter fell not. The death-rattle gurgled in the throat of his opponent; his arms fell heavily to his side. Foot to foot, each standing at the side of his boat, stood the two brave men,—

they were both dead! 'In the name of St. Clement Danes,' said the master, 'give way, my men!' and, thrusting forward his halberd (seven feet long, richly decorated with velvet and brass nails, and having the city arms, argent a cross gules, and in the first quarter a dagger displayed of the second), he thrust the tinklerman's boat away from his own; and at once the bodies of the captains plunged down, down, down, down, in the unfathomable waters.

After this follows another episode. Two masked ladies quarrel at the door of a tavern overlooking the Thames: they turn out to be Stella and Vanessa, who have followed Swift thither; who is in the act of reading *Gulliver's Travels* to Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Pope. Two fellows are sitting, shuddering, under a doorway; to one of them Tom Billings flung a sixpence. He little knew that the names of those two young men were—*Samuel Johnson* and *Richard Savage.*]

ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER

Mr. Hayes did not join the family the next day; and it appears that the previous night's reconciliation was not very durable; for when Mrs. Springatt asked Wood for Hayes, Mr. Wood stated that Hayes had gone away, without saying whither he was bound, or how long he might be absent. He only said, in rather a sulky tone that he should probably pass the night at a friend's house. 'For my part, I know of no friend he hath,' added Mr. Wood; 'and pray Heaven that he may not think of deserting his poor wife, whom he hath beaten and ill-used so already!' In this prayer Mrs. Springatt joined, and so these two worthy people parted.

What business Billings was about cannot be said; but he was this night bound towards Marybone Fields, as he was the night before for the Strand and Westminster; and, although the night was very stormy and rainy, as the previous evening had been fine, old Wood good-naturedly resolved upon accompanying him; and forth they sallied together.

Mrs. Catherine, too, had *her* business, as we have seen; but this was of a very delicate nature. At nine o'clock, she had an appointment with the count; and faithfully, by that hour, had found her way to St. Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey, where she awaited Monsieur de Galgenstein.

The spot was convenient, being very lonely, and at the same time close to the count's lodgings, at Whitehall. His excellency came, but somewhat after the hour; for, to say the truth, being a freethinker, he had the most firm belief in ghosts and demons, and did not care to pace a churchyard alone. He was comforted, therefore, when he saw a woman muffled in a cloak, who held out her hand to him at the gate, and said, 'Is that you?' He took her hand,—it was very clammy and cold; and at her desire he bade his confidential footman, who had attended him with a torch, to retire, and leave him to himself.

The torch-bearer retired, and left them quite in darkness; and the pair entered the little cemetery, cautiously threading their way among the tombs. They sate down on one, underneath a tree it seemed to be; the wind was very cold, and its piteous howling was the only noise that broke the silence of the place. Catherine's teeth were chattering, for all her wraps; and when Max drew her close to him, and encircled her waist with one arm, and pressed her hand, she did not repulse him, but rather came close to him, and with her own damp fingers feebly returned his pressure.

The poor thing was very wretched, and weeping. She confided to Max the cause of her grief. She was alone in the world,—alone and penniless. Her husband had left her; she had that very day received a letter from him which confirmed all that she had suspected so long. He had left her, carried away all his property, and would not return!

If we say that a selfish joy filled the breast of Monsieur de Galgenstein, the reader will not be astonished. A heartless libertine, he felt glad at the prospect of Catherine's ruin; for he hoped that necessity would make her his own. He clasped the poor thing to his heart, and vowed that he would replace the husband she had lost, and that his fortune should be hers.

'Will you replace him?' said she.

'Yes, truly, in everything but the name, dear Catherine; and when he dies, I swear you shall be Countess of Galgenstein.'

'Will you swear?' she cried, eagerly.

'By everything that is most sacred, were you free now, I would ' (and here he swore a terrific oath) ' at once make you mine.'

We have seen before that it cost Monsieur de Galgenstein nothing to make these vows. Hayes was likely, too, to live as long as Catherine—as long, at least, as the count's connexion with her ; but he was caught in his own snare.

She took his hand and kissed it repeatedly, and bathed it in her tears, and pressed it to her bosom. ' Max,' she said, ' *I am free !* Be mine, and I will love you as I have done for years and years.'

Max started back : ' What, is he dead ? ' he said.

' No, no, not dead ; but he never was my husband.'

He let go her hand, and, interrupting her, said sharply, ' Indeed, madam, if this carpenter never was your husband, I see no cause why *I* should be. If a lady, who hath been for twenty years the mistress of a miserable country boor, cannot find it in her heart to put up with the protection of a nobleman—a sovereign's representative—she may seek a husband elsewhere ! '

'I was no man's mistress except yours,' sobbed Catherine, wringing her hands and sobbing wildly : ' but, O Heaven ! I deserved this—because I was a child, and you saw, and ruined, and left me—because, in my sorrow and repentance, I wished to repair my crime, and was touched by that man's love, and married him—because he too deceives and leaves me—because, after loving you—madly loving you for twenty years, I will not now forfeit your respect, and degrade myself by yielding to your will, you too must scorn me ! It is too much—too much, O Heaven ! ' And the wretched woman fell back almost fainting.

Max was almost frightened by this burst of sorrow on her part, and was coming forward to support her ; but she motioned him away, and, taking from her bosom a letter, said, ' If it were light, you could see, Max, how cruelly I have been betrayed by that man who called himself my husband. Long before he married me, he was married to another. This woman is still living, he says ; and he says he leaves me for ever.'

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind Westminster Abbey, rose above the vast black mass of that edifice, and poured a flood of silver light upon the little church of St. Margaret's, and the spot where the lovers stood. Max was at a little distance from Catherine, pacing gloomily up and down the flags. She remained at her old position, at the tombstone under the tree, or pillar, as it seemed to be, as the moon got up. She was leaning against the latter, and holding out to Max, with an arm beautifully white and rounded, the letter she had received from her husband. ‘Read it, Max,’ she said: ‘I asked for light, and here is Heaven’s own, by which you may read.’

But Max did not come forward to receive it. On a sudden his face assumed a look of the most dreadful surprise and agony. He stood still, and stared with wild eyes starting from their sockets: he stared upwards at a point seemingly above Catherine’s head. At last he raised up his finger slowly, and said, ‘Look, Cat—*the head—the head!*’ Then uttering a horrible laugh, he fell grovelling down among the stones, gibbering and writhing in a fit of epilepsy.

Catherine started forward and looked up. She had been standing against a post, not a tree—the moon was shining full on it now; and on the summit, strangely distinct, and smiling ghastly, was a livid human head.

The wretched woman fled—she dared look no more. And some hours afterwards, when, alarmed by the count’s continued absence, his confidential servant came back to seek for him in the churchyard, he was found sitting on the flags, staring full at the head, and laughing, and talking to it wildly, and nodding at it. He was taken up a hopeless idiot, and so lived for years and years, clanking the chain, and moaning under the lash, and howling through long nights when the moon peered through the bars of his solitary cell, and he buried his face in the straw.

There—the murder is out! And having indulged himself in a chapter of the very finest writing, the author begs the attention of the British public towards it, humbly conceiving that it possesses some of those peculiar merits which have rendered the fine writing in other chapters of the works of other authors so famous.

Without bragging at all, let us just point out the chief claims of the above pleasing piece of composition. In the first place, it is perfectly stilted and unnatural; the dialogue and the sentiments being artfully arranged, so as to be as strong and majestic as possible. Our dear Cat is but a poor, illiterate country wench, who has come from cutting her husband's throat; and yet, see! she talks and looks like a tragedy princess, who is suffering in the most virtuous blank verse. This is the proper end of fiction, and one of the greatest triumphs that a novelist can achieve; for to make people sympathize with virtue is a vulgar trick that any common fellow can do; but it is not everybody who can take a scoundrel, and cause us to weep and whimper over him as though he were a very saint. Give a young lady of five years old a skein of silk and a brace of netting-needles, and she will in a short time turn you out a decent silk purse—anybody can; but try her with a sow's ear, and see whether she can make a silk purse out of *that*. That is the work for your real great artist; and pleasant it is to see how many have succeeded in these latter days.

In the next place, if Mr. Yates, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Crummles, and other *entrepreneurs* of theatres, are at a loss for theatrical novelties, the following scene is humbly recommended to their notice, as affording a pretty thrill of horror:—

WESTMINSTER AT MIDNIGHT

(*Organs heard in Westminster Abbey*)

THE MEETING AMONG THE TOMBS

THE RISING OF THE STORM!

THE SETTING OF DITTO!!

THE RISING OF THE MOON!!!

The Head! The Head!

Fake away!—all the world will rush to the spectacle; and a very pretty one it will be.

The subject, too, is strictly historical, as any one may see by referring to the *Daily Post* of March 3, 1726, which contains the following paragraph:—

'Yesterday morning, early, a man's head, that by the freshness of it seemed to have been newly cut off from the body, having its own hair on, was found by the river's side, near Millbank, Westminster, and was afterwards exposed to public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard, where thousands of people have seen it; but none could tell who the unhappy person was, much less who committed such a horrid and barbarous action. There are various conjectures relating to the deceased; but there being nothing certain, we omit them. The head was much hacked and mangled in the cutting off.'

The same paper adds, that there will be performed, at the theatre-royal in Drury Lane, by their royal highness's command, for the benefit of Mrs. Oldfield,

THE PROVOKED WIFE.

And if this be not incident enough, we have some more in store, which will make the fortune of any theatrical piece, especially if set off with a little broad comedy, and some good songs and jokes, such as may easily be thrown in. For now, having come to that part of the history of poor Cat and her friends, of which an accomplished and reverend writer, the ordinary of Newgate, has given a most careful recital, it will be needless to go to any trouble ourselves upon the subject; and we shall be content with arranging and condensing the ordinary's narrative.

The head which caused such an impression upon Monsieur de Galgenstein was, indeed, once on the shoulders of Mr. John Hayes, who lost it under the following circumstances. We have seen how Mr. Hayes was induced to drink. Having encouraged Mr. Hayes in drinking the wine, and he growing very merry therewith, he sung and danced about the room; but his wife, fearing the quantity he had drunk would not have the wished-for effect on him, she sent away for another bottle, of which he drunk also, which effectually answered their expectations; and Mr. Hayes became thereby intoxicated, and deprived of his understanding.

He, however, made shift to get into the other room, and, throwing himself upon the bed, fell asleep: upon which Mrs. Hayes reminded them of the affair in hand, and told them that was the most proper juncture to finish the business.

Hereupon Billings went into the other room where Mr. Hayes lay sleeping, and going to the bedside with a coal-hatchet in his hand, struck Mr. Hayes on the back of the head, whereby he broke his skull. The violence of the blow, and the agony of the pain, caused Mr. Hayes to stamp on the ground five or six times with his feet, which hung over the bedside: whereupon Thomas Wood came into the room, and struck him twice more with the same instrument, though the first blow had done his business effectually.

Upon the noise Mr. Hayes made with his feet, as abovementioned, Mrs. Springatt, who lodged up in the garret over Mr. Hayes's room, came down to inquire the occasion thereof, complaining that the disturbance was so great that she could not sleep for it. To which Mrs. Hayes answered that they had some company there, who, having been drinking, had grown merry; but as they would be going immediately, desired her not to be uneasy.

This satisfied Mrs. Springatt for the present; and she turned back, and went to bed again, not expecting to hear anything further.

When the murderers perceived that Hayes was quite dead, they debated on what manner they should dispose of the body; and several expedients were proposed to remove it, in order to prevent a discovery: but that which appeared most feasible was of Catherine's own contrivance. She said if the body was carried away whole, it might be known, and a discovery would be thereby made, and therefore proposed that the head should be cut off; and then the body being removed, could not be known.

This being resolved on, they got a pail, and the murderess carrying a candle, they all three went into the room where the deceased lay, where Catherine held the pail, Wood supported the head, and Billings cut it off with his pocket-knife,—having first dragged the body over the side of the bed, that the blood might not stain the clothes.

The head being thus cut off, and the body having done bleeding, they poured the blood into a wooden sink out of the window, and threw several pails of water after it to wash it away. Mrs. Hayes then proposed, in order to prevent a discovery, that she would take the head and boil it in a pot, till only the skin remained, whereby it would be altogether impossible for anybody to distinguish to whom it belonged.

This might have been approved of, only it was not altogether so expeditious. It was determined, though, that Wood and Billings should take the head in a pail, and carry it down to the Thames, and throw it in there. This was approved of; and Billings, taking the head in the pail under his great-coat, went downstairs, with Wood, to dispose thereof, as had been before agreed upon.

Springatt, hearing a bustling in Mrs. Hayes's room, called again to know who it was. To which Mrs. Hayes answered it was her husband, who was going a journey into the country; and pretended to take a formal leave of him, expressing her sorrow that he was obliged to go out of town at that time of night, and her fear lest any accident should befall him.

Billings and Wood being thus gone to dispose of the head, went towards Whitehall, intending to have thrown the same into the river there; but the gates being shut, they were obliged to go onwards as far as Mr. Macroth's wharf, near the Horseferry, at Westminster; where Billings setting down the pail from under his great-coat, Wood took up the same, with the head therein, and threw it into the dock before the wharf. It was expected the same would have been carried away with the tide; but the water then ebbing, it was left behind. There were some lighters lying near the dock; and one of the lightermen, being then walking on board, saw them throw the pail into the dock; but it being then too dark to discover them clearly, and having no suspicion, he thought no more of the affair.

They now returned back, and arriving about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Hayes let them in; and they found she had been busily employed in scraping the floor, and washing the walls, &c. They now all went into the fore-room; and Billings and Wood went to bed, Mrs. Hayes sitting by them the remainder of the night.

In the morning of the 2nd of March, soon after the break of day, one Robinson, a watchman, saw a man's head lying in the dock, and a pail near it. He called some persons to assist in taking up the head; and finding the pail bloody, they conjectured that the head had been brought thither in it. Their suspicions were fully confirmed by the lighterman, who saw the head thrown in, as above mentioned.

It was now time for the murderers to consider how they should dispose of the body; which Mrs. Hayes and Wood proposed to put into a box, where it might lie concealed till they had a convenient opportunity to remove it. This being determined upon, she brought a box; but, on endeavouring to put the body in, they found the box was not big enough to hold it. Mrs. Hayes then proposed to cut off the arms and legs; but still the box would not hold it. They then cut off the thighs; and laying the limbs in the box, concealed the same till night.

The finding of Hayes's head had, in the meanwhile, alarmed the town, and information was given to the neighbouring justices of the peace. The parish-officers did all that was possible towards the discovery of the murderers; they caused the head to be cleaned, the face to be washed from the dirt and blood, and the hair to be combed; and then the head to be set up on a post in public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, that everybody might have free access to the same; with some of the parish-officers to attend, hoping by that means a discovery might be made. Other precautions were taken, and a strict watch kept; and the head continued to be exposed for some days, drawing prodigious crowds to see the same, but without any discovery of the murderers.

On the 2nd March, in the evening, Catherine Hayes, Wood, and Billings took the body and disjointed members out of the box, and wrapped them in two blankets—the body in one, and the limbs in the other. Billings and Wood first took the body, and, about nine o'clock in the evening, carried it by turns into Marybone Fields, and threw the same into a pond; which Wood, in the daytime, had been hunting for; and, returning back again about eleven the same night, took up the limbs in the other old blanket, and carried them by turns to the same place, and threw them in there also.

On that same day two people saw the head; and one who was acquainted with Mrs. Hayes communicated the fact to her, but she smartly reprimanded the fellow for raising false and scandalous reports. Another person mentioned the same suspicions to Billings, at a public-house, but the latter said Hayes was quite well, and he had seen him in bed that morning.

On the 3rd of March, Wood went away into the country, and soon after Mrs. Hayes removed from the house where the murder was committed. Several inquiries were made regarding Hayes, but these she evaded, and now employed herself in collecting as much of her husband's property as she possibly could; and finding, among other papers, a bond due to Mr. Hayes from one Davis, who had married his sister, she wrote to him on the 14th March in her husband's name, and threatened to sue him for the money.

In the meantime the head had been taken down from the pole and was preserved in spirits; and among the thousands who went to see it was one, a poor woman, from Kingsland, whose husband had been absent since the 1st of March, and who fancied that the head resembled him. Mrs. Hayes, to satisfy her neighbours with regard to her husband's disappearance, now said he had killed a man in a duel, and was forced to fly the country.

But one or two of Hayes's acquaintances began to have suspicions, and going to see the head, declared their full belief that it was Hayes's; upon which they went before Justice Lambert, who, at their desire, issued a warrant for the apprehension of Catherine Hayes, Thomas Wood, Thomas Billings, and Mary Springatt. Wood was absent, but Hayes, Billings, and Springatt were seized and committed each to a separate prison for further examination. They would acknowledge nothing of the murder, and Hayes demanded to see the head, which was accordingly shown to her.

As soon as she saw it in its glass case, she threw herself on her knees and said, 'Oh, it is my dear husband's head—it is my dear husband's head!' and embracing the glass in her arms, kissed the outside of it several times. On this she was told that if it was Hayes's head she should have a nearer view of it, and it should be taken out of the glass in order that she might have a full view thereof. Accordingly, taking hold of it by the hair, the surgeon, who had preserved it, lifted it out of the glass and brought it to Catherine, who catched hold of it and kissed it, and begged to have a lock of the hair, but the surgeon told her he feared she had had already too much blood. She fainted away, and was, on a further examination before Mr. Lambert, committed to Newgate to take her trial.

On the Sunday following, Wood, who had not heard of the apprehension of his companions, came into town, was seized, and, in like manner, examined before the magistrates; and finding that it was impossible to prevent a full discovery or evade the proofs that were against him, he was induced to make a full confession of the affair, and did so, as has been related above.

After this Billings confessed; and, as it appeared from their statements that Springatt was quite innocent, she was set free. At their trial the two men pleaded guilty; but

Catherine Hayes, who denied all share in the murder, declared herself not guilty. She was condemned, however, with her two associates, and sentence of death was passed upon them as usual—namely, Wood and Billings were condemned to be hanged, and Mrs. Hayes to be burnt alive.

While in prison Catherine, both before and after her trial, was perpetually sending messages to, and inquiring after, Billings; and out of such money as the other had with her, or was given to her while in prison by charitable persons, she would send and give the greatest share of it to him.

Wood, while in prison, contracted a violent fever, which preyed upon him in a severe manner; and on Wednesday, the 4th May, died in the condemned hold.

After sentence Mrs. Hayes behaved herself with more indifference than might have been expected from one in her circumstances. She frequently expressed herself to be under no concern at her approaching death; she showed more concern for Billings than for herself; and when in the chapel, would sit with her hand in his, and lean her head upon his shoulder. For this she was reprimanded, as showing her esteem for the murderer of her husband; notwithstanding which reason she would not desist, but continued the same until the minute of her death; one of her last expressions to the executioner, as she was going from the sledge to the stake, being an inquiry whether he had hanged her dear child.

And, finally, we add the following paragraph in the *Daily Journal*, Tuesday, May 10, 1726:—

'Yesterday Thomas Billings was hanged in chains within one hundred yards of the gallows on the road to Paddington.

'Catherine Hayes, as soon as the other was executed, was, pursuant to a special order, made fast to a stake with a chain round her waist, her feet on the ground, and a halter round her neck, the end whereof went through a hole made in the stake for that purpose. The fuel being placed round her and lighted with a torch, she begged, for the sake of Jesus, to be strangled first; whereupon the executioner drew tight the halter, but the flame coming to his hand, in the space of a second he let it go, when she gave three dreadful shrieks; but the flames taking her on all sides she was heard no more, and the executioner throwing a piece of timber into the fire, it broke her skull, when her brains came plentifully out, and, in the course of an hour, she was entirely reduced to ashes.

‘ Just before the execution, a scaffold, that had been built near Tyburn, and had about one hundred and fifty people upon it, fell down ’——on which, if the reader pleases, he may fancy that his reverence, the Irish chaplain, was seated to see the show, and was among the killed : and so the slate is clean, and the sponge has wiped away all the figures that have been inscribed in our story.

. . . . . .

[All this presents a series of delightful subjects for the artist and the theatre:—

These four might go nicely into one plate.

1. Hayes dancing.
   (*Comic Song. Wood, Billings, and Mrs. Cat, in chorus.*)
2. Hayes in Bed. ‘ Now's the Time ! ’
3. The first Stroke with the Axe ! !
4. The Finisher. (*Drinking Chorus.*)

A Grand Tableau

MRS. CATHERINE CUTTING OFF HER HUSBAND'S HEAD

1. The Carrying of the Pail.
2. The Thames at Midnight. The Emptying of the Pail.
3. The Thames at Low-water. Discovery of the Head.
4. St. Margaret's by Moonlight. The Head on the Pole !

Grand Tableau

THE MANIAC AMBASSADOR

1. Old Marybone Fields—evening.
2. The Carrying of the Legs !
3. The Bearers of the Trunk !
4. The Discovery at the Pond !

Grand Tableau

THE SEIZURE, AND THE APPEARANCE BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES

1. The Death of Wood in Prison.
2. Catherine kissing her Husband's Head !
3. The Way to the Scaffold !
4. The Gallows and the Stake !

Grand Tableau. Finale. Blue Lights. Green Lights.
The whole strength of the Band.

CATHERINE BURNING AT THE STAKE! BILLINGS HANGED IN THE BACKGROUND!! THE THREE SCREAMS OF THE VICTIM!!!

The Executioner dashes her brains out with a billet.

The Curtain falls to slow Music.

God save the Queen No money returned.

Children in arms encouraged, rather than otherwise.]

Ring, ding, ding! the gloomy green curtain drops, the *dramatis personae* are duly disposed of, the nimble candle-snuffers put out the lights, and the audience goeth pondering home. If the critic take the pains to ask why the author, who hath been so diffuse in describing the early and fabulous acts of Mrs. Catherine's existence, should so hurry off the catastrophe where a deal of the very finest writing might have been employed, Solomons replies that the 'ordinary' narrative as above condensed by him, is far more emphatic than any composition of his own could be, with all the rhetorical graces which he might employ. Mr. Aram's trial, as taken by the penny-a-liners of those days, hath always interested him more than the lengthened and poetical report which an eminent novelist (who hath lately, in compliment to his writings, been gratified by a permission to wear a bloody hand) has given of the same. Mr. Turpin's adventures are more instructive and agreeable to him in the account of the Newgate Plutarch, than in the learned Ainsworth's *Biographical Dictionary;* and as he believes that the professional gentlemen who are employed to invest such heroes with the rewards that their great actions merit, will go through the ceremony of the grand cordon with much more accuracy and dispatch than can be shown by the most distinguished amateur; in like manner he thinks that the history of such investitures should be written by people directly concerned, and not by admiring persons without, who must be ignorant of many of the secrets of ketchcraft. We very much doubt if Milton himself could make a description of an execution half so horrible as yonder simple lines from the *Daily Post* of a hundred and ten years since, that now lies before us, 'herrlich wie am ersten tag,'—as bright and clean as on the day of publication. Think of it! it has been read by

Belinda at her toilet, scanned at Button's and Will's, sneered at by wits, talked of in palaces and cottages by a busy race in wigs, red heels, hoops, patches, and rags of all variety—a busy race that hath long since plunged and vanished in the unfathomable gulf, towards which we march so briskly.

Where are they ? 'Afflavit Deus,'—and they are gone ! Hark ! is not the same wind roaring still that shall sweep us down ? and yonder stands the compositor at his types who shall put up a pretty paragraph some day to say how, '*Yesterday*, at his house in Grosvenor Square ;' or, 'At Botany Bay, universally regretted,' died So-and-so. Into what profound moralities is the paragraph concerning Mrs. Catherine's burning leading us !

Aye, truly, and to that very point have we wished to come ; for, having finished our delectable meal, it behoves us to say a word or two by way of grace at its conclusion, and be heartily thankful that it is over. It has been the writer's object carefully to exclude from his drama (except in two very insignificant instances—mere walking gentlemen parts), any characters but those of scoundrels of the very highest degree. That he has not altogether failed in the object he had in view, is evident from some newspaper critiques which he has had the good fortune to see ; and which abuse the tale of *Catherine* as one of the dullest, most vulgar and immoral works extant. It is highly gratifying to the author to find that such opinions are abroad, as they convince him that the taste for Newgate literature is on the wane, and that when the public critic has right down undisguised immorality set before him, the honest creature is shocked at it, as he should be, and can declare his indignation in good round terms of abuse. The characters of the tale *are* immoral, and no doubt of it ; but the writer humbly hopes the end is not so. The public was, in our notion, dosed and poisoned by the prevailing style of literary practice, and it was necessary to administer some medicine that would produce a wholesome nausea, and afterwards bring about a more healthy habit.

And, thank Heaven, this effect *has* been produced in very many instances, and that the *Catherine* cathartic has acted most efficaciously. The author has been pleased, sir, at the disgust which his work has excited, and has watched with benevolent carefulness the wry faces that have been made by many of the patients who have swallowed the dose. Solomons remembers, at the establishment in Birchin Lane, where he had the honour of receiving his education, there used to be administered to the boys a certain cough-medicine, which was so excessively agreeable that all the lads longed to have colds in order to partake of the remedy. Sir, some of our popular novelists have compounded their drugs in a similar way, and made them so palatable, that a public, once healthy and honest, has been wellnigh poisoned by their wares. Solomons defies anyone to say the like of himself—that his doses have been as pleasant as champagne, and his pills as sweet as barley-sugar;—it has been his attempt to make vice to appear entirely vicious; and in those instances where he hath occasionally introduced something like virtue, to make the sham as evident as possible, and not allow the meanest capacity a single chance to mistake it.

And what has been the consequence? That wholesome nausea which it has been his good fortune to create wherever he has been allowed to practise in his humble circle.

Has anyone thrown away a halfpenny-worth of sympathy upon any person mentioned in this history? Surely no. But abler and more famous men than Solomons have taken a different plan; and it becomes every man in his vocation to cry out against such, and expose their errors as best he may.

To begin with Mr. Dickens. No one has read that remarkable tale of *Oliver Twist* without being interested in poor Nancy and her murderer; and especially amused and tickled by the gambols of the Artful Dodger and his companions. The power of the writer is so amazing, that the reader at once becomes his captive, and must follow him whithersoever he leads; and to what are we led? Breathless to watch all the crimes of Fagin, tenderly to deplore the errors of Nancy, to have for Bill Sikes a kind of pity and admiration, and an absolute love for the society of the Dodger. All these heroes stepped from the novel on to the stage; and the whole London public, from peers to chimney-sweeps, were interested about a set of ruffians whose occupations are thievery, murder, and prostitution. A most agreeable set of rascals, indeed, who have their virtues, too, but not good company for any man. We had better pass them by in decent silence; for, as no writer can or dare tell the *whole* truth concerning them, and faithfully explain their vices, there is no need to give *ex-parte* statements of their virtues.

And what came of *Oliver Twist?* The public wanted something more extravagant still, more sympathy for thieves, and so *Jack Sheppard* makes his appearance. Jack and his two wives, and his faithful Blueskin, and his gin-drinking mother, that sweet Magdalen!—with what a wonderful gravity are all their adventures related, with what an honest simplicity and vigour does Jack's biographer record his actions and virtues! We are taught to hate Wild, to be sure; but then it is because he betrays thieves, the rogue! And yet bad, ludicrous, monstrous as the idea of this book is, we read, and read, and are interested, too. The author has a wondrous faith, and a most respectable notion, of the vastness of his subject. There is not one particle of banter in his composition; good and bad ideas, he hatches all with the same great gravity; and is just as earnest in his fine description of the storm on the Thames, and his admirable account of the escape from Newgate; as in the scenes in Whitefriars, and the conversation at Wild's, than which nothing was ever written more curiously unnatural. We are not, however, here criticizing the novels, but simply have to speak of the Newgate part of them, which gives birth to something a great deal worse than bad taste, and familiarizes the public with notions of crime. In the dreadful satire of *Jonathan Wild*, no reader is so dull as to make the mistake of admiring, and can overlook the grand and hearty contempt of the author for the character he has described; the bitter wit of the *Beggars' Opera*, too, hits the great, by showing their similarity with the wretches that figure in the play; and though the latter piece is so brilliant in its mask of gaiety and wit, that a very dull person may not see the dismal reality thus disguised, moral, at least, there is in the satire, for those who will take the trouble to find it. But in the sorrows of Nancy and the exploits of Sheppard, there is no such lurking moral, as far as we have been able to discover; we are asked for downright sympathy in the one case, and are called on in the second to admire the gallantry of a thief. The street-walker may be a very virtuous person, and the robber as brave as Wellington; but it is better to leave them alone, and their qualities, good and bad. The pathos of the workhouse scenes in *Oliver Twist*, of the Fleet Prison descriptions in *Pickwick*, *is* genuine and pure—as much of this as you please ; as tender a hand to the poor, as kindly a word to the unhappy, as you will ; but, in the name of common-sense, let us not expend our sympathies on cut-throats, and other such prodigies of evil !

Labouring under such ideas, Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, produced the romance of Mrs. Cat, and confesses himself completely happy to have brought it to a conclusion. His poem may be dull—aye, and probably is. The great Blackmore, the great Dennis, the great Sprat, the great Pomfret, not to mention great men of our own time—have they not also been dull, and had pretty reputations, too ? Be it granted Solomons *is* dull, but don't attack his morality ; he humbly submits that, in his poem, no man shall mistake virtue for vice, no man shall allow a single sentiment of pity or admiration to enter his bosom for any character of the piece ; it being, from beginning to end, a scene of unmixed rascality performed by persons who never deviate into good feeling ; and, although he doth not pretend to equal the great modern authors whom he hath mentioned, in wit or descriptive power ; yet, in the point of moral, he meekly believes that he has been their superior ; feeling the greatest disgust for the characters he describes, and using his humble endeavour to cause the public also to hate them.

Horsemonger Lane, *January,* 1840.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED

[*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1840, and in *Miscellanies*, vol. ii, 1856]

July, 1840.

X——, who had voted with MR. EWART for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see COURVOISIER killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the 'six hundred noblemen and gentlemen' who were admitted within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two the daylight came peeping grey through the window-shutters; and by the time that X—— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club, along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murder is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

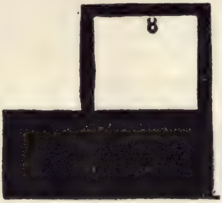
In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the course of half a dozen dark, wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey) ; but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now ? has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder ? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The jailer says he is a pleasant man enough to be with ; but he can hold out no longer, and is very weary. 'Wake me at four,' says he, 'for I have still much to put down.' From eleven to twelve the jailer hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed, and asks, 'Is it the time ?' He has plenty more time yet for sleep ; and he sleeps, and the bell goes on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties ; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night ; Covent Garden is alive and the light coming through the cell-window turns the jailer's candle pale. Four hours more ! 'Courvoisier,' says the jailer, shaking him, 'it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you as you told me ; but there's no call for you *to get up yet*.' The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet ; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth, and the whole truth. They bring him his breakfast 'from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter.' He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him ; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with '*Ce* 6 *Juillet*, 1840. *François Benjamin Courvoisier vous donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir*.' He has a token for his dear friend the jailer ; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon everybody who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *déjeuner* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. 'Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out? It clears the brains famously.' Thus primed, the party sets out. The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw! who is for a cigar? X—— does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings in his carriage. Z—— who smokes, mounts, however, the box. 'Drive to Snow Hill,' says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's Inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *residenz* or an English provincial town. The gin-shop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad, bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's: by this time many hundred people are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate Prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is



There it stands black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect that the gallows produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the new comers asking those who seemed *habitués* of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck when he came on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble marquess's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength has won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hates them, as children the schoolmaster.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the House to see more of this same people and to appreciate them better. Honourable members are battling and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-pooh-ing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining 'great Conservative triumphs,' or 'signal successes of the Reform cause,' as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too. I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two 'great' parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the *Globe* and the *Chronicle?* or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the *Post* and the *Times?* Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him, and those like him? Sheer wind, hollow humbug, absurd claptraps; a silly mummery of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when Whigs and Tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But, lo! in the meantime, whilst you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, *Populus*, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton; and never read Horace in his life: but he can think just as soundly as the best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country as good as he,—ten million, for whom we, in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the cheapest order-keeper in the world. You establish half-a-dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you for ever: half-a-dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest: and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place, or privilege, at all. Honourable sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty: how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang? you are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there, with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it may be. You believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful, and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of Whig or Tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours; and they are twenty millions, his friends, of whom a vast minority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of Conservatism, or the glorious cause of Reform, until——

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What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican tirade—à propos of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to another? A great number of coarse phrases are used, that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep's-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near: there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us, a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiny tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party, which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking, and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures ; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them ; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as the *Court Journal* or the *Morning Post.* Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady ——, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with many a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *prolétaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the Queen's coronation ; indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say ? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob, without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out and endeavoured with might and main to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd, and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerably; when one fellow slipped away, scrambled up the pipe, and made good his lodgement on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man clambering up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say: a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's and saw clown come in with a foolscap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his school-fellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding, Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breech? Tell us where the fun lies in this and the before-mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side-door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying much for city feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen, than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress evidently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there was something good about the girl; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her, were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having, in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! What figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gessner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterizing the whole; and therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters (and, to say nothing of decency or morality), pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate

Street—see, the Sheriffs' carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon? Close to the barriers where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with moustachios and cigars; some quiet, fat, family parties, of simple, honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd; one of his companions, a tall, burly man with large moustachios, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water. Honest gentleman! high-bred aristocrat! genuine lover of humour and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the tread-mill, thee and thy Mohawk crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any such savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, 'So-and-so is a lord, and they'll let him off,' and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all, as far as I could judge, in just such a frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a Lord Mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions? most of them had, the philosopher especially; whether the sight of them did any good? 'For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it after a bit.' A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S——, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to the sentence, and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd, in the proper orthodox way, saying, 'Here is the head of a traitor!' At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at also with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, '*Ah, Butter-fingers!*'—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the august nature of public executions, and the awful majesty of the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang and passed away; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter: he's in the press-room now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense), chronicled the time, eight minutes, five minutes; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong!—the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

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Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him has gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd.

They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, *bizarre*, and indescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horridly. I don't know whether it was the bell I heard; but a dreadful, quick, feverish kind of jangling noise, mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. 'He has been respited,' some one said; another said, 'He has killed himself in prison.'

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale, quiet head peered out. It was shockingly bright and distinct; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall grave man: we all knew who the second man was. '*That's he—that's he!*' you heard the people say, as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild, imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pocket a night-cap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched, guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is, no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it,—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it,—what induces him, in the first instance, to go and see it,—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine 'We' altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for 'I' is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the Sheriffs), of all ranks and degrees,—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both Houses of Parliament, street-walkers, newspaper-writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this hideous debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race,—Government, a Christian Government, gives us a feast every now and then: it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two Houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy; keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but Government can't wait); and on a Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,'—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the hands of the Government agent, Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them, until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is the *Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of the *Morning Herald*. 'Courvoisier is dead,' says the *Observer:* he 'died as he had lived—a villain; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead.' What a magnanimous *Observer!* From this, *Observer* turns to the *Herald*, and says, '*Fiat justitia ruat coelum*.' So much for the *Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the *Observer* possibly is,—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum;* or, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico;* or, *Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via;* or, *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros;* all of which pithy Roman apophthegms would apply just as well.

'Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain.' This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The *Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six months more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before Him who died for us all?—for all, be it remembered,—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the Sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner,—but for him too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do we want to kill him, body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap specially prays, that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first, his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement, the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days,—then, 'how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work,'—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse.

Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the heinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned, —imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument),—when a man has killed another it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural.* That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur.* You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, it is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.

Does it? The system of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum,*—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the Highest Authority), why, because you lose your eye is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all minor points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk, too, of the terror which the sight of this spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done.* As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years: one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood ? The child grinned knowingly, and said, ‘ We ’ve koom to see the mon hanged ! ’ Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles !

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man’s face continually before my eyes ; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket ; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight ; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.

COX'S DIARY

(BARBER COX AND THE CUTTING OF HIS COMB)

[*The Comic Almanac*, 1840, and *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

COX'S DIARY

JANUARY.—THE ANNOUNCEMENT

On the first of January, 1838, I was the master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market; of a wife, Mrs. Cox; of a business, both in the shaving and cutting line, established three and thirty years; of a girl and boy respectively of the ages of eighteen and thirteen; of a three-windowed front, both to my first and second pair; of a young foreman, my present partner, Mr. Orlando Crump; and of that celebrated mixture for the human hair, invented by my late uncle, and called Cox's Bohemian Balsam of Tokay, sold in pots at two-and-three, and three-and-nine; the balsam, the lodgings, and the old-established cutting and shaving business, brought me in a pretty genteel income. I had my girl, Jemimarann, at Hackney to school; my dear boy, Tuggeridge, plaited hair already beautifully; my wife at the counter (behind the tray of patent soaps, &c.) cut as handsome a figure as possible; and it was my hope that Orlando and my girl, who were mighty soft upon one another, would, one day, be joined together in Hyming: and, conjointly with my son Tug, carry on the business of hairdressers, when their father was either dead or a gentleman; for a gentleman me and Mrs. C. determined I should be.

Jemima was, you see, a lady herself, and of very high connexions: though her own family had met with crosses, and was rather low. Mr. Tuggeridge, her father, kept the famous tripe-shop, near the Pigtail and Sparrow, in the Whitechapel Road; from which place I married her; being myself very fond of the article, and especially when she served it to me—the dear thing!

Jemima's father was not successful in business: and I married her, I am proud to confess it, without a shilling. I had my hands, my house, and my Bohemian balsam to support her !—and we had hopes from her uncle, a mighty rich East India merchant, who, having left this country sixty years ago, as a cabin boy, had arrived to be the head of a great house in India, and was worth millions, we were told.

Three years after Jemimarann's birth (and two after the death of my lamented father-in-law), Tuggeridge (head of the great house of Budgurow & Co.) retired from the management of it ; handed over his shares to his son, Mr. John Tuggeridge, and came to live in England, at Portland Place, and Tuggeridgeville, Surrey, and enjoy himself. Soon after, my wife took her daughter in her hand and went, as in duty bound, to visit her uncle : but whether it was that he was proud and surly, or she somewhat sharp in her way (the dear girl fears nobody, let me have you to know), a desperate quarrel took place between them ; and from that day, to the day of his death, he never set eyes on her. All that he would condescend to do, was to take a few dozen of lavender water from us in the course of the year, and to send his servants to be cut and shaved by us. All the neighbours laughed at this poor ending of our expectations, for Jemmy had bragged not a little ; however, we did not care, for the connexion was always a good one, and we served Mr. Hock, the valet ; Mr. Bar, the coachman ; and Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, willingly enough. I used to powder the footman, too, on great days, but never in my life saw old Tuggeridge, except once ; when he said, 'Oh, the barber !' tossed up his nose, and passed on.

One day—one famous day last January—all our market was thrown into a high state of excitement, by the appearance of no less than three vehicles at our establishment. As me, Jemmy, my daughter, Tug, and Orlando, were sitting in the back-parlour over our dinner (it being Christmas time, Mr. Crump had treated the ladies to a bottle of port, and was longing that there should be a mistletoe bough ; at which proposal my little Jemimarann looked as red as a glass of negus) :—we had just, I say, finished the port, when, all of a sudden, Tug bellows out, ' Law, pa, here's uncle Tuggeridge's housekeeper in a cab ! '

And Mrs. Breadbasket it was, sure enough—Mrs. Breadbasket in deep mourning, who made her way, bowing and looking very sad, into the back-shop. My wife, who respected Mrs. B. more than anything else in the world, set her a chair, offered her a glass of wine, and vowed it was very kind of her to come. 'Law, mem,' says Mrs. B., 'I'm sure I'd do anything to serve your family, for the sake of that poor dear Tuck-Tuck-tug-guggeridge, that's gone.'

'That's what ?' cries my wife.

'What, gone ?' cried Jemimarann, bursting out crying (as little girls will about anything or nothing) ; and Orlando looking very rueful, and ready to cry too.

'Yes, gaw—.' Just as she was at this very 'gaw,' Tug roars out, 'Law, pa ! here's Mr. Bar, uncle Tug's coachman !'

It was Mr. Bar : when she saw him, Mrs. Breadbasket stepped suddenly back into the parlour with my ladies. 'What is it, Mr. Bar ?' says I ; and, as quick as thought, I had the towel under his chin, Mr. Bar in the chair, and the whole of his face in a beautiful foam of lather : Mr. Bar made some resistance.—'Don't think of it, Mr. Cox,' says he ; 'don't trouble yourself, sir :' but I lathered away, and never minded. 'And what's this melancholy event, sir,' says I, 'that has spread desolation in your family's bosoms ? I can feel for your loss, sir—I can feel for your loss.'

I said so out of politeness, because I served the family, not because Tuggeridge was my uncle—no, as such I disown him.

Mr. Bar was just about to speak. 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'my master's gaw—' : when at the 'gaw,' in walks Mr. Hock, the own man !—the finest gentleman I ever saw.

'What, *you* here, Mr. Bar ?' says he.

'Yes, I am, sir ; and haven't I a right, sir ?'

'A mighty wet day, sir,' says I to Mr. Hock—stepping up and making my bow. 'A sad circumstance too, sir—and is it a turn of the tongs that you want to-day, sir ? Ho, there ! Mr. Crump !'

'Turn, Mr. Crump, if you please, sir,' said Mr. Hock, making a bow ; 'but from you, sir, never, no never, split me !—and I wonder how some fellows can have the *insolence* to allow their MASTERS to shave them !' With this, Mr. Hock flung himself down to be curled : Mr. Bar suddenly opened his mouth in order to reply ; but seeing there was a tiff between the gentlemen, and wanting to prevent a quarrel, I rammed the *Advertiser* into Mr. Hock's hands, and just popped my shaving-brush into Mr. Bar's mouth—a capital way to stop angry answers.

Mr. Bar had hardly been in the chair one second, when whirr comes a hackney-coach to the door, from which springs a gentleman in a black coat with a bag.

'What, you here?' says the gentleman. I could not help smiling, for it seemed that everybody was to begin by saying, 'What, *you* here?' 'Your name is Cox, sir,' says he; smiling too, as the very pattern of mine. 'My name, sir, is Sharpus,—Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, Middle Temple Lane,—and I am proud to salute you, sir; happy, —that is to say, sorry to say, that Mr. Tuggeridge, of Portland Place, is dead, and your lady is heiress, in consequence, to one of the handsomest properties in the kingdom.'

At this I started, and might have sunk to the ground, but for my hold of Mr. Bar's nose; Orlando seemed putrified to stone, with his irons fixed to Mr. Hock's head; our respective patients gave a wince out:—Mrs. C., Jemimarann, and Tug, rushed from the back shop, and we formed that splendid tableau which the great Cruikshank has here depicted.

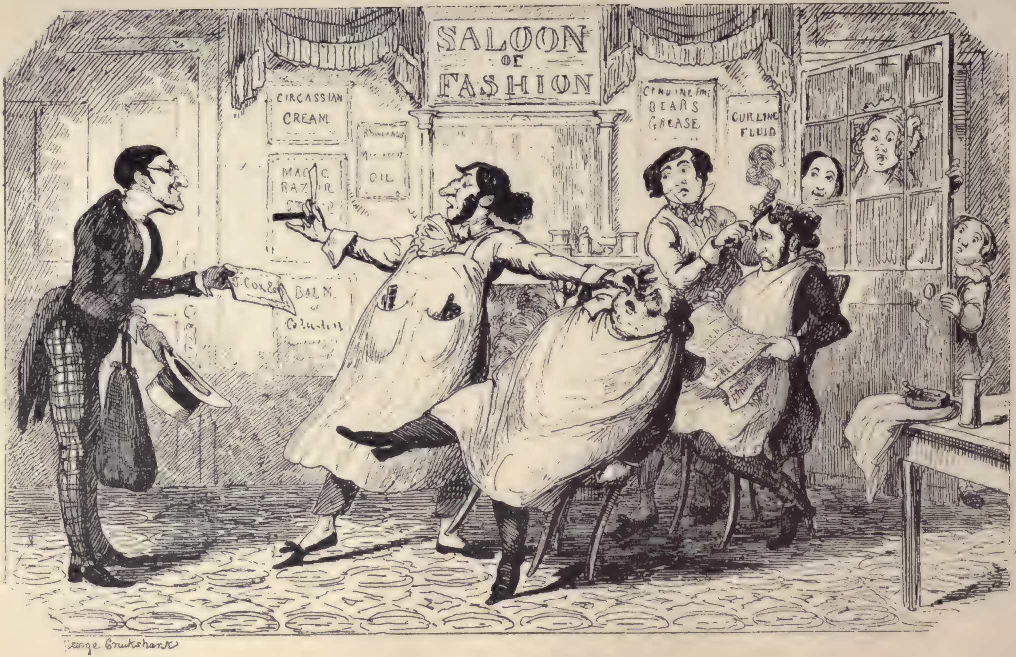
'And Mr. John Tuggeridge, sir?' says I.

'Why—hee, hee, hee!' says Mr. Sharpus; 'surely you know that he was only the—hee, hee, hee!—the natural son!'

You now can understand why the servants from Portland Place had been so eager to come to us: one of the housemaids heard Mr. Sharpus say there was no will, and that my wife was heir to the property, and not Mr. John Tuggeridge: this she told in the housekeeper's room; and off, as soon as they heard it, the whole party set, in order to be the first to bear the news.

We kept them, every one, in their old places; for, though my wife would have sent them about their business, my dear Jemimarann just hinted, 'Mamma, you know *they* have been used to great houses, and we have not; had we not better keep them for a little?'—Keep them, then, we did, to show us how to be gentlefolks.

I handed over the business to Mr. Crump without a single farthing of premium, though Jemmy would have made me take four hundred pounds for it; but this I was above: Crump had served me faithfully, and have the shop he should.


SALOON OF FASHION
CIRCASSIAN CREAM
MAGIC RAZOR STROP
OIL
BALM of Columbia
GENUINE FINE BEARS GREASE
CURLING FLUID
J. Cox Esq
George Cruikshank

JANUARY.—THE ANNOUNCEMENT

FEBRUARY.—FIRST ROUT.

We were speedily installed in our fine house: but what's a house without friends? Jemmy made me *cut* all my old acquaintances in the market, and I was a solitary being, when, luckily, an old acquaintance of ours, Captain Tagrag, was so kind as to promise to introduce us into distinguished society. Tagrag was the son of a baronet, and had done us the honour of lodging with us for two years; when we lost sight of him, and of his little account, too, by the way. A fortnight after, hearing of our good fortune, he was among us again, however; and Jemmy was not a little glad to see him, knowing him to be a baronet's son, and very fond of our Jemimarann; indeed, Orlando (who is as brave as a lion) had, on one occasion, absolutely beaten Mr. Tagrag for being rude to the poor girl; a clear proof, as Tagrag said afterwards, that he was always fond of her.

Mr. Crump, poor fellow, was not very much pleased by our good fortune, though he did all he could to try, at first; and I told him to come and take his dinner regular, as if nothing had happened. But to this Jemima very soon put a stop, for she came very justly to know her stature, and to look down on Crump, which she bid her daughter to do; and, after a great scene, in which Orlando showed himself very rude and angry, he was forbidden the house—for ever!

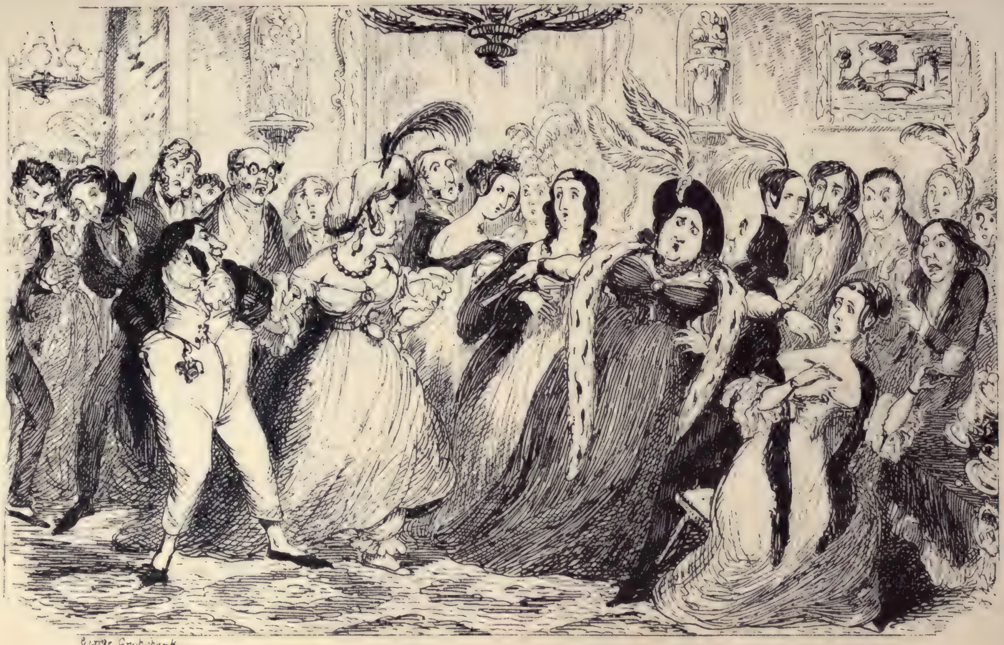
So much for poor Crump. The Captain was now all in all with us. 'You see, sir,' our Jemmy would say, 'we shall have our town and country mansion, and a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, in the funds, to leave between our two children; and, with such prospects, they ought surely to have the first society of England.' To this Tagrag agreed, and promised to bring us acquainted with the very pink of the fashion; aye, and what's more, did.

First, he made my wife get an opera-box, and give suppers on Tuesdays and Saturdays. As for me, he made me ride in the park; me and Jemimarann, with two grooms behind us, who used to laugh all the way, and whose very beards I had shaved. As for little Tug, he was sent straight off to the most fashionable school in the kingdom, the Reverend Doctor Pigney's, at Richmond.

Well; the horses, the suppers, the opera-box, the paragraphs in the papers about Mr. Coxe Coxe (that's the way, double your name, and stick an ' e ' to the end of it, and you are a gentleman at once), had an effect in a wonderfully short space of time, and we began to get a very pretty society about us. Some of old Tug's friends swore they would do anything for the family, and brought their wives and daughters to see dear Mrs. Cox and her charming girl; and when, about the first week in February, we announced a grand dinner and ball, for the evening of the twenty-eighth, I assure you there was no want of company; no, nor of titles neither; and it always does my heart good even to hear one mentioned.

Let me see, there was, first, my Lord Dunboozle, an Irish peer, and his seven sons, the Honourable Messieurs Trumper (two only to dinner); there was Count Mace, the celebrated French nobleman, and his Excellency Baron Von Punter, from Baden; there was Lady Blanche Bluenose, the eminent literati, author of 'The Distrusted,' 'The Distorted,' 'The Disgusted,' 'The Disreputable One,' and other poems; there was the Dowager Lady Max, and her daughter, the Honourable Miss Adelaide Blueruin; Sir Charles Codshead, from the city; and Field-Marshal Sir Gorman O'Gallagher, K.A., K.B., K.C., K.W., K.X., in the service of the republic of Guatemala; my friend Tagrag, and his fashionable acquaintance, little Tom Tufthunt, made up the party; and when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachman, and a lad, whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar-loaf buttons, and called a page, were seen round the dinner table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?

After dinner, there was to be, as I said, an evening party; and to this Messieurs Tagrag and Tufthunt had invited many of the principal nobility that our metropolis has produced. When I mention, among the company to tea, her Grace the Duchess of Zero, her son the Marquis of Fitzurse, and the Ladies North Pole, her daughters; when I say that there were yet *others*, whose names may be found in the Blue Book, but shan't, out of modesty, be mentioned


George Cruikshank

FEBRUARY.—FIRST ROUT

here, I think I've said enough to show that, in our time, No. 96, Portland Place, was the resort of the best of company.

It was our first dinner, and dressed by our new cook, Munseer Cordongblew. I bore it very well, eating, for my share, a filly dysol allamater dotell, a cutlet soubeast, a pully bashymall, and other French dishes: and, for the frisky sweet wine, with tin tops to the bottles, called Champang, I must say that me and Mrs. Coxe-Tuggeridge-Coxe drank a very good share of it (but the Claret and Jonnysberger, being sour, we did not much relish);—however, the feed, as I say, went off very well, Lady Blanche Bluenose sitting next to me, and being so good as to put me down for six copies of all her poems; the Count and Baron Von Punter engaging Jemimarann for several waltzes, and the Field-Marshal plying my dear Jemmy with Champang until, bless her! her dear nose became as red as her new crimson satin gown, which, with a blue turban and Bird-of-Paradise feathers, made her look like an Empress, I warrant.

Well, dinner past, Mrs. C. and the ladies went off:—thunder-under-under came the knocks at the door; squeedle-eedle-eedle, Mr. Wippert's fiddlers began to strike up; and, about half-past eleven, me and the gents thought it high time to make our appearance. I felt a *little* squeamish at the thought of meeting a couple of hundred great people; but Count Mace, and Sir Gorman O'Gallagher, taking each an arm, we reached, at last, the drawing-room.

The young ones in company were dancing, and the Duchess and the great ladies were all seated, talking to themselves very stately, and working away at the ices and macaroons. I looked out for my pretty Jemimarann amongst the dancers, and saw her tearing round the room along with Baron Punter, in what they call a gallypard; then I peeped into the circle of the Duchesses, where, in course, I expected to find Mrs. C.; but she wasn't there! She was seated at the farther end of the room, looking very sulky; and I went up, and took her arm, and brought her down to the place where the Duchesses were. 'Oh, not there!' said Jemmy, trying to break away. 'Nonsense, my dear,' says I, 'you are Missis, and this is your place:'—then, going up to her Ladyship the Duchess, says I, 'Me and my Missis are most proud of the honour of seeing of you.'

The Duchess (a tall red-haired grenadier of a woman) did not speak.

I went on. 'The young ones are all at it, ma'am, you see: and so we thought we would come and sit down among the old ones. You and I, ma'am, I think, are too stiff to dance.'

'Sir?' says her Grace.

'Ma'am,' says I, 'don't you know me? my name's Cox—nobody's introduced me; but, dash it, it's my own house, and I may present myself—so give us your hand, ma'am.'

And I shook hers in the kindest way in the world: but, would you believe it? the old cat screamed as if my hand had been a hot 'tater. 'Fitzurse! Fitzurse!' shouted she; 'help! help!' Up scuffled all the other Dowagers—in rushed the dancers. 'Mamma! mamma!' squeaked Lady Julia North Pole. 'Lead me to my mother,' howled Lady Aurorer: and both came up and flung themselves into her arms. 'Wawt's the raw!' said Lord Fitzurse, sauntering up quite stately.

'Protect me from the insults of this man,' says her Grace. 'Where's Tufthunt? he promised that not a soul in this house should speak to me.'

'My dear Duchess,' said Tufthunt, very meek.

'Don't Duchess *me*, sir. Did you not promise they should not speak; and hasn't that horrid tipsy wretch offered to embrace me? Didn't his monstrous wife sicken me with her odious familiarities? Call my people, Tufthunt! Follow me, my children!'

'And my carriage; and mine, and mine!' shouted twenty more voices; and down they all trooped to the hall: Lady Blanche Bluenose, and Lady Max among the very first; leaving only the Field-Marshal, and one or two men, who roared with laughter, ready to split.

'Oh, Sam,' said my wife, sobbing, 'why would you take me back to them? they had sent me away before! I only asked the Duchess whether she didn't like rumshrub better than all your Maxarinos and Curasosos: and, would you believe it? all the company burst out laughing; and the Duchess told me just to keep off, and not to speak till I was spoken to. Imperence! I'd like to tear her eyes out.'

And so I do believe my dearest Jemmy would!

MARCH.—A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS

Our ball had failed so completely, that Jemmy, who was bent still upon fashion, caught eagerly at Tagrag's suggestion, and went down to Tuggeridgeville. If we had a difficulty to find friends in town, here there was none; for the whole county came about us, ate our dinners and suppers, danced at our balls—aye, and spoke to us too. We were great people, in fact; I a regular country gentleman; and, as such, Jemmy insisted that I should be a sportsman, and join the county hunt. 'But,' says I, 'my love, I can't ride.' 'Pooh! Mr. C.' said she, 'you're always making difficulties; you thought you couldn't dance a quadrille; you thought you couldn't dine at seven o'clock; you thought you couldn't lie in bed after six; and haven't you done every one of these things? You must and you shall ride!' And when my Jemmy said 'must and shall,' I knew very well there was nothing for it: so I sent down fifty guineas to the hunt, and, out of compliment to me, the very next week, I received notice that the meet of the hounds would take place at Squashtail Common, just outside of my lodge-gates.

I didn't know what a meet was; and me and Mrs. C. agreed that it was most probable the dogs were to be fed there: however, Tagrag explained this matter to us, and very kindly promised to sell me a horse, a delightful animal of his own; which, being desperately pressed for money, he would let me have for a hundred guineas, he himself having given a hundred and fifty for it.

Well, the Thursday came; the hounds met on Squashtail Common; Mrs. C. turned out in her barouche to see us throw off; and, being helped up on my chestnut horse, Trumpeter, by Tagrag and my head groom, I came presently round to join them.

Tag mounted his own horse; and, as we walked down the avenue, 'I thought,' he said, 'you told me you knew how to ride; and that you had ridden once fifty miles on a stretch!'

'And so I did,' says I, 'to Cambridge, and on the box too.'

'*On the box?*' says he; 'but did you ever mount a horse before?'

'Never,' says I, 'but I find it mighty easy.'

'Well,' says he, 'you're mighty bold for a barber; and I like you, Coxe, for your spirit;' and so we came out of the gate.

As for describing the hunt, I own, fairly, I can't. I've been at a hunt, but what a hunt is—why the horses *will* go among the dogs and ride them down—why the men cry out 'yooooic'—why the dogs go snuffing about in threes and fours, and the huntsman says, 'Good Towler—good Betsy;' and we all of us, after him, say, 'Good Towler—good Betsy' in course: then, after hearing a yelp here, and a howl there, tow, row, yow, yow, yow! bursts out, all of a sudden, from three or four of them, and the chap in the velvet cap screeches out (with a number of oaths I shan't repeat here), 'Hark, to Ringwood!' and then, 'There he goes!' says some one; and, all of a sudden, helter skelter, skurry hurry, slap bang, whooping, screeching, and hurraing, blue coats and red coats, bays and greys, horses, dogs, donkeys, butchers, baro-knights, dustmen, and blackguard boys, go tearing, all together, over the common after two or three of the pack that yowl loudest. Why all this is, I can't say, but it all took place the second Thursday of last March, in my presence.

Up to this, I'd kept my seat as well as the best, for we'd only been trotting gently about the field until the dogs found; and I managed to stick on very well; but directly the tow-rowing began, off went Trumpeter like a thunderbolt, and I found myself playing among the dogs like the donkey among the chickens. 'Back, Mr. Coxe,' holloas the huntsman; and so I pulled very hard, and cried out, Wo! but he wouldn't; and on I went galloping for the dear life. How I kept on is a wonder; but I squeezed my knees in very tight, and shoved my feet very hard into the stirrups, and kept stiff hold of the scruff of Trumpeter's neck, and looked betwixt his ears as well as ever I could, and trusted to luck, for I was in a mortal fright, sure enough, as many a better man would be in such a case, let alone a poor hair-dresser.

As for the hounds, after my first riding in among them, I tell you, honestly, I never saw so much as the tip of one of their tails; nothing in this world did I see except Trumpeter's dun-coloured mane, and that I gripped firm: riding, by the blessing of luck, safe through the walking, the trotting, the galloping, and never so much as getting a tumble.

There was a chap at Croydon, very well known as the 'Spicy Dustman,' who, when he could get no horse to ride to the hounds, turned regularly out on his donkey; and, on this occasion, made one of us. He generally managed to keep up with the dogs, by trotting quietly through the cross roads, and knowing the country well. Well, having a good guess where the hounds would find, and the line that sly Reynolds (as they call the fox) would take, the Spicy Dustman turned his animal down the lane, from Squashtail to Cutshins Common, across which, sure enough, came the whole hunt. There's a small hedge and a remarkably fine ditch here; some of the leading chaps took both, in gallant style; others went round by a gate, and so would I, only I couldn't; for Trumpeter would have the hedge, and be hanged to him, and went right for it.

Hoop! if ever you *did* try a leap! Out go your legs, out fling your arms, off goes your hat; and the next thing you feel, that is, *I* did, is a most tremendous thwack across the chest, and my feet jerked out of the stirrups; me left in the branches of a tree; Trumpeter gone clean from under me, and walloping and floundering in the ditch underneath. One of the stirrup-leathers had caught in a stake, and the horse couldn't get away; and neither of us, I thought, ever *would* have got away; but, all of a sudden, who should come up the lane but the Spicy Dustman!

'Holloa!' says I, 'you gent, just let us down from this here tree!'

'Lor!' says he, 'I'm blest if I didn't take you for a robin.'

'Let's down,' says I; but he was all the time employed in disengaging Trumpeter, whom he got out of the ditch, trembling and as quiet as possible. 'Let's down,' says I. 'Presently,' says he; and taking off his coat, he begins whistling and swishing down Trumpeter's sides and saddle; and, when he had finished, what do you think the rascal did?—he just quietly mounted on Trumpeter's back, and shouts out, 'Git down yourself, old Bearsgrease; you've only to drop! *I'll* give your oss a hairing arter them 'ounds; and you, vy you may ride back my pony to Tuggeridgeweal ! ' And with this, I'm blest if he didn't ride away, leaving me holding, as for the dear life, and expecting every minute the branch would break.

It *did* break too, and down I came into the slush ; and, when I got out of it, I can tell you I didn't look much like the Venuses or the Apollor Belvidearis what I used to dress and titivate up for my shop window, when I was in the hair-dressing line, or smell quite so elegant as our rose-oil. Faugh ! what a figure I was ! Look on the other side and you will see.

I had nothing for it but to mount the dustman's donkey (which was very quietly cropping grass in the hedge), and to make my way home; and, after a weary, weary journey, I arrived at my own gate.

A whole party was assembled there. Tagrag, who had come back ; their Excellencies Mace and Punter, who were on a visit ; and a number of horses walking up and down before the whole of the gentlemen of the hunt, who had come in after losing their fox ! ' Here's Squire Coxe ! ' shouted the grooms. Out rushed the servants, out poured the gents of the hunt, and on trotted poor me, digging into the donkey, and everybody dying with laughter at me.

Just as I got up to the door, a horse came galloping up, and passed me ; a man jumped down, and taking off a fantail hat, came up, very gravely, to help me down.

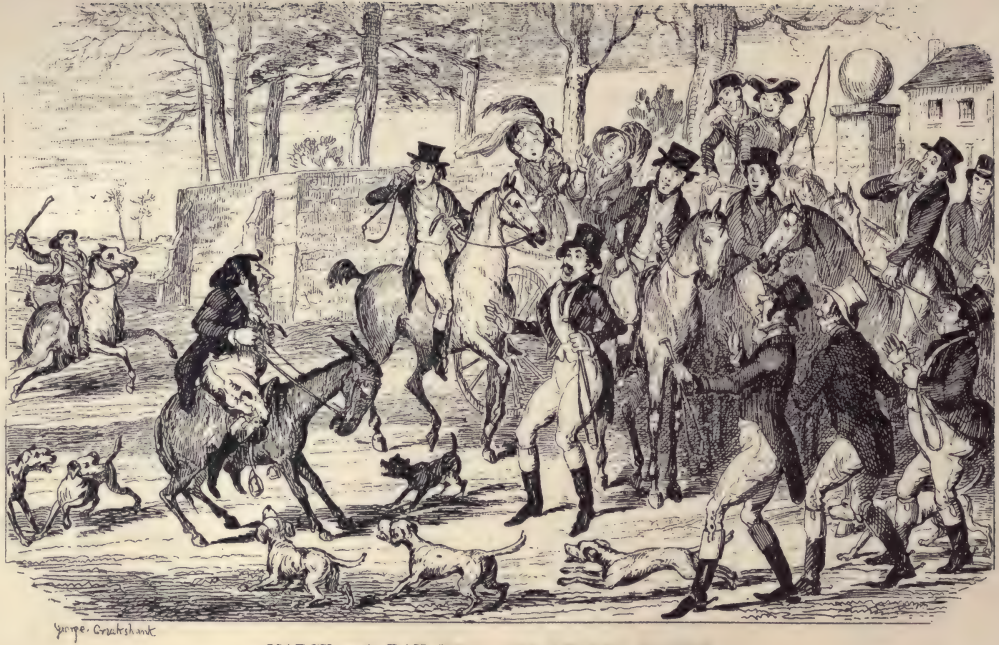
' Squire,' says he, ' how came you by that there hanimal? Jist git down, will you, and give it to its howner.'

' Rascal ! ' says I, ' didn't you ride off on my horse ? '

' Was there ever sich ingratitude ? ' says the Spicy, ' I found this year oss in a pond, I saves him from drowning, I brings him back to his master, and he calls me a rascal ! '

The grooms, the gents, the ladies in the balcony, my own servants, all set up a roar at this ; and so would I, only I was so deucedly ashamed, as not to be able to laugh just then.

And so my first day's hunting ended. Tagrag and the rest declared I showed great pluck, and wanted me to try again ; but ' no,' says I, ' I *have* been.'


George Cruikshank

MARCH.—A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS

APRIL.—THE FINISHING TOUCH

I WAS always fond of billiards: and, in former days, at Grogram's, in Greek Street, where a few jolly lads of my acquaintance used to meet twice a week for a game, and a snug pipe and beer, I was generally voted the first man of the club; and could take five from John, the marker, himself. I had a genius, in fact, for the game; and now that I was placed in that station of life where I could cultivate my talents, I gave them full play, and improved amazingly. I do say that I think myself as good a hand as any chap in England.

The Count, and his Excellency Baron von Punter, were, I can tell you, astonished by the smartness of my play; the first two or three rubbers Punter beat me, but when I came to know his game, I used to knock him all to sticks; or, at least, win six games to his four; and such was the betting upon me: his Excellency losing large sums to the Count, who knew what play was, and used to back me. I did not play except for shillings, so my skill was of no great service to me.

One day I entered the billiard-room where these three gentlemen were high in words. 'The thing shall not be done,' I heard Captain Tagrag say, 'I won't stand it.'

'Vat, begause you would have de bird all to yourzelf, hey?' said the Baron.

'You sall not have a single fezare of him, begar,' said the Count, 've vill blow you, M. de Tagueragué; parole d'honneur, ve vill.'

'What's all this, gents,' says I, stepping in, 'about birds and feathers?'

'O,' says Tagrag, 'we were talking about—about—pigeon-shooting; the Count, here, says he will blow a bird all to pieces at twenty yards, and I said I wouldn't stand it, because it was regular murder.'

'O yase, it was bidgeon-shooting,' cries the Baron: 'and I know no better sbort. Have you been bidgeon-shooting, my dear Squire? De fon is gabidal.' 'No doubt,' says I, 'for the shooters, but mighty bad sport for the *pigeon*;' and this joke set them all a-laughing ready to die. I didn't know then what a good joke it *was*, neither; but I gave Master Baron, that day, a precious good beating, and walked off with no less than fifteen shillings of his money.

As a sporting man, and a man of fashion, I need not say that I took in the *Flare-up*, regularly; aye, and wrote one or two trifles in that celebrated publication (one of my papers, which Tagrag subscribed for me, Philo-pestitiaeamicus, on the proper sauce for teal and widgeon; and the other, signed Scru-tatos, on the best means of cultivating the kidney species of that vegetable, made no small noise at the time, and got me in the paper a compliment from the editor). I was a constant reader of the Notices to Correspondents, and, my early education having been raytheer neglected (for I was taken from my studies and set, as is the custom in our trade, to practise on a sheep's head at the tender age of nine years, before I was allowed to venture on the humane countenance), I say being thus curtailed and cut off in my classical learning, I must confess I managed to pick up a pretty smattering of genteel information from that treasury of all sorts of knowledge, at least sufficient to make me a match in learning for all the noblemen and gentlemen who came to our house. Well, on looking over the *Flare-up* Notices to Correspondents, I read, one day last April, among the notices, as follows:—

'"Automodon." We do not know the precise age of Mr. Baker of Covent Garden Theatre; nor are we aware if that celebrated son of Thespis is a married man.

'"Ducks and Green-peas" is informed, that when A plays his rook to B's second Knight's square, and B, moving two squares with his Queen's pawn, gives check to his adversary's Queen, there is no reason why B's Queen should not take A's pawn, if B be so inclined.

'"F. L. S." We have repeatedly answered the question about Madame Vestris: her maiden name was Bartolozzi, and she married the son of Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian.

'"Fair Play." The best amateur billiard and écarté player in England, is Coxe Tuggeridge Coxe, Esq., of Portland Place, and Tuggeridgeville: Jonathan, who knows his play, can only give him two in a game of a hundred; and, at the cards, *no* man is his superior. Verbum sap.

'"Scipio Americanus" is a blockhead.'

I read this out to the Count and Tagrag, and both of them wondered how the Editor of that tremendous *Flare-up* should get such information; and both agreed that the Baron, who still piqued himself absurdly on his play, would be vastly annoyed by seeing me preferred thus to himself. We read him the paragraph, and preciously angry he was. 'Id is,' he cried, 'the tables (or "de *dabels*," as he called them), de horrid dabels; gom viz me to London, and dry a slate-table, and I vill beat you.' We all roared at this; and the end of the dispute was, that, just to satisfy the fellow, I agreed to play his Excellency at slate-tables, or any tables he chose.

'Gut,' says he, 'gut; I lif, you know, at Abednego's, in de Quadrant; his dabels is goot; ve vill blay dere, if you vill;' and I said I would: and it was agreed that, one Saturday night, when Jemmy was at the Opera, we should go to the Baron's rooms, and give him a chance.

We went, and the little Baron had as fine a supper as ever I saw; lots of champang (and I didn't mind drinking it), and plenty of laughing and fun. Afterwards, down we went to billiards. 'Is dish Mishter Coxsh, de shelebrated player?' says Mr. Abednego, who was in the room, with one or two gentlemen of his own persuasion, and several foreign noblemen, dirty, snuffy, and hairy, as them foreigners are. 'Is dish Mishter Coxsh? blesh ma hart, it is a honer to see you, I have heard so much of your play.'

'Come, come,' says I, 'sir;' for I'm pretty wide awake; 'none of your gammon; you're not going to hook *me*.'

'No, begar, dis fish you not catch,' says Count Mace.

'Dat is gut! haw! haw!' snorted the Baron; 'hook him! lieber himmel, you might dry and hook me as well. Haw! haw!'

Well, we went to play. 'Fife to four on Coxe,' screams out the Count.—'Done and done,' says another nobleman. 'Ponays,' says the Count.—'Done,' says the nobleman. 'I vill take your six crowns to four,' says the Baron.—'Done,' says I; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I beat him;—once making thirteen off the balls without stopping.

We had some more wine after this; and, if you could have seen the long faces of the other noblemen, as they pulled out their pencils and wrote I.O.U.'s for the Count.

'Va toujours, mon cher,' says he to me, 'you have von for me three hundred pounds.'

'I'll blay you guineas dis time,' says the Baron. 'Zeven to four you must give me though;' and so I did: and in ten minutes *that* game was won, and the Baron handed over his pounds. 'Two hundred and sixty more, my dear, dear Coxe,' says the Count; 'you are mon ange gardien!' 'Wot a flat Mishter Coxsh is, not to back his luck,' I heard Abednego whisper to one of the foreign noblemen.

'I'll take your seven to four, in tens,' said I to the Baron. 'Give me three,' says he, 'and done.' I gave him three, and lost the game by one. 'Dobbel, or quits,' says he. 'Go it,' says I, up to my mettle; 'Sam Coxe never says no;'—and to it we went. I went in, and scored eighteen to his five. 'Holy Moshesh!' says Abednego, 'dat little Coxsh is a vonder! who'll take odds?'

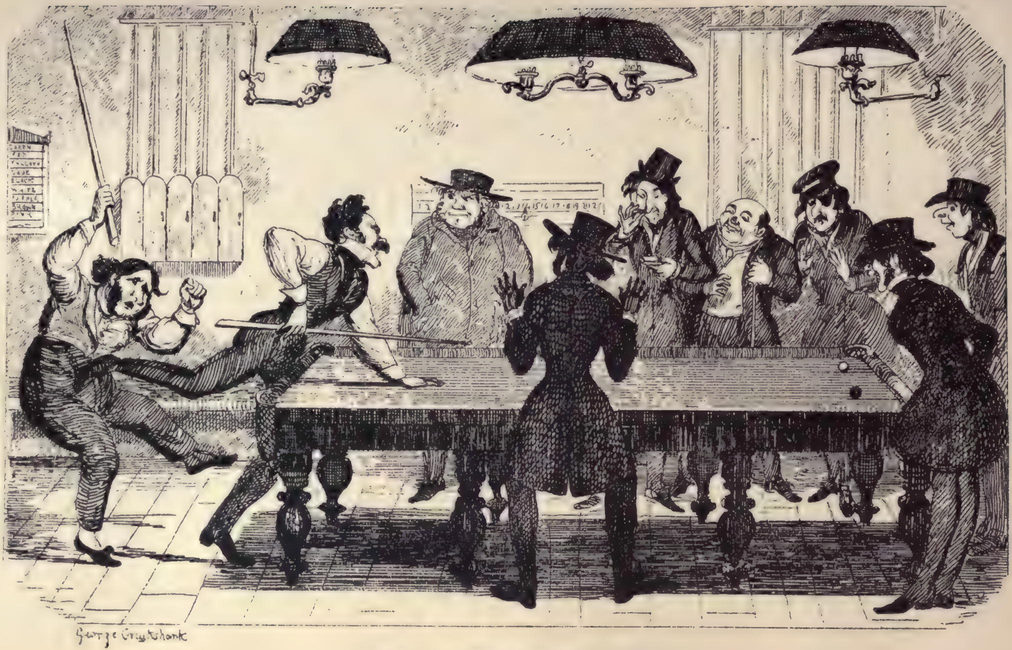
'I'll give twenty to one,' says I, 'in guineas.'

'Ponays, yase, done;' screams out the Count.

'*Bonies*, done,' roars out the Baron: and, before I could speak, went in, and, would you believe it?—in two minutes he somehow made the game!

. . . . . .

Oh, what a figure I cut when my dear Jemmy heard of this afterwards! In vain I swore it was guineas: the Count and the Baron swore to ponies; and when I refused, they both said their honour was concerned, and they must have my life, or their money. So when the Count showed me actually that, in spite of this bet (which had been too good to resist) won from me, he had been a very heavy loser by the night; and brought me the word of honour of Abednego, his Jewish friend, and the foreign noblemen, that ponies had been betted:—why, I paid them one thousand pounds sterling of good and lawful money;—but I've not played for money since: no, no; catch me at *that* again if you can.


George Cruikshank

APRIL.—THE FINISHING TOUCH

MAY.—A NEW DROP SCENE AT THE OPERA

No lady is a lady without having a box at the Opera: so my Jemmy, who knew as much about music,—bless her!—as I do about Sanskrit, algebra, or any other foreign language, took a prime box on the second tier. It was what they called a double box; it really *could* hold two, that is, very comfortably; and we got it a great bargain—for five hundred a year! Here, Tuesdays and Saturdays, we used regularly to take our places, Jemmy and Jemimarann sitting in front; me, behind: but as my dear wife used to wear a large fantail gauze hat with ostrich feathers, birds of paradise, artificial flowers, and tags of muslin or satin, scattered all over it, I'm blest if she didn't fill the whole of the front of the box; and it was only by jumping and dodging, three or four times in the course of the night, that I could manage to get a sight of the actors. By kneeling down, and looking steady under my darling Jemmy's sleeve, I *did* contrive, every now and then, to have a peep of Senior Lablash's boots, in the Puritanny, and once actually saw Madame Greasi's crown and head-dress in Annybalony.

What a place that Opera is, to be sure! and what enjoyments us aristocracy used to have! Just as you have swallowed down your three courses (three curses I used to call them;—for so, indeed, they are, causing a deal of heartburns, headaches, doctor's bills, pills, want of sleep, and such like)—just, I say, as you get down your three courses, which I defy any man to enjoy properly, unless he has two hours of drink and quiet afterwards, up comes the carriage, in bursts my Jemmy, as fine as a duchess, and scented like our shop. 'Come, my dear,' says she, 'its Normy to-night (or Annybalony, or the Nosey di Figaro, or the Gazzylarder, as the case may be); Mr. Coster strikes off punctually at eight, and you know it's the fashion to be always present at the very first bar of the aperture;' and so off we are obliged to budge, to be miserable for five hours, and to have a headache for the next twelve, and all because it's the fashion!

After the aperture, as they call it, comes the opera, which, as I am given to understand, is the Italian for singing. Why they should sing in Italian, I can't conceive; or why they should do nothing *but* sing: bless us! how I used to long for the wooden magpie, in the Gazzylarder, to fly up to the top of the church-steeple, with the silver spoons, and see the chaps with the pitchforks to come in and carry off that wicked Don June. Not that I don't admire Lablash, and Rubini, and his brother, Tomrubini, him who has that fine bass voice, I mean, and acts the Corporal in the first piece, and Don June in the second; but three hours is a *little* too much, for you can't sleep on those little rickety seats in the boxes.

The opera is bad enough; but what is that to the bally? You *should* have seen my Jemmy the first night when she stopped to see it; and when Madamsalls Fanny and Theresa Hustler came forward, along with a gentleman, to dance, you should have seen how Jemmy stared, and our girl blushed, when Madamsall Fanny, coming forward, stood on the tips of only five of her toes, and raising up the other five, and the foot belonging to them, almost to her shoulder, twirled round, and round, and round, like a teetotum, for a couple of minutes or more; and as she settled down, at last, on both feet, in a natural decent posture, you should have heard how the house roared with applause, the boxes clapping with all their might, and waving their handkerchiefs; the pit shouting, 'Bravo!' Some people, who, I suppose, were rather angry at such an exhibition, threw bunches of flowers at her; and what do you think she did? why, hang me, if she did not come forward, as though nothing had happened, gather up the things they had thrown at her, smile, press them to her heart, and begin whirling round again, faster than ever. Talk about coolness, *I* never saw such in all *my* born days.

'Nasty thing!' says Jemmy, starting up in a fury; 'if women *will* act so, it serves them right to be treated so.'

'O, yes! she acts beautifully,' says our friend, his Excellency, who, along with Baron von Punter, and Tagrag, used very seldom to miss coming to our box.

'She may act very beautifully, Munseer, but she don't dress so; and I am very glad they threw that orange-peel and all those things at her, and that the people waved to her to get off.'

Here his Excellency, and the Baron, and Tag, set up a roar of laughter.

'My dear Mrs. Coxe,' says Tag, 'those are the most famous dancers in the world; and we throw myrtle, geraniums, and lilies, and roses, at them, in token of our immense admiration!'

'Well, I never!' said my wife; and poor Jemimarann slunk behind the curtain, and looked as red as it almost. After the one had done, the next begun; but when, all of a sudden, a somebody came skipping and bounding in, like an indiarubber ball, flinging itself up, at least six feet from the stage, and there shaking about its legs like mad, we were more astonished than ever!

'That's Anatole,' says one of the gentlemen.

'Anna who?' says my wife, and she might well be mistaken; for this person had a hat and feathers, a bare neck and arms, great black ringlets, and a little calico frock, which came down to the knees.

'Anatole; you would not think he was sixty-three years old, he's as active as a man of twenty.'

'*He!*' shrieked out my wife; 'what, is that there a man? For shame! Munseer. Jemimarann, dear, get your cloak, and come along; and I'll thank you, my dear, to call our people, and let us go home.'

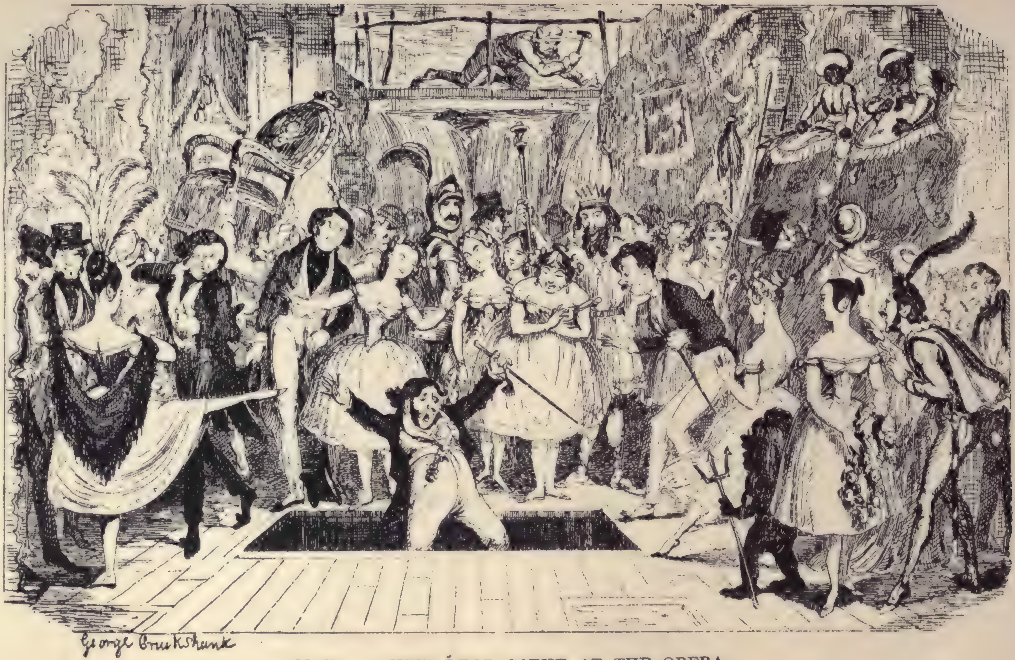
You wouldn't think, after this, that my Jemmy, who had shown such a horror at the bally, as they call it, should ever grow accustomed to it; but she liked to hear her name shouted out in the crush-room, and so would stop till the end of everything; and, law bless you! in three weeks from that time, she could look at the ballet, as she would at a dancing-dog in the streets, and would bring her double-barrelled opera glass up to her eyes as coolly as if she had been a born duchess. As for me, I did, at Rome, as Rome does, and precious fun it used to be, sometimes.

My friend, the Baron, insisted, one night, on my going behind the scenes; where, being a subscriber, he said I had what they call my *ontray*. Behind, then, I went; and such a place you never saw nor heard of! Fancy lots of young and old gents, of the fashion, crowding round and staring at the actresses practising their steps. Fancy yellow, snuffy foreigners, chattering always, and smelling fearfully of tobacco. Fancy scores of Jews, with hooked noses, and black muzzles, covered with rings, chains, sham diamonds, and gold waistcoats. Fancy old men, dressed in old nightgowns, with knock-knees, and dirty flesh-coloured cotton stockings, and dabs of brick-dust on their wrinkled old chops, and tow-wigs (such wigs !) for the bald ones, and great tin spears in their hands, mayhap, or else shepherds' crooks, and fusty garlands of flowers, made of red and green baize. Fancy troops of girls, giggling, chattering, pushing to and fro, amidst old black canvas, Gothic halls, thrones, pasteboard Cupids, dragons, and such like; such dirt, darkness, crowd, confusion, and gabble, of all conceivable languages, was never known !

If you *could* but have seen Munseer Anatole ! Instead of looking twenty he looked a thousand. The old man's wig was off, and a barber was giving it a touch with the tongs ; Munseer was taking snuff himself, and a boy was standing by, with a pint of beer, from the public-house at the corner of Charles Street.

I met with a little accident, during the three-quarters of an hour which they allow for the entertainment of us men of fashion on the stage, before the curtain draws up for the bally, while the ladies in the boxes are gaping, and the people in the pit are drumming with their feet and canes in the rudest manner possible, as though they couldn't wait.

Just at the moment before the little bell rings, and the curtain flies up, and we scuffle off to the sides (for we always stay till the very last moment), I was in the middle of the stage, making myself very affable to the fair figgerantys which was spinning and twirling about me, and asking them if they wasn't cold, and such like politeness, in the most condescending way possible, when a bolt was suddenly withdrawn, and down I popped, through a trap in the stage, into the place below. Luckily, I was stopped by a piece of machinery, consisting of a heap of green blankets and a young lady coming up as Venus rising from the sea. If I had not fallen so soft, I don't know what might have been the consequence of the collusion. I never told Mrs. Coxe, for she can't bear to hear of my paying the least attention to the fair sex.


George Cruikshank

MAY.—A NEW DROP SCENE AT THE OPERA

JUNE.—STRIKING A BALANCE

NEXT door to us, in Portland Place, lived the Right Honourable the Earl of Kilblazes, of Kilmacrasy Castle, county Kildare, and his mother, the Dowager Countess. Lady Kilblazes had a daughter, Lady Juliana Matilda Mac Turk, of the exact age of our dear Jemimarann ; and a son, the Honourable Arthur Wellington Anglesea Blucher Bulow Mac Turk, only ten months older than our boy, Tug.

My darling Jemmy is a woman of spirit, and, as become her station, made every possible attempt to become acquainted with the Dowager Countess of Kilblazes, which her ladyship (because, forsooth, she was the daughter of the Minister, and Prince of Wales's great friend, the Earl of Portansherry) thought fit to reject. I don't wonder at my Jemmy growing so angry with her, and determining, in every way, to put her ladyship down. The Kilblazes' estate is not so large as the Tuggeridge property, by two thousand a year, at least ; and so my wife, when our neighbours kept only two footmen, was quite authorized in having three ; and she made it a point, as soon as ever the Kilblazes' carriage-and-pair came round, to have out her own carriage-and-four.

Well, our box was next to theirs at the Opera ; only twice as big. Whatever masters went to Lady Juliana, came to my Jemimarann ; and what do you think Jemmy did ? she got her celebrated governess, Madame de Flicflac, away from the Countess, by offering a double salary. It was quite a treasure, they said, to have Madame Flicflac ; she had been (to support her father, the Count, when he emigrated) a *French* dancer at the *Italian* Opera. French dancing, and Italian, therefore, we had at once, and in the best style : it is astonishing how quick and well she used to speak—the French especially.

Master Arthur Mac Turk was at the famous school of the Reverend Clement Coddler, along with a hundred and ten other young fashionables, from the age of three to fifteen ; and to this establishment Jemmy sent our Tug, adding forty guineas to the hundred and twenty paid every year for the boarders. I think I found out the dear soul's reason, for, one day, speaking about the school to a mutual acquaintance of ours and the Kilblazes, she whispered to him, that 'she never would have thought of sending her darling boy at the rate which her next door neighbours paid; *their* lad, she was sure, must be starved: however, poor people! they did the best they could on their income.'

Coddler's, in fact, was the tip-top school, near London; he had been tutor to the Duke of Buckminster, who had set him up in the school, and, as I tell you, all the peerage and respectable commoners came to it. You read in the bill (the snopsis, I think Coddler called it), after the account of the charges for board, masters, extras, &c.—'Every young nobleman (or gentleman) is expected to bring a knife, fork, spoon, and goblet, of silver (to prevent breakage), which will not be returned; a dressing-gown and slippers; toilet-box, pomatum, curling-irons, &c., &c. The pupil must, on NO ACCOUNT, be allowed to have more than ten guineas of pocket-money, unless his parents particularly desire it, or he be above fifteen years of age. *Wine* will be an extra charge; as are warm, vapour, and *douche* baths; *carriage exercise* will be provided at the rate of fifteen guineas per quarter. It is *earnestly requested* that no young nobleman (or gentleman) be allowed to smoke. In a place devoted to *the cultivation of polite literature*, such an ignoble enjoyment were profane.

'CLEMENT CODDLER, M.A.,

'Chaplain and late tutor to his Grace
the Duke of Buckminster.'

'Mount Parnassus, Richmond, Surrey.'

To this establishment our Tug was sent. 'Recollect, my dear,' said his mamma, 'that you are a Tuggeridge by birth, and that I expect you to beat all the boys in the school, especially that Wellington Mac Turk, who, though he is a lord's son, is nothing to you, who are the heir of Tuggeridgeville.'

Tug was a smart young fellow enough, and could cut and curl as well as any young chap of his age; he was not a bad hand at a wig either, and could shave, too, very prettily; but that was in the old time, when we were not great people: when he came to be a gentleman, he had to learn Latin and Greek, and had a deal of lost time to make up for, on going to school.

However, we had no fear; for the Reverend Mr. Coddler used to send monthly accounts of his pupils' progress, and if Tug was not a wonder of the world, I don't know who was. It was

General behaviour	excellent
English	very good
French	très bien
Latin	optimè

and so on :—he possessed all the virtues, and wrote to us every month for money. My dear Jemmy and I determined to go and see him, after he had been at school a quarter; we went, and were shown by Mr. Coddler, one of the meekest, smilingest little men I ever saw, into the bed-rooms and eating-rooms (the dromitaries and refractories he called them), which were all as comfortable as comfortable might be. 'It is a holiday to-day,' said Mr. Coddler; and a holiday it seemed to be :—in the dining-room were half a dozen young gentlemen playing at cards ('all tip-top nobility,' observed Mr. Coddler) ;—in the bed-rooms there was only one gent; he was lying on his bed, reading novels and smoking cigars. 'Extraordinary genius!' whispered Coddler; 'Honourable Tom Fitz-Warter, cousin of Lord Byron's; smokes all day; and has written the *sweetest* poems you can imagine. Genius, my dear madam, you know, genius must have its way.' 'Well, *upon* my word,' says Jemmy, 'if that's genius, I had rather that Master Tuggeridge Coxe Tuggeridge remained a dull fellow.'

'Impossible, my dear madam,' said Coddler, 'Mr. Tuggeridge Coxe *couldn't* be stupid if he *tried*.'

Just then up comes Lord Claude Lollypop, third son of the Marquis of Allycompane. We were introduced instantly. 'Lord Claude Lollypop, Mr. and Mrs. Coxe;' the little lord wagged his head, my wife bowed very low, and so did Mr. Coddler, who, as he saw my lord making for the play-ground, begged him to show us the way.—'Come along,' says my lord; and as he walked before us, whistling, we had leisure to remark the beautiful holes in his jacket, and elsewhere.

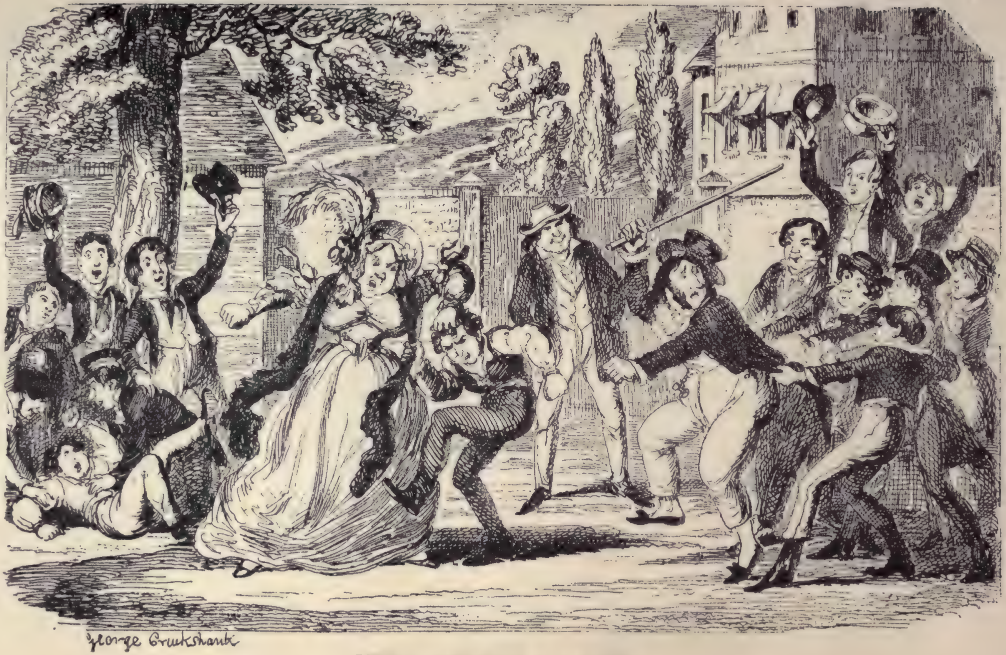
About twenty young noblemen (and gentlemen) were gathered round a pastrycook's shop, at the end of the green. 'That's the grub-shop,' said my lord, 'where we young gentlemen wot has money buys our wittles, and them young gentlemen wot has none, goes tick.'

Then we passed a poor red-haired usher, sitting on a bench alone. 'That's Mr. Hicks, the Husher, ma'am,' says my lord; 'we keep him, for he's very useful to throw stones at, and he keeps the chaps' coats when there's a fight, or a game at cricket.—Well, Hicks, how's your mother? what's the row now?' 'I believe, my lord,' said the usher, very meekly, 'there is a pugilistic encounter somewhere on the premises—the Honourable Mr. Mac——'

'O! *come* along,' said Lord Lollypop, 'come along, *this* way, ma'am! Go it, ye cripples!' and my lord pulled my dear Jemmy's gown in the kindest and most familiar way, she trotting on after him, mightily pleased to be so taken notice of, and I after her. A little boy went running across the green. 'Who is it, Petitoes?' screams my lord. 'Turk and the barber,' pipes Petitoes, and runs to the pastrycook's like mad. 'Turk and the ba—,' laughs out my lord, looking at us: '*hurra! this* way, ma'am;' and, turning round a corner, he opened a door into a court-yard, where a number of boys were collected, and a great noise of shrill voices might be heard. 'Go it, Turk!' says one. 'Go it, barber!' says another. '*Punch hith life out*,' roars another, whose voice was just cracked, and his clothes half a yard too short for him!

Fancy our horror, when, on the crowd making way, we saw Tug pummelling away at the Honourable Master Mac Turk! My dear Jemmy, who don't understand such things, pounced upon the two at once, and, with one hand tearing away Tug, sent him spinning back into the arms of his seconds, while, with the other, she clawed hold of Master Mac Turk's red hair, and, as soon as she got her second hand free, banged it about his face and ears like a good one.

'You nasty—wicked—quarrelsome—aristocratic (each word was a bang)—aristocratic, oh! oh! oh!' Here the words stopped; for, what with the agitation, maternal solicitude, and a dreadful kick on the shins which, I am ashamed to say, Master Mac Turk administered, my dear Jemmy could bear it no longer, and sank, fainting away, in my arms.


George Cruikshank

JUNE.—STRIKING A BALANCE

JULY.—DOWN AT BEULAH

ALTHOUGH there was a regular cut between the next door people and us, yet Tug and the Honourable Master Mac Turk kept up their acquaintance over the back-garden wall, and in the stables, where they were fighting, making friends, and playing tricks from morning to night, during the holidays. Indeed, it was from young Mac that we first heard of Madame de Flicflac, of whom my Jemmy robbed Lady Kilblazes, as I before have related. When our friend, the Baron, first saw Madame, a very tender greeting passed between them, for they had, as it appeared, been old friends abroad. 'Sapristie,' said the Baron, in his lingo, 'que fais tu ici, Aménaïde ?' 'Et toi, mon pauvre Chicot,' says she ; 'est ce qu'on t'a mis à la retraite ? Il parait que tu n'es plus Général chez Franco—' '*Chut*,' says the Baron, putting his finger to his lips.

'What are they saying, my dear ?' says my wife to Jemimarann, who had a pretty knowledge of the language by this time.

'I don't know what "*Sapristie*" means, mamma ; but the Baron asked Madame what she was doing here ? and Madame said, "And you, Chicot, you are no more a general at Franco,"—Have I not translated rightly, Madame ?'

'Oui, mon chou, mon ange ; yase, my angel, my cabbage, quite right. Figure yourself, I have known my dear Chicot dis twenty years.'

'Chicot is my name of baptism,' says the Baron ; 'Baron Chicot de Punter is my name.' 'And being a general at Franco,' says Jemmy, 'means, I suppose, being a French General ?'

'Yes, I vas,' said he, 'General Baron de Punter, n'est 'a pas, Aménaïde ?'

'O, yes !' said Madame Flicflac ; and laughed ; and I and Jemmy laughed out of politeness : and a pretty laughing matter it was, as you shall hear.

About this time my Jemmy became one of the Lady-Patronesses of that admirable institution, 'The Washerwoman's Orphans' Home' ; Lady de Sudley was the great projector of it ; and the manager and chaplain, the excellent and Reverend Sidney Slopper. His salary, as chaplain, and that of Doctor Leitch, the physician (both cousins of her Ladyship's), drew away five hundred pounds from the six subscribed to the Charity: and Lady de Sudley thought a fête at Beulah Spa, with the aid of some of the foreign Princes who were in town last year, might bring a little more money into its treasury. A tender appeal was accordingly drawn up, and published in all the papers:—

APPEAL

BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S-ORPHANS' HOME

The 'Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home' has now been established seven years: and the good which it has effected is, it may be confidently stated, *incalculable*. Ninety-eight orphan children of washerwomen have been lodged within its walls. One hundred and two British washerwomen have been relieved when in the last state of decay. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT THOUSAND articles of male and female dress have been washed, mended, buttoned, ironed, and mangled, in the Establishment. And, by an arrangement with the governors of the Foundling, it is hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN, from lack of means for their support? Ladies of England! Mothers of England! to you we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a fête at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, July 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT, by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND.

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzollernschwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolee-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Oude, His Excellency Don Alonzo Di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-

Castañete, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables, promised to honour the festival : and their names made a famous show in the bills. Besides these, we had the celebrated band of Moscowmusiks, the seventy-seven Transylvanian trumpeters, and the famous Bohemian Minnesingers ; with all the leading artists of London, Paris, the Continent, and the rest of Europe.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet ; it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the washerwomen's orphans : ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in the gardens, and waited on by the Ladies-Patronesses.

Well, Jemmy and my daughter, Madame de Flicflac, myself, the Count, Baron Punter, Tug, and Tagrag, all went down in the chariot and barouche-and-four, quite eclipsing poor Lady Kilblazes and her carriage-and-two.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted ; after which, my ladies and their beaux went strolling through the walks ; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy ; the Baron giving an arm a-piece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and hair-cutting.

'Orlando !' says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

'Jemimar !' says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

'*Sir !*' says Jemmy, as stately as a Duchess.

'What ! madam,' says poor Crump, 'don't you remember your shopboy ?'

'Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando !' whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

'Miss Tuggeridge Coxe,' says Jemmy, 'I'm surprised of you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige me by no more familiarity.'

'Insolent fellow,' says the Baron, 'vat is dis canaille ?'

'Canal yourself, Mounseer,' says Orlando, now grown quite furious ; he broke away, quite indignant, and was soon lost in the crowd. Jemimarann, as soon as he was gone, began to look very pale and ill; and her mamma, therefore, took her to a tent, where she left her along with Madame Flicflac and the Baron; going off herself with the other gentlemen, in order to join us.

It appears they had not been seated very long, when Madame Flicflac suddenly sprung up, with an exclamation of joy, and rushed forward to a friend whom she saw pass.

The Baron was left alone with Jemimarann; and, whether it was the champagne, or that my dear girl looked more than commonly pretty, I don't know; but Madame Flicflac had not been gone a minute, when the Baron dropped on his knees, and made her a regular declaration.

Poor Orlando Crump had found me out by this time, and was standing by my side, listening, as melancholy as possible, to the famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy:

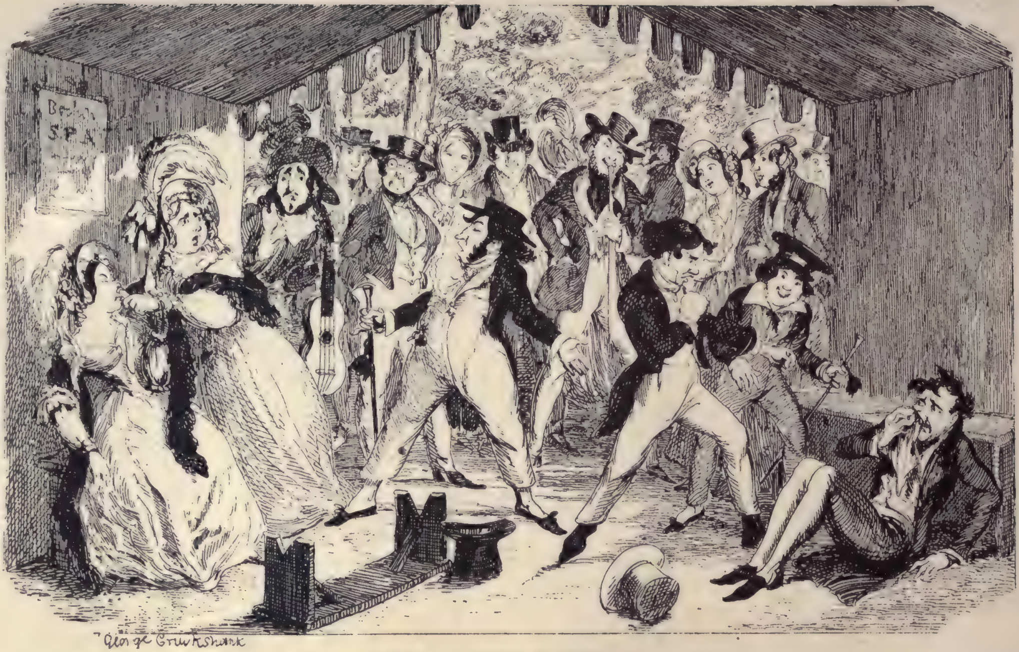
Ich bui ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,
Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp la lily lee.
Chorus.—Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odle-odle hupp! yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o.

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just come to the o-o-o, at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started: 'That's a scream!' says he. 'Indeed it is,' says I; 'and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too:' when I heard another shrill, O! as I thought; and Orlando bolted off, crying, 'By heavens, it's *her* voice!' 'Whose voice?' says I. 'Come and see the row,' says Tag; and off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, and there we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling-bottle; the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. 'Take that feller away,' says she, 'he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation, at the least.'

Poor Orlando was carried off. 'I've no patience with the little minx,' says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch: 'She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand.'


Beulah
SPA
George Cruikshank

JULY.—DOWN AT BEULAH

'O, mamma! mamma!' sobs poor Jemimarann, 'but he was t-t-tipsy.'

'T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing.'

AUGUST.—A TOURNAMENT

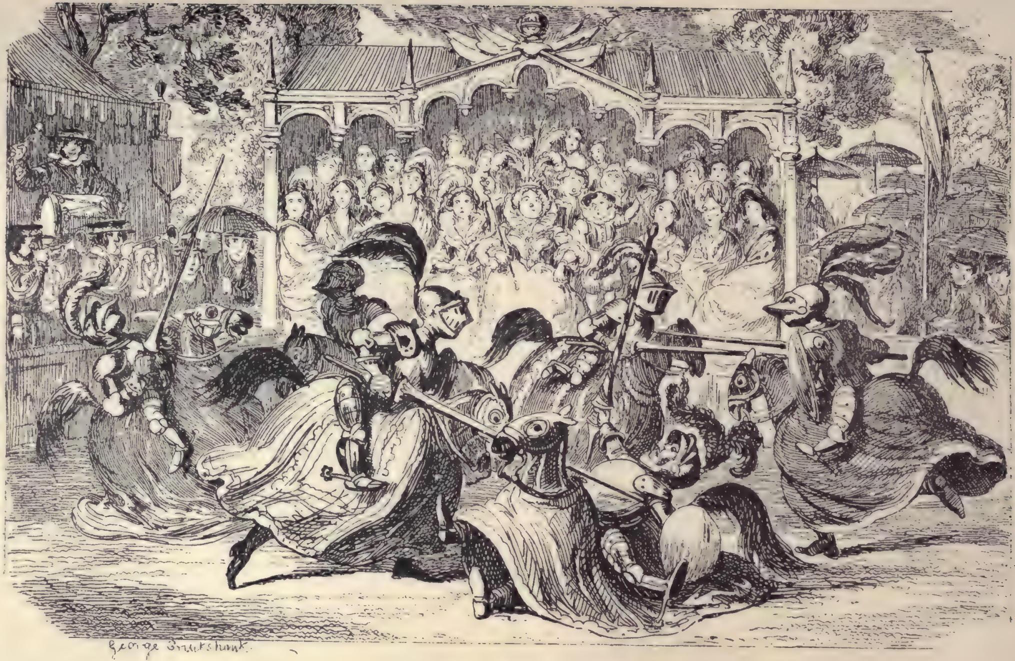
'I SAY, Tug,' said Mac Turk, one day, soon after our flare-up at Beulah, 'Kilblazes comes of age in October, and then we'll cut you out, as I told you: the old barberess will die of spite when she hears what we are going to do. What do you think? we're going to have a tournament!' 'What's a tournament?' says Tug, and so said his mamma, when she heard the news; and when she knew what a tournament was, I think, really, she *was* as angry as Mac Turk said she would be, and gave us no peace for days together. 'What!' says she, 'dress up in armour, like play-actors, and run at each other with spears? the Kilblazes must be mad!' And so I thought, but I didn't think the Tuggeridges would be mad too, as they were; for, when Jemmy heard that the Kilblazes festival was to be, as yet, a profound secret, what does she do, but send down to the *Morning Post* a flaming account of

'THE PASSAGE OF ARMS, AT TUGGERIDGEVILLE!

'The days of chivalry are *not* past. The fair Castellane of T-gg-r-dgeville, whose splendid entertainments have so often been alluded to in this paper, has determined to give one, which shall exceed, in splendour, even the magnificence of the middle ages. We are not at liberty to say more; but a tournament, at which His Ex--l--ncy B-r-n de P-nt-r, and Thomas T-gr-g, Esq., eldest son of Sir Th--s T-gr-g, are to be the knights-defendants against all comers; a *Queen of Beauty*, of whose loveliness every frequenter of fashion has felt the power; a banquet, unexampled in the annals of Gunter; and a ball, in which the recollections of ancient chivalry will blend sweetly with the soft tones of Weippert and Collinet, are among the entertainments which the Ladye of T-gg-ridgeville has prepared for her distinguished guests.'

The Baron was the life of the scheme: he longed to be on horseback, and in the field at Tuggeridgeville, where he, Tagrag, and a number of our friends practised; he was the very best tilter present: he vaulted over his horse, and played such wonderful antics, as never were done except at Ducrow's.

And now—O that I had twenty pages, instead of this short chapter, to describe the wonders of the day!—Twenty-four knights came from Ashley's, at two guineas a head. We were in hopes to have had Miss Woolcombe, in the character of Joan of Arc, but that lady did not appear. We had a tent for the challengers, at each side of which hung, what they called, *escoachings* (like hatchments, which they put up when people die), and underneath sat their pages, holding their helmets for the tournament. Tagrag was in brass armour (my city connexions got him that famous suit); his Excellency in polished steel. My wife wore a coronet, modelled exactly after that of Queen Catherine, in *Henry V*; a tight gilt jacket, which set off dear Jemmy's figure wonderfully, and a train of at least forty feet. Dear Jemimarann was in white, her hair braided with pearls. Madame de Flicflac appeared as Queen Elizabeth; and Lady Blanche Bluenose as a Turkish princess. An alderman of London, and his lady; two magistrates of the county, and the very pink of Croydon; several Polish noblemen; two Italian Counts (besides *our* Count); one hundred and ten young officers, from Addiscombe College, in full uniform, commanded by Major-General Sir Miles Mulligatawney, K.C.B., and his lady; the Misses Pimminy's Finishing Establishment, and fourteen young ladies, all in white; the Reverend Doctor Wapshot, and forty-nine young gentlemen, of the first families, under his charge—were *some* only of the company. I leave you to fancy, that, if my Jemmy did seek for fashion, she had enough of it on this occasion. They wanted me to have mounted again, but my hunting-day had been sufficient; besides I ain't big enough for a real knight: so, as Mrs. Coxe insisted on my opening the Tournament—and I knew it was in vain to resist—the Baron and Tagrag had undertaken to arrange so that I might come off with safety, if I came off at all. They had procured, from the Strand Theatre, a famous stud of hobby-horses, which they told me had been trained for the use of the great Lord Bateman. I did not know exactly what they were till they


George Cruikshank

AUGUST.—A TOURNAMENT

arrived; but as they had belonged to a Lord, I thought it was all right, and consented; and I found it the best sort of riding, after all, to appear to be on horseback and walk safely afoot at the same time, and it was impossible to come down as long as I kept on my own legs; besides, I could cuff and pull my steed about as much as I liked, without fear of his biting or kicking in return. As Lord of the Tournament, they placed in my hands a lance, ornamented spirally, in blue and gold; I thought of the pole over my old shop-door, and almost wished myself there again, as I capered up to the battle in my helmet and breast-plate, with all the trumpets blowing and drums beating at the time. Captain Tagrag was my opponent, and preciously we poked each other, till, prancing about, I put my foot on my horse's petticoat behind, and down I came, getting a thrust from the Captain, at the same time, that almost broke my shoulder-bone. 'This was sufficient,' they said, 'for the laws of chivalry;' and I was glad to get off so.

After that, the gentlemen riders, of whom there were no less than seven, in complete armour, and the professionals, now ran at the ring; and the Baron was far, far the most skilful.

'How sweetly the dear Baron rides,' said my wife, who was always ogling at him, smirking, smiling, and waving her handkerchief to him. 'I say, Sam,' says a professional to one of his friends, as, after their course, they came cantering up, and ranged under Jemmy's bower, as she called it;—'I say, Sam, I'm blowed if that chap in harmer mustn't have been one of hus.' And this only made Jemmy the more pleased; for the fact is, the Baron had chosen the best way of winning Jemimarann by courting her mother.

The Baron was declared conqueror at the ring; and Jemmy awarded him the prize, a wreath of white roses, which she placed on his lance; he receiving it gracefully, and bowing, until the plumes of his helmet mingled with the mane of his charger, which backed to the other end of the lists, and then, galloping back to the place where Jemimarann was seated, be begged her to place it on his helmet: the poor girl blushed very much, and did so. As all the people were applauding, Tagrag rushed up, and, laying his hand on the Baron's shoulder, whispered something in his ear, which made the other very angry, I suppose, for he shook him off violently. '*Chacun pour soi*,' says he, '*Monsieur de Tagueraque;*' which means, I am told, 'every man for himself;' and then he rode away, throwing his lance in the air, catching it, and making his horse caper and prance, to the admiration of all beholders.

After this came the 'Passage of Arms;' Tagrag and the Baron run courses against the other champions; aye, and unhorsed two a-piece; whereupon the other three refused to turn out; and preciously we laughed at them, to be sure!

'Now, it's *our* turn, Mr. *Chicot*,' says Tagrag, shaking his fist at the Baron: 'look to yourself, you infernal mountebank, for, by Jupiter, I'll do my best;' and before Jemmy and the rest of us, who were quite bewildered, could say a word, these two friends were charging away, spears in hand, ready to kill each other. In vain Jemmy screamed; in vain I threw down my truncheon: they had broken two poles before I could say 'Jack Robinson,' and were driving at each other with the two new ones. The Baron had the worst of the first course, for he had almost been carried out of his saddle. 'Hark you, Chicot!' screamed out Tagrag, 'next time look to your head:' and next time, sure enough, each aimed at the head of the other.

Tagrag's spear hit the right place; for it carried off the Baron's helmet, plume, rose-wreath and all; but his Excellency hit truer still—his lance took Tagrag on the neck, and sent him to the ground like a stone.

'He's won! he's won!' says Jemmy, waving her handkerchief; Jemimarann fainted, Lady Blanche screamed, and I felt so sick that I thought I should drop. All the company were in an uproar: only the Baron looked calm, and bowed very gracefully, and kissed his hand to Jemmy; when, all of a sudden, a Jewish-looking man, springing over the barrier, and followed by three more, rushed towards the Baron. 'Keep the gate, Bob!' he holloas out. 'Baron: I arrest you, at the suit of Samuel Levison, for——'

But he never said for what; shouting out, 'Aha!' and '*Sapprrrristie!*' and I don't know what, his Excellency drew his sword, dug his spurs into his horse, and was over the poor bailiff, and off before another word: he had threatened to run through one of the bailiff's followers, Mr. Stubbs, only that gentleman made way for him; and when we took up the bailiff, and brought him round by the aid of a little brandy-and-water, he told us all. 'I had a writ againsht him, Mishter Coxsh, but I didn't vant to shpoil shport; and, beshidesh, I didn't know him until dey knocked off his shteel cap!'

. . . . . .

Here was a pretty business!

SEPTEMBER.—OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED

We had no great reason to brag of our tournament at Tuggeridgeville: but, after all, it was better than the turn-out at Kilblazes, where poor Lord Heydownderry went about in a black velvet dressing-gown, and the Emperor Napoleon Bonypart appeared in a suit of armour, and silk stockings, like Mr. Pell's friend, in Pickwick; we, having employed the gentlemen from Ashley's Antitheatre, had some decent sport for our money.

We never heard a word from the Baron, who had so distinguished himself by his horsemanship, and had knocked down (and very justly) Mr. Nabb, the bailiff, and Mr. Stubbs, his man, who came to lay hands upon him. My sweet Jemmy seemed to be very low in spirits after his departure, and a sad thing it is to see her in low spirits: on days of illness she no more minds giving Jemimarann a box on the ear, or sending a plate of muffins across a table at poor me, than she does taking her tea.

Jemmy, I say, was very low in spirits; but, one day (I remember it was the day after Captain Higgins called, and said he had seen the Baron at Boulogne), she vowed that nothing but change of air would do her good, and declared that she should die unless she went to the sea-side in France. I knew what this meant, and that I might as well attempt to resist her, as to resist Her Gracious Majesty in Parliament assembled; so I told the people to pack up the things, and took four places on board the Grand Turk steamer for Boulogne.

The travelling-carriage, which, with Jemmy's thirty-seven boxes and my carpet bag, was pretty well loaded, was sent on board, the night before; and we, after breakfasting in Portland Place (little did I think it was the—but, poh! never mind), went down to the Custom House in the other carriage, followed by a hackney-coach and a cab, with the servants and fourteen band-boxes and trunks more, which were to be wanted by my dear girl in the journey.

The road down Cheapside and Thames Street need not be described; we saw the monument, a memento of the wicked popish massacre of St. Bartholomew;—why erected here I can't think, as St. Bartholomew's is in Smithfield;—we had a glimpse of Billingsgate, and of the Mansion House, where we saw the two-and-twenty shilling coal-smoke coming out of the chimneys, and were landed at the Custom House in safety. I felt melancholy, for we were going among a people of swindlers, as all Frenchmen are acknowledged to be; and, besides not being able to speak the language, leaving our own dear country, and honest countrymen.

Fourteen porters came out, and each took a package with the greatest civility; calling Jemmy her ladyship, and me your honour; aye, and your honouring and my ladyshipping even my man and the maid in the cab.

I somehow felt all over quite melancholy at going away; 'Here, my fine fellow,' says I to the coachman, who was standing very respectful, holding his hat in one hand and Jemmy's jewel-case in the other, 'here, my fine chap,' says I, 'here's six shillings for you;' for I did not care for the money.

'Six what?' says he.

'Six shillings, fellow,' shrieks Jemmy, 'and twice as much as your fare.'

'Feller, marm,' says this insolent coachman, 'feller yourself, marm; do you think I'm a-going to kill my horses, and break my precious back, and bust my carriage, and carry you, and your kids, and your traps, for six hog?' And with this the monster dropped his hat, with my money in it, and doubling his fist, put it so very near my nose that I really thought he would have made it bleed. 'My fare's heighteen shillings,' says he, 'haint it?—hask hany of these gentlemen.'

'Why, it ain't more than seventeen and six,' says one of the fourteen porters, 'but, if the gen'l'man *is* a gen'l'man, he can't give no less than a suffering any how.'

I wanted to resist, and Jemmy screamed like a Turk; but, 'Holloa!' says one: 'What's the row?' says another; 'Come, dub up!' roars a third; and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I was so frightened that I took out the sovereign and gave it. My man and Jemmy's maid had disappeared by this time; they always do when there's a robbery or a row going on.

I was going after them. 'Stop, Mr. Ferguson,' pipes a young gentleman of about thirteen, with a red livery waistcoat that reached to his ankles, and every variety of button, pin, string, to keep it together: 'Stop, Mr. Heff,' says he, taking a small pipe out of his mouth, 'and don't forgit the cabman.'

'What's your fare, my lad?' says I.

'Why, let's see—yes—ho!—my fare's seven-and-thirty and eightpence eggs—ackly.'

The fourteen gentlemen, holding the luggage, here burst out and laughed very rudely indeed; and the only person who seemed disappointed was, I thought, the hackney-coachman. 'Why, *you* rascal!' says Jemmy, laying hold of the boy, 'do you want more than the coachman?'

'Don't rascal *me*, marm!' shrieks the little chap in return. 'What's the coach to me? Vy, you may go in an omlibus for sixpence if you like; vy don't you go and buss it, marm? Vy did you call my cab, marm? Vy am I to come forty mile, from Scarlot Street, Po'tl'nd Street, Po'tl'nd Place, and not git my fare, marm? Come, give me a suffering and a half, and don't keep my hoss a-vaiting all day.'

This speech, which takes some time to write down, was made in about the fifth part of a second; and, at the end of it, the young gentleman hurled down his pipe, and, advancing towards Jemmy, doubled his fist, and seemed to challenge her to fight.

My dearest girl now turned from red to be as pale as white Windsor, and fell into my arms: what was I to do? I called, Policeman! but a policeman won't interfere in Thames Street; robbery is licensed there: what was I to do? Oh! my heart beats with paternal gratitude when I think of what my Tug did!

As soon as this young cab chap put himself into a fighting attitude, Master Tuggeridge Coxe—who had been standing by, laughing very rudely I thought—Master Tuggeridge

Coxe, I say, flung his jacket suddenly into his mamma's face (the brass buttons made her start, and recovered her a little), and, before we could say a word, was in the ring in which we stood (formed by the porters, nine orangemen and women, I don't know how many newspaper boys, hotel cads, and old clothesmen), and, whirling about two little white fists in the face of the gentleman in the red waistcoat, who brought a great pair of black ones up to bear on the enemy, was engaged in an instant.

But, law bless you! Tug hadn't been at Richmond School for nothing; and *milled* away—one, two, right and left—like a little hero as he is, with all his dear mother's spirit in him: first came a crack which sent a long dusky white hat, that looked damp and deep like a well, and had a long black crape rag twisted round it—first came a crack which sent this white hat spinning over the gentleman's cab, and scattered among the crowd a vast number of things which the cabman kept in it,—such as a ball of string, a piece of candle, a comb, a whip-lash, a little warbler, a slice of bacon, &c., &c.

The cabman seemed sadly ashamed of this display, but Tug gave him no time: another blow was planted on his cheek-bone; and a third, which hit him straight on the nose, sent this rude cabman straight down to the ground.

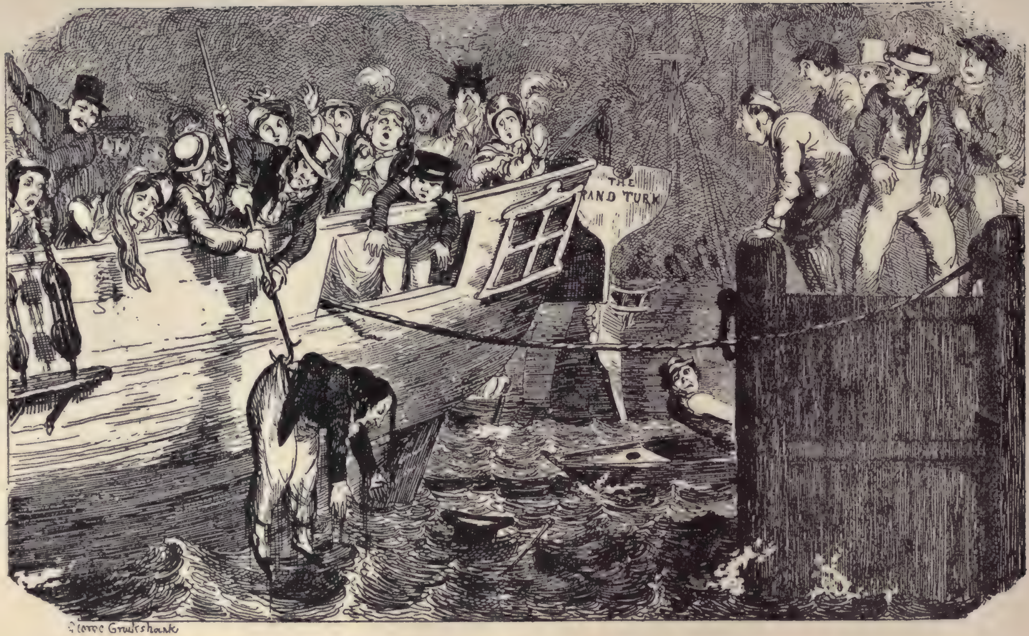
'Brayvo, my lord!' shouted all the people around.

'I won't have no more, thank yer,' said the little cabman, gathering himself up, 'give us over my fare, vil yer, and let me git away.'

'What's your fare *now*, you cowardly little thief?' says Tug.

'Vy, then, two and eightpence,' says he, 'go along,—you *know* it is:' and two and eightpence he had; and everybody applauded Tug, and hissed the cab-boy, and asked Tug for something to drink. We heard the packet-bell ringing, and all run down the stairs to be in time.

I now thought our troubles would soon be over; mine were, very nearly so, in one sense at least: for after Mrs. Coxe, and Jemimarann, and Tug, and the maid, and valet, and valuables had been handed across, it came to my turn. I had often heard of people being taken up by a *Plank*, but seldom of their being set down by one. Just as I was going over, the vessel rode off a little, the board slipped, and down I soused into the water. You might have heard


THE
RAND TURK
George Cruikshank

SEPTEMBER.—OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED

Mrs. Coxe's shriek as far as Gravesend; it rang in my ears as I went down, all grieved at the thought of leaving her a disconsolate widder. Well, up I came again, and caught the brim of my beaver hat—though I have heard that drowning men catch at straws:—I floated, and hoped to escape by hook or by crook; and, luckily, just then, I felt myself suddenly jerked by the waistband of my whites, and found myself hauled up in the air at the end of a boat-hook, to the sound of yeho! yeho! yehoi! yehoi! and so I was dragged aboard. I was put to bed, and had swallowed so much water that it took a very considerable quantity of brandy to bring it to a proper mixture in my inside: in fact, for some hours I was in a very deplorable state.

OCTOBER.—NOTICE TO QUIT

Well, we arrived at Boulogne; and Jemmy, after making inquiries, right and left, about the Baron, found that no such person was known there; and being bent, I suppose, at all events, on marrying her daughter to a lord, she determined to set off for Paris, where, as he had often said, he possessed a magnificent ——, hotel he called it;—and I remember Jemmy being mightily indignant at the idea; but hotel, we found afterwards, means only a house, in French, and this reconciled her. Need I describe the road from Boulogne to Paris? or, need I describe that Capitol itself? Suffice it to say, that we made our appearance there, at Murisse's Hotel, as became the family of Coxe Tuggeridge; and saw everything worth seeing, in the metropolis, in a week. It nearly killed me, to be sure; but, when you're on a pleasure party, in a foreign country, you must not mind a little inconvenience of this sort.

Well: there is, near the city of Paris, a splendid road and row of trees, which, I don't know why, is called the Shandeleezy, or Elysian Fields, in French: others, I have heard, call it the Shandeleery; but mine I know to be the correct pronunciation. In the middle of this Shandeleezy is an open space of ground, and a tent, where, during the summer, Mr. Franconi, the French Ashley, performs with his horses and things. As everybody went there, and we were told it was quite the thing, Jemmy agreed that we should go, too; and go we did.

It's just like Ashley's: there's a man just like Mr. Piddicombe, who goes round the ring in a huzzah-dress, cracking a whip; there are a dozen Miss Woolfords, who appear like Polish Princesses, Dihannas, Sultannas, Cachuchas, and heaven knows what! There's the fat man, who comes in with the twenty-three dresses on, and turns out to be the living skeleton! There's the clowns, the sawdust, the white horse that dances a hornpipe, the candles stuck in hoops, just as in our own dear country.

My dear wife, in her very finest clothes, with all the world looking at her, was really enjoying this spectacle (which doesn't require any knowledge of the language, seeing that the dumb animals don't talk it), when there came in, presently, 'the great Polish act of the Sarmatian horse-tamer,' on eight steeds, which we were all of us longing to see. The horse-tamer, to music twenty miles an hour, rushed in on four of his horses, leading the other four, and skurried round the ring. You couldn't see him for the sawdust, but everybody was delighted, and applauded like mad. Presently, you saw there were only three horses in front; he had slipped one more between his legs, another followed, and it was clear that the consequences would be fatal, if he admitted any more. The people applauded more than ever; and when, at last, seven and eight were made to go in, not wholly, but sliding dexterously in and out, with the others, so that you did not know which was which, the house, I thought, would come down with applause; and the Sarmatian horse-tamer bowed his great feathers to the ground. At last the music grew slower, and he cantered leisurely round the ring; bending, smirking, seesawing, waving his whip, and laying his hand on his heart, just as we have seen the Ashley's people do.

But fancy our astonishment, when, suddenly, this Sarmatian horse-tamer, coming round with his four pair at a canter, and being opposite our box, gave a start, and a—hupp! which made all his horses stop stock-still at an instant!

'Albert!' screamed my dear Jemmy: 'Albert! Bahbahbah—baron!'

The Sarmatian looked at her for a minute; and turning head over heels, three times, bolted suddenly off his horses and away out of our sight.

It was His Excellency the Baron de Punter!

Jemmy went off in a fit, as usual, and we never saw the Baron again; but we heard, afterwards, that Punter was an apprentice of Franconi's, and had run away to England, thinking to better himself, and had joined Mr. Richardson's army; but Mr. Richardson, and then London, did not agree with him; and we saw the last of him as he sprung over the barriers at the Tuggeridgeville tournament.

'Well, Jemimarann,' says Jemmy, in a fury, 'you shall marry Tagrag; and if I can't have a baroness for a daughter, at least you shall be a baronet's lady:' poor Jemimarann only sighed; she knew it was of no use to remonstrate.

Paris grew dull to us after this; and we were more eager than ever to go back to London; for what should we hear, but that that monster, Tuggeridge, of the city—old Tug's black son, forsooth!—was going to contest Jemmy's claim to the property, and had filed I don't know how many bills against us in Chancery! Hearing this, we set off immediately, and we arrived at Boulogne, and set off in that very same Grand Turk which had brought us to France.

If you look in the bills, you will see that the Steamers leave London on Saturday morning, and Boulogne on Saturday night; so that there is often not an hour between the time of arrival and departure. Bless us! bless us! I pity the poor Captain that, for twenty-four hours at a time, is on a paddle-box, roaring out, 'Ease her! Stop her!' and the poor servants, who are laying out breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper;—breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper again;—for layers upon layers of travellers, as it were; and, most of all, I pity that unhappy steward, with those unfortunate tin basins that he must always keep an eye over.

Little did we know what a storm was brooding in our absence, and little were we prepared for the awful, awful fate that hung over our Tuggeridgeville property.

Biggs, of the great house of Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, was our man of business: when I arrived in London I heard that he had just set off to Paris after me. So we started down to Tuggeridgeville instead of going to Portland Place. As we came through the lodge-gates, we found a crowd assembled within them; and there was that horrid Tuggeridge on horseback, with a shabby-looking man, called Mr. Scapgoat, and his man of business, and many more. 'Mr. Scapgoat,' says Tuggeridge, grinning, and handing him over a sealed paper, 'here's the lease; I leave you in possession, and wish you good morning.'

'In possession of what?' says the rightful lady of Tuggeridgeville, leaning out of the carriage-window. She hated black Tuggeridge, as she called him, like poison: the very first week of our coming to Portland Place, when he called to ask restitution of some plate which he said was his private property, she called him a base-born blackamoor, and told him to quit the house. Since then there had been law-squabbles between us without end, and all sorts of writings, meetings, and arbitrations.

'Possession of my estate of Tuggeridgeville, Madam,' roars he, 'left me by my father's will, which you have had notice of these three weeks, and know as well as I do.'

'Old Tug left no will,' shrieked Jemmy; 'he didn't die to leave his estates to blackamoors—to negroes—to base-born mulatto story-tellers; if he did, may I be ——'

'O, hush! dearest mamma,' says Jemimarann. 'Go it again, mother!' says Tug, who is always sniggering.

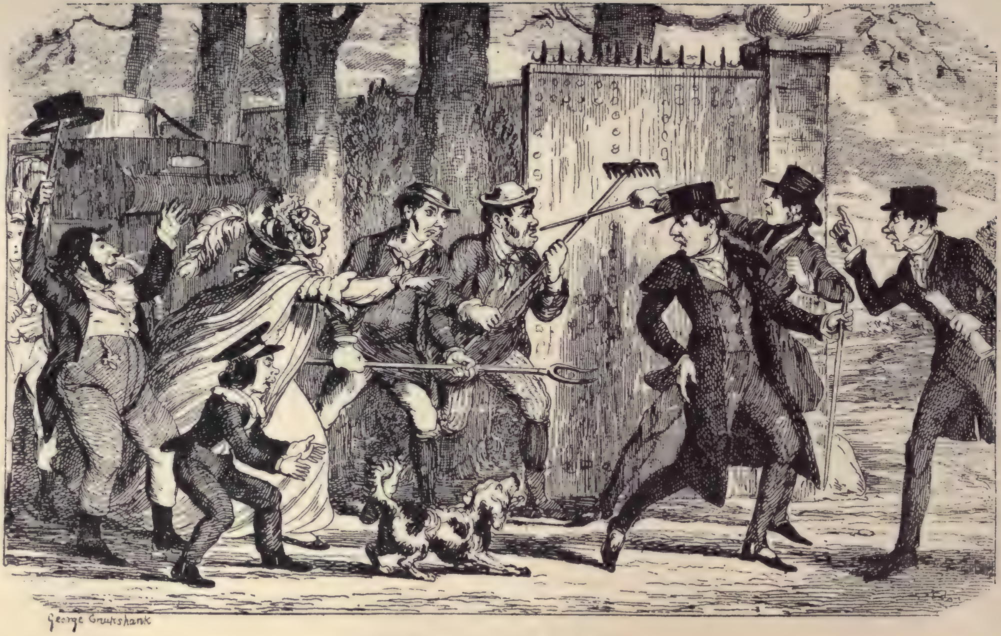
'What is this business, Mr. Tuggeridge?' cried Tagrag (who was the only one of our party that had his senses), 'what is this will?'

'O, it's merely a matter of form,' said the lawyer, riding up. 'For heaven's sake, madam, be peaceable; let my friends, Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, arrange with me. I am surprised that none of their people are here. All that you have to do is to eject us; and the rest will follow, of course.'

'Who has taken possession of this here property?' roars Jemmy, again.

'My friend, Mr. Scapgoat,' said the lawyer;—Mr. Scapgoat grinned.

'Mr. Scapgoat,' said my wife, shaking her fist at him (for she is a woman of no small spirit), 'if you don't leave this ground, I'll have you pushed out with pitchforks, I will, you and your beggarly blackamoor, yonder;'


George Cruikshank

OCTOBER.—NOTICE TO QUIT

and, suiting the action to the word, she clapped a stable fork into the hands of one of the gardeners, and called another, armed with a rake, to his help, while young Tug set the dog at their heels, and I hurrahed for joy to see such villany so properly treated.

'That's sufficient, ain't it?' said Mr. Scapgoat, with the calmest air in the world. 'O completely,' said the lawyer. 'Mr. Tuggeridge, we've ten miles to dinner. Madam, your very humble servant:' and the whole posse of them rode away.

NOVEMBER.—LAW-LIFE ASSURANCE

We knew not what this meant, until we received a strange document from Higgs, in London; which begun, 'Middlesex to wit. Samuel Cox, late of Portland Place, in the city of Westminster, in the said County, was attached to answer Samuel Scapgoat, of a plea, wherefore, with force and arms he entered into one messuage, with the appurtenances, which John Tuggeridge, Esq., demised to the said Samuel Scapgoat, for a term which is not yet expired, and ejected him.' And it went on to say, that 'we, with force of arms, *viz.*, with swords, knives, and staves, had ejected him.' Was there ever such a monstrous falsehood? when we did but stand in defence of our own; and isn't it a sin, that we should have been turned out of our rightful possessions, upon such a rascally plea?

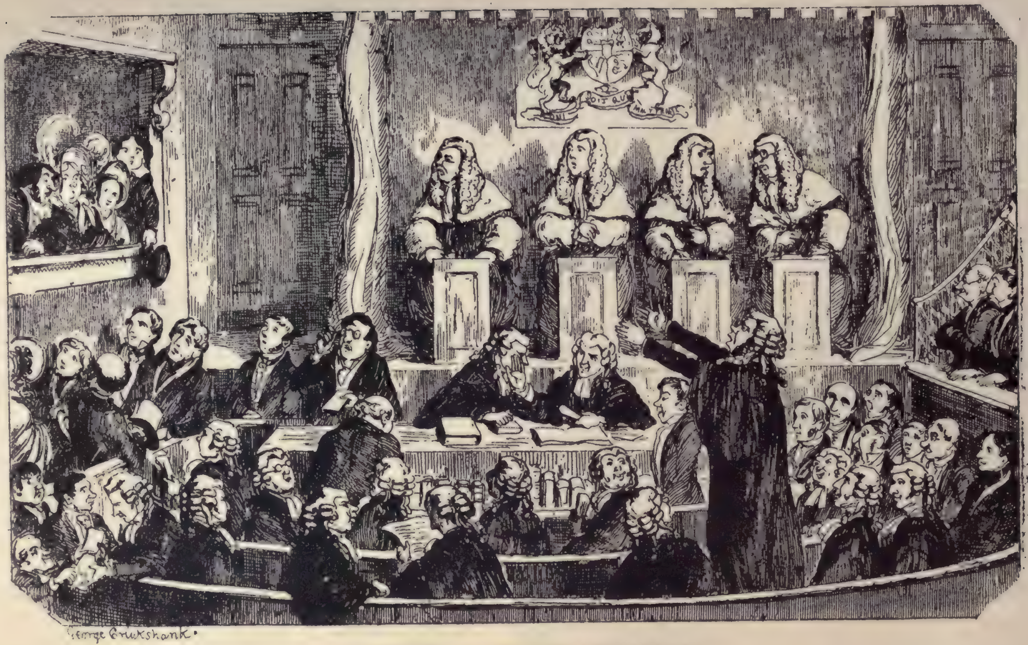
Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick had, evidently, been bribed; for, would you believe it, they told us to give up possession at once, as a will was found, and we could not defend the action. My Jemmy refused their proposal with scorn, and laughed at the notion of the will: she pronounced it to be a forgery, a vile blackamoor forgery; and believes, to this day, that the story of its having been made thirty years ago, in Calcutta, and left there with old Tug's papers, and found there, and brought to England, after a search made, by order of Tuggeridge, junior, is a scandalous falsehood.

Well, the cause was tried. Why need I say anything concerning it? What shall I say of the Lord Chief Justice, but that he ought to be ashamed of the wig he sits in. What of Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, who exerted their eloquence against justice and the poor. On our side, too, was no less a man than Mr. Serjeant Binks, who, ashamed I am, for the honour of the British bar, to say it, seemed to have been bribed too; for he actually threw up his case! Had he behaved like Mr. Mulligan, his junior—and to whom, in this humble way, I offer my thanks—all might have been well. I never knew such an effect produced, as when Mr. Mulligan, appearing for the first time in that court, said, 'Standing here, upon the pidestal of secred Thamis, seeing around me the arnymints of a profission I rispict; having before me a vinnerable Judge, and an elightened Jury—the counthry's glory, the netion's cheap defender, the poor man's priceless palladium—how must I thrimble, my Lard, how must the blush bejew my cheek—(somebody cried out "*O cheeks!*" In the court there was a dreadful roar of laughing; and when order was established, Mr. Mulligan continued)—my Lard, I heed them not; I come from a counthry accustomed to opprission, and as that counthry —yes, my Lard, *that Ireland* (do not laugh, I am proud of it)—is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, and lovely, and beautiful; my client's cause, likewise, will rise shuperior to the malignant imbecility—I repeat, the MALIGNANT IMBECILITY of those who would thrample it down; and, in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my counthry's, aye, and *my own*, I, with folded arrums, hurl a scarnful and eternal defiance!'

'For heaven's sake, Mr. Milligan'—'MULLIGAN, ME LARD,' cried my defender—'Well, Mulligan, then, be calm, and keep to your brief.'

Mr. Mulligan did; and, for three hours and a quarter, in a speech crammed with Latin quotations, and unsurpassed for eloquence, he explained the situation of me and my family; the romantic manner in which Tuggeridge, the elder, gained his fortune, and by which it afterwards came to my wife; the state of Ireland; the original and virtuous poverty of the Coxes—from which he glanced passionately, for a few minutes (until the Judge stopped him), to the poverty of his own country; my excellence as a husband, father, landlord; my wife's, as a wife, mother, landlady. All was in vain—the trial went against us.

I was soon taken in execution for the damages; five


George Cruikshank.

NOVEMBER.—LAW LIFE ASSURANCE

hundred pounds of law expenses of my own, and as much more of Tuggeridge's.

He would not pay a farthing, he said, to get me out of a much worse place than the Fleet.

I need not tell you, that along with the land went the house in town, and the money in the funds. Tuggeridge, he who had thousands before, had it all.

And when I was in prison, who do you think would come and see me? None of the Barons, nor Counts, nor Foreign Ambassadors, nor Excellencies, who used to fill our house, and eat and drink at our expense,—not even the ungrateful Tagrag!

I could not help now saying to my dear wife, 'See, my love, we have been gentlefolks for exactly a year, and a pretty life we have had of it. In the first place, my darling, we gave grand dinners, and everybody laughed at us.'

'Yes, and recollect how ill they made you,' cries my daughter.

'We asked great company, and they insulted us.'

'And spoilt mamma's temper,' said Jemimarann. 'Hush! Miss,' said her mother; 'we don't want *your* advice.'

'Then you must make a country gentleman of me.'

'And send pa into dunghills,' roared Tug.

'Then you must go to operas, and pick up foreign Barons and Counts.'

'Oh, thank heaven! dearest papa, that we are rid of them,' cries my little Jemimarann, looking almost happy, and kissing her old pappy.

'And you must make a fine gentleman of Tug there, and send him to a fine school.'

'And I give you my word,' says Tug, 'I'm as ignorant a chap as ever lived.'

'You're an insolent saucebox,' says Jemmy; 'you've learned that at your fine school.'

'I've learned something else, too, ma'am; ask the boys if I haven't,' grumbles Tug.

'You hawk your daughter about, and just escape marrying her to a swindler.'

'And drive off poor Orlando,' whimpered my girl. 'Silence, Miss,' says Jemmy fiercely.

'You insult the man whose father's property you inherited, and bring me into this prison, without hope of leaving it; for he never can help us after all your bad language.' I said all this very smartly; for the fact is, my blood was up at the time, and I determined to rate my dear girl soundly.

'Oh! Sammy,' said she, sobbing (for the poor thing's spirit was quite broken), 'it's all true; I've been very, very foolish and vain, and I've punished my dear husband and children by my follies, and I do so, so repent them!' Here, Jemimarann at once burst out crying, and flung herself into her mamma's arms, and the pair roared and sobbed for ten minutes together; even Tug looked queer: and as for me, it's a most extraordinary thing, but I'm blest if seeing them so miserable didn't make me quite happy.—I don't think, for the whole twelve months of our good fortune, I had ever felt so gay as in that dismal room in the Fleet, where I was locked up.

Poor Orlando Crump came to see us every day; and we, who had never taken the slightest notice of him in Portland Place, and treated him so cruelly that day at Beulah Spa, were only too glad of his company now. He used to bring books for my girl, and a bottle of sherry for me; and he used to take home Jemmy's fronts, and dress them for her; and when locking-up time came, he used to see the ladies home to their little three pair bed-room, in Holborn, where they slept now, Tug and all. 'Can the bird forget its nest?' Orlando used to say (he was a romantic young fellow, that's the truth, and blew the flute and read Lord Byron, incessantly, since he was separated from Jemimarann); 'can the bird, let loose in eastern climes, forget its home? Can the rose cease to remember its beloved bulbul?—Ah! no. Mr. Cox, you made me what I am, and what I hope to die—a hairdresser. I never see a curling-irons before I entered your shop, or knew Naples from brown Windsor. Did you not make over your house, your furniture, your emporium of perfumery, and nine and twenty shaving customers, to me? Are these trifles? Is Jemimarann a trifle? if she will allow me to call her so. O, Jemimarann; your pa found me in the workhouse, and made me what I am. Conduct me to my grave, and I never, never shall be different!' When he had said this, Orlando was so much affected, that he rushed suddenly on his hat, and quitted the room.

Then Jemimarann began to cry too. 'O pa!' said she, 'isn't he, isn't he a nice young man?'

'I'm *hanged* if he ain't,' says Tug. 'What do you think of his giving me eighteenpence, yesterday, and a bottle of lavender water, for Mimarann?'

'He might as well offer to give you back the shop, at any rate,' says Jemmy.

'What! to pay Tuggeridge's damages? My dear, I'd sooner die than give Tuggeridge the chance.'

DECEMBER.—FAMILY BUSTLE

TUGGERIDGE vowed that I should finish my days there, when he put me in prison. It appears that we both had reason to be ashamed of ourselves; and were, thank God! I learned to be sorry for my bad feelings towards him, and he actually wrote to me to say,—

> 'Sir,—I think you have suffered enough for faults, which, I believe, do not lie with you, so much as your wife; and I have withdrawn my claims which I had against you while you were in wrongful possession of my father's estates. You must remember that when, on examination of my father's papers, no will was found, I yielded up his property, with perfect willingness, to those who I fancied were his legitimate heirs. For this I received all sorts of insults from your wife and yourself (who acquiesced in them); and when the discovery of a will, in India, proved *my* just claims, you must remember how they were met, and the vexatious proceedings with which you sought to oppose them.
>
> 'I have discharged your lawyer's bill; and, as I believe you are more fitted for the trade you formerly exercised than for any other, I will give five hundred pounds, for the purchase of a stock and shop, when you shall find one to suit you.
>
> 'I enclose a draft for twenty pounds, to meet your present expenses. You have, I am told, a son, a boy of some spirit; if he likes to try his fortune abroad, and go on board an Indiaman, I can get him an appointment; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,
>
> JOHN TUGGERIDGE.'

It was Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, who brought this letter, and looked mighty contemptuous as she gave it.

'I hope, Breadbasket, that your master will send me my things, at any rate,' cries Jemmy. 'There's seventeen silk and satin dresses, and a whole heap of trinkets, that can be of no earthly use to him.'

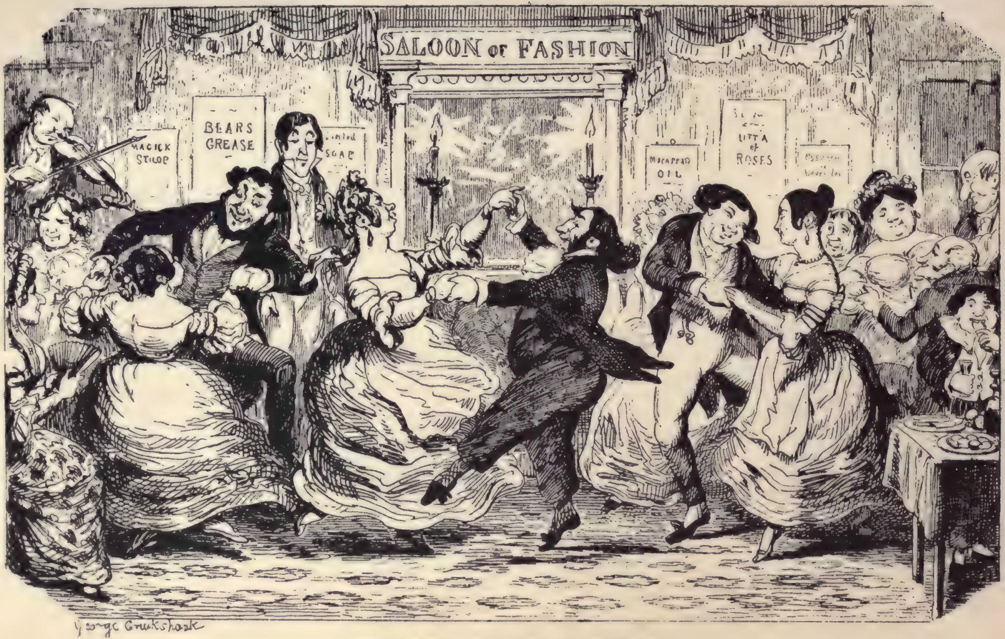
'Don't Breadbasket me, mem, if you please, mem. My master says, that them things is quite obnoxious to your sphere of life. Breadbasket, indeed!' and so she sailed out.

Jemmy hadn't a word; she had grown mighty quiet since we had been in misfortune: but my daughter looked as happy as a queen; and Tug, when he heard of the ship, gave a jump, that nearly knocked down poor Orlando. 'Ah, I suppose, you'll forget me now,' says he, with a sigh; and seemed the only unhappy person in the company.

'Why, you conceive, Mr. Crump,' says my wife, with a great deal of dignity, 'that, connected as we are, a young man born in a work—— '

'Woman!' cried I (for once in my life determined to have my own way), 'hold your foolish tongue. Your absurd pride has been the ruin of us, hitherto; and, from this day, I'll have no more of it. Hark ye, Orlando, if you will take Jemimarann, you may have her; and if you'll take five hundred pounds for a half share of the shop, they're yours; and *that's* for you, Mrs. Cox.'

And here we are, back again. And I write this from the old back shop, where we are all waiting to see the new year in. Orlando sits yonder, plaiting a wig for my Lord Chief Justice, as happy as may be; and Jemimarann and her mother have been as busy as you can imagine, all day long, and are just now giving the finishing touches to the bridal dresses; for the wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I've cut seventeen heads off (as I say) this very day; and as for Jemmy, I no more mind her than I do the Emperor of China and all his Tambarins. Last night we had a merry meeting of our friends and neighbours, to celebrate our reappearance among them; and very merry we all were. We had a capital fiddler, and we kept it up till a pretty tidy hour this morning. We began with quadrills, but I never could do 'em well; and, after that, to please Mr. Crump and his intended, we tried a gallopard, which I found anything but easy; for since I am come back to a life of peace and comfort, it's astonishing how stout I'm getting; so we turned at once to what Jemmy and me excels in—a country dance; which is rather surprising, as we was both brought up to a town life. As for young Tug, he showed off in a sailor's hornpipe; which Mrs. Cox says is very proper for him to learn, now he is intended for the sea. But stop! here comes in the punch-bowls; and if we are not happy, who is? I say I am like the Swish people, for I can't flourish out of my native *hair*.


SALOON OF FASHION
MAGICK STROP
BEARS GREASE
SOAP
MACASSAR OIL
UTTA of ROSES
George Cruikshank

DECEMBER.—CHRISTMAS BUSTLE

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY

[*Fraser's Magazine,* June to August, and October, 1840; *Miscellanies* Vol. iv, 1857]

When the republication of these Miscellanies was announced, it was my intention to complete the little story, of which only the first part is here written. Perhaps novel-readers will understand, even from the above chapters, what was to ensue. Caroline was to be disowned and deserted by her wicked husband: that abandoned man was to marry somebody else: hence, bitter trials and grief, patience and virtue, for poor little Caroline, and a melancholy ending—as how should it have been gay? The tale was interrupted at a sad period of the writer's own life. The colours are long since dry; the artist's hand is changed. It is best to leave the sketch, as it was when first designed seventeen years ago. The memory of the past is renewed as he looks at it—

die Bilder froher Tage,
Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf.

W. M. T

LONDON, *April* 10, 1857.

A
SHABBY GENTEEL STORY

CHAPTER I

At that remarkable period when Louis XVIII was restored a second time to the throne of his fathers, and all the English who had money or leisure rushed over to the Continent, there lived in a certain boarding-house at Brussels a genteel young widow, who bore the elegant name of Mrs. Wellesley Macarty.

In the same house and room with the widow lived her mamma, a lady who was called Mrs. Crabb. Both professed to be rather fashionable people. The Crabbs were of a very old English stock, and the Macartys were, as the world knows, county Cork people ; related to the Sheenys, Finnigans, Clancys, and other distinguished families in their part of Ireland. But Ensign Wellesley Mac, not having a shilling, ran off with Miss Crabb, who possessed the same independence ; and after having been married about six months to the lady, was carried off suddenly, on the 18th of June, 1815, by a disease very prevalent in those glorious times—the fatal cannon-shot morbus. He, and many hundred young fellows of his regiment, the Clonakilty Fencibles, were attacked by this epidemic on the same day, at a place about ten miles from Brussels, and there perished. The ensign's lady had accompanied her husband to the Continent, and about five months after his death brought into the world two remarkably fine female children.

Mrs. Wellesley's mother had been reconciled to her daughter by this time—for, in truth, Mrs. Crabb had no other child but her runaway Juliana, to whom she flew when she heard of her destitute condition. And, indeed, it was high time that some one should come to the young widow's aid ; for as her husband did not leave money, nor anything that represented money, except a number of tailors' and boot-makers' bills, neatly docketed in his writing-desk, Mrs. Wellesley was in danger of starvation, should no friendly person assist her.

Mrs. Crabb, then, came off to her daughter, whom the Sheenys, Finnigans, and Clancys, refused, with one scornful voice, to assist. The fact is, that Mr. Crabb had once been butler to a lord, and his lady a lady's maid ; and at Crabb's death, Mrs. Crabb disposed of the Ram hotel and posting-house, where her husband had made three thousand pounds, and was living in genteel ease in a country town, when Ensign Macarty came, saw, and ran away with Juliana. Of such a connexion, it was impossible that the great Clancys and Finnigans could take notice ; and so once more widow Crabb was compelled to share with her daughter her small income of a hundred and twenty a-year.

Upon this, at a boarding-house in Brussels, the two managed to live pretty smartly, and to maintain an honourable reputation. The twins were put out, after the foreign fashion, to nurse, at a village in the neighbourhood ; for Mrs. Macarty had been too ill to nurse them ; and Mrs. Crabb could not afford to purchase that most expensive article, a private wet-nurse.

There had been numberless tiffs and quarrels between mother and daughter when the latter was in her maiden state ; and Mrs. Crabb was, to tell the truth, in nowise sorry when her Jooly disappeared with the ensign,—for the old lady dearly loved a gentleman, and was not a little flattered at being the mother to Mrs. Ensign Macarty. Why the ensign should have run away with his lady at all, as he might have had her for the asking, is no business of ours ; nor are we going to rake up old stories and village scandals which insinuate that Miss Crabb ran away with *him*, for with these points the writer and the reader have nothing to do.

Well, then, the reconciled mother and daughter lived once more together, at Brussels. In the course of a year, Mrs. Macarty's sorrow had much abated ; and having a great natural love of dress, and a tolerably handsome face and person, she was induced, without much reluctance, to throw her weeds aside, and to appear in the most becoming and varied costumes which her means and ingenuity could furnish. Considering, indeed, the smallness of the former, it was agreed on all hands that Mrs. Crabb and her daughter deserved wonderful credit,—that is, they managed to keep up as respectable an appearance as if they had five hundred a year; and at church, at tea-parties, and abroad in the streets, to be what is called quite the gentlewomen. If they starved at home, nobody saw it; if they patched and pieced, nobody (it was to be hoped) knew it; if they bragged about their relations and property, could anyone say them nay? Thus they lived, hanging on with desperate energy to the skirts of genteel society; Mrs. Crabb, a sharp woman, rather respected her daughter's superior rank; and Mrs. Macarty did not quarrel so much as heretofore with her mamma, on whom herself and her two children were entirely dependent.

While affairs were at this juncture, it happened that a young Englishman, James Gann, Esq., of the great oil-house of Gann, Blubbery and Gann (as he took care to tell you before you had been an hour in his company),—it happened, I say, that James Gann, Esq., came to Brussels for a month, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the French language; and while in that capital went to lodge at the very boarding-house which contained Mrs. Crabb and her daughter. Gann was young, weak, inflammable; he saw and adored Mrs. Wellesley Macarty; and she, who was at this period all but engaged to a stout, old, wooden-legged Scotch regimental surgeon, pitilessly sent Dr. M'Lint about his business, and accepted the addresses of Mr. Gann. How the young man arranged matters with his papa, the senior partner, I don't know; but it is certain that there was a quarrel, and afterwards a reconciliation; and it is also known that James Gann fought a duel with the surgeon,—receiving the Aesculapian fire, and discharging his own bullet into the azure skies. About nine thousand times, in the course of his after-years, did Mr. Gann narrate the history of the combat; it enabled him to go through life with the reputation of a man of courage, and won for him, as he said with pride, the hand of his Juliana; perhaps this was rather a questionable benefit.

One part of the tale, however, honest James never did dare to tell, except when peculiarly excited by wrath or liquor; it was this: that on the day after the wedding, and in the presence of many friends who had come to offer their congratulations, a stout nurse, bearing a brace of chubby little ones, made her appearance; and these rosy urchins, springing forward at the sight of Mrs. James Gann, shouted affectionately, '*Maman! Maman!*' at which the lady, blushing rosy red, said, 'James, these two are yours;' and poor James wellnigh fainted at this sudden paternity so put upon him. 'Children!' screamed he, aghast; 'whose children?' at which Mrs. Crabb, majestically checking him, said, 'These, my dear James, are the daughters of the gallant and good Ensign Macarty, whose widow you yesterday led to the altar. May you be happy with her, and may these blessed children (tears) find in you a father, who shall replace him that fell in the field of glory!'

Mrs. Crabb, Mrs. James Gann, Mrs. Major Lolly, Mrs. Piffler, and several ladies present, set up a sob immediately; and James Gann, a good-humoured, soft-hearted man, was quite taken aback. Kissing his lady hurriedly, he vowed that he would take care of the poor little things, and proposed to kiss them likewise; which caress the darlings refused with many roars. Gann's fate was sealed from that minute; and he was properly henpecked by his wife and mother-in-law during the life of the latter. Indeed, it was to Mrs. Crabb that the stratagem of the infant concealment was due; for when her daughter innocently proposed to have or to see the children, the old lady strongly pointed out the folly of such an arrangement, which might, perhaps, frighten away Mr. Gann from the delightful matrimonial trap into which (lucky rogue!) he was about to fall.

Soon after the marriage, the happy pair returned to England, occupying the house in Thames Street, City, until the death of Gann, senior; when his son, becoming head of the firm of Gann and Blubbery, quitted the dismal precincts of Billingsgate and colonized in the neighbourhood of Putney; where a neat box, a couple of spare bed-rooms, a good cellar, and a smart gig to drive into and out from town, made a real gentleman of him. Mrs. Gann treated him with much scorn, to be sure, called him a sot, and abused hugely the male companions that he brought down with him to Putney. Honest James would listen meekly, would yield, and would bring down a brace more friends the next day, with whom he would discuss his accustomed number of bottles of port. About this period, a daughter was born to him, called Caroline Brandenburg Gann; so named after a large mansion near Hammersmith, and an injured queen who lived there at the time of the little girl's birth, and who was greatly compassioned and patronized by Mrs. James Gann, and other ladies of distinction. Mrs. James *was* a lady in those days, and gave evening parties of the very first order.

At this period of time, Mrs. James Gann sent the twins, Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Finnigan Wellesley Macarty, to a boarding-school for young ladies, and grumbled much at the amount of the half-years' bills which her husband was called upon to pay for them ; for though James discharged them with perfect good humour, his lady began to entertain a mean opinion indeed of her pretty young children. They could expect no fortune, she said, from Mr. Gann, and she wondered that he should think of bringing them up expensively, when he had a darling child of his own, for whom he was bound to save all the money that he could lay by.

Grandmamma, too, doted on the little Caroline Brandenburgh, and vowed that she would leave her three thousand pounds to this dear infant ; for in this way does the world show its respect for that most respectable thing prosperity. Who in this life get the smiles, and the acts of friendship, and the pleasing legacies ?—The rich. And I do, for my part, heartily wish that some one would leave me a trifle—say twenty thousand pounds—being perfectly confident that some one else would leave me more; and that I should sink into my grave worth a plum at least.

Little Caroline then had her maid, her airy nursery, her little carriage to drive in, the promise of her grandmamma's consols, and that priceless treasure—her mamma's undivided affection. Gann, too, loved her sincerely, in his careless, good-humoured way ; but he determined, notwithstanding, that his step-daughters should have something handsome at his death, but—but for a great BUT.

Gann and Blubbery were in the oil line,—have we not said so ? Their profits arose from contracts for lighting a great number of streets in London ; and about this period GAS came into use. Gann and Blubbery appeared in the *Gazette ;* and, I am sorry to say, so bad had been the management of Blubbery,—so great the extravagance of both partners and their ladies,—that they only paid their creditors fourteen pence halfpenny in the pound.

When Mrs. Crabb heard of this dreadful accident—Mrs. Crabb, who dined thrice a-week with her son-in-law ; who never would have been allowed to enter the house at all had not honest James interposed his good nature between her quarrelsome daughter and herself—Mrs. Crabb, I say, proclaimed James Gann to be a swindler, a villain, a disreputable, tipsy, vulgar man, and made over her money to the Misses Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Sheeny Macarty; leaving poor little Caroline without one single maravedi. Half of one thousand five hundred pounds allotted to each was to be paid at marriage, the other half on the death of Mrs. James Gann, who was to enjoy the interest thereof. Thus do we rise and fall in this world—thus does Fortune shake her swift wings, and bid us abruptly to resign the gifts (or rather loans) which we have had from her.

How Gann and his family lived after their stroke of misfortune, I know not; but as the failing tradesman is going through the process of bankruptcy, and for some months afterwards, it may be remarked, that he has usually some mysterious means of subsistence—stray spars of the wreck of his property, on which he manages to seize, and to float for a while. During his retirement, in an obscure lodging in Lambeth, where the poor fellow was so tormented by his wife as to be compelled to fly to the public-house for refuge, Mrs. Crabb died; a hundred a year thus came into the possession of Mrs. Gann; and some of James's friends, who thought him a good fellow in his prosperity, came forward, and furnished a house, in which they placed him, and came to see and comfort him. Then they came to see him not quite so often; then they found out that Mrs. Gann was a sad tyrant, and a silly woman; then the ladies declared *her* to be insupportable, and *Gann* to be a low, tipsy fellow: and the gentlemen could but shake their heads and admit that the charge was true. Then they left off coming to see him altogether; for such is the way of the world, where many of us have good impulses, and are generous on an occasion, but are wearied by perpetual want, and begin to grow angry at its importunities—being very properly vexed at the daily recurrence of hunger, and the impudent unreasonableness of starvation. Gann, then, had a genteel wife and children, a furnished house, and a hundred pounds a year. How should he live? The wife of James Gann, Esq., would never allow him to demean himself by taking a clerk's place; and James himself, being as idle a fellow as ever was known, was fain to acquiesce in this determination of hers, and to wait for some more genteel employment. And a curious list of such genteel employments might be made out, were one inclined to follow this interesting subject far; shabby compromises with the world, into which poor fellows enter, and still fondly talk of their 'position,' and strive to imagine that they are really working for their bread.

Numberless lodging-houses are kept by the females of families who have met with reverses: are not 'boarding-houses, with a select musical society, in the neighbourhood of the squares,' maintained by such? Do not the gentlemen of the boarding-houses issue forth every morning to the city, or make-believe to go thither, on some mysterious business which they have? After a certain period, Mrs. James Gann kept a lodging-house (in her own words, received 'two inmates into her family'), and Mr. Gann had his mysterious business.

In the year 1835, when this story begins, there stood in a certain back street in the town of Margate a house on the door of which might be read, in gleaming brass, the name of Mr. GANN. It was the work of a single smutty servant-maid to clean this brass plate every morning, and to attend as far as possible to the wants of Mr. Gann, his family, and lodgers; and his house being not very far from the sea, and as you might, by climbing up to the roof, get a sight between two chimneys of that multitudinous element, Mrs. Gann set down her lodgings as fashionable; and declared on her cards that her house commanded 'a fine view of the sea.'

On the wire window-blind of the parlour was written, in large characters, the word OFFICE; and here it was that Gann's services came into play. He was very much changed, poor fellow! and humbled; and from two cards that hung outside the blind, I am led to believe that he did not disdain to be agent to the 'London and Jamaica Ginger-Beer Company,' and also for a certain preparation called 'Gaster's Infants' Farinacio, or Mothers' Invigorating Substitute,'—a damp, black, mouldy, half-pound packet of which stood in permanence at one end of the 'office' mantelpiece; while a fly-blown ginger-beer bottle occupied the other extremity. Nothing else indicated that this ground-floor chamber was an office, except a huge black inkstand, in which stood a stumpy pen, richly crusted with ink at the nib, and to all appearance for many months enjoying a sinecure.

To this room you saw every day, at two o'clock, the *employé* from the neighbouring hotel bring two quarts of beer; and if you called at that hour, a tremendous smoke, and smell of dinner, would gush out upon you from the 'office,' as you stumbled over sundry battered tin dish-covers, which lay gaping at the threshold. Thus had that great bulwark of gentility, the dining at six o'clock, been broken in; and the reader must therefore judge that the house of Gann was in a demoralized state.

Gann certainly was. After the ladies had retired to the back-parlour (which, with yellow gauze round the frames, window-curtains, a red silk cabinet piano, and an album, was still tolerably genteel), Gann remained, to transact business in the office. This took place in the presence of friends, and usually consisted in the production of a bottle of gin from the corner-cupboard, or, mayhap, a *litre* of brandy, which was given by Gann with a knowing wink, and a fat finger placed on a twinkling red nose: when Mrs. G. was out, James would also produce a number of pipes, that gave this room a constant and agreeable odour of shag tobacco.

In fact, Mr. Gann had nothing to do from morning till night. He was now a fat, bald-headed man of fifty; a dirty dandy on week-days, with a shawl waistcoat, a tuft of hair to his great double chin, a snuffy shirt-frill, and enormous breast-pin and seals: he had a pilot-coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, and always wore a great rattling telescope, with which he might be seen for hours on the sea-shore or the pier, examining the ships, the bathing-machines, the ladies' schools as they paraded up and down the esplanade, and all other objects which the telescopic view might give him. He knew every person connected with every one of the Deal and Dover coaches, and was sure to be witness to the arrival or departure of several of them in the course of the day; he had a word for the hostler about 'that grey mare,' a nod for the 'shooter' or guard, and a bow for the dragsman; he could send parcels for nothing up to town; had twice had Sir Rumble Tumble (the noble driver of the Flash-o'-lightning-light-four-inside-post-coach) 'up at his place,' and took care to tell you that some of the party were pretty considerably 'sewn up,' too. He did not frequent the large hotels; but in revenge he knew every person who entered or left them; and was a great man at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie and Punch-bowl, where he was president of a club; he took the bass in 'Mynheer Van Dunck,' 'The Wolf,' and many other morsels of concerted song, and used to go backwards and forwards to London in the steamers as often as ever he liked, and have his 'grub,' too, on board. Such was James Gann. Many people, when they wrote to him, addressed him James Gann, Esq.

His reverses and former splendours afforded a never-failing theme of conversation to honest Gann and the whole of his family; and it may be remarked that such pecuniary misfortunes, as they are called, are by no means misfortunes to people of certain dispositions, but actual pieces of good luck. Gann, for instance, used to drink liberally of port and claret, when the house of Gann and Blubbery was in existence, and was henceforth compelled to imbibe only brandy and gin. Now he loved these a thousand times more than the wine; and had the advantage of talking about the latter, and of his great merit in giving them up. In those prosperous days, too, being a gentleman, he could not frequent the public-house as he did at present; and the sanded tavern-parlour was Gann's supreme enjoyment. He was obliged to spend many hours daily in a dark unsavoury room in an alley off Thames Street; and Gann hated books and business, except of other people's. His tastes were low; he loved public-house jokes and company; and now being fallen, was voted at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie before-mentioned a tip-top fellow and real gentleman, whereas he had been considered an ordinary vulgar man by his fashionable associates at Putney. Many men are there who are made to fall, and to profit by the tumble.

As for Mrs. G., or Jooly as she was indifferently called by her husband, she, too, had gained by her losses. She bragged of her former acquaintances in the most extraordinary way, and to hear her you would fancy that she was known and connected with half the peerage. Her chief occupation was taking medicine, and mending and altering her gowns. She had a huge taste for cheap finery, loved raffles, tea-parties, and walks on the pier, where she flaunted herself and daughters as gay as butterflies. She stood upon her rank, did not fail to tell her lodgers that she was 'a gentlewoman,' and was mighty sharp with Becky the maid, and poor Carry, her youngest child.

For the tide of affection had turned now, and the 'Misses Wellesley Macarty' were the darlings of their mother's heart, as Caroline had been in the early days of Putney prosperity. Mrs. Gann respected and loved her elder daughters, the stately heiresses of fifteen hundred pounds, and scorned poor Caroline, who was likewise scorned (like Cinderella in the sweetest of all stories) by her brace of haughty, thoughtless sisters. These young women were tall, well-grown, black-browed girls, little scrupulous, fond of fun, and having great health and spirits. Caroline was pale and thin, and had fair hair and meek grey eyes; nobody thought her a beauty in her moping cotton gown; whereas the sisters, in flaunting printed muslins, with pink scarves, and artificial flowers, and brass *ferronières* and other fallals, were voted very charming and genteel by the Ganns' circle of friends. They had pink cheeks, white shoulders, and many glossy curls stuck about their shining foreheads, as damp and as black as leeches. Such charms, madam, cannot fail of having their effect; and it was very lucky for Caroline that she did not possess them, for she might have been rendered as vain, frivolous, and vulgar, as these young ladies were.

While these enjoyed their pleasures and tea-parties abroad, it was Carry's usual fate to remain at home, and help the servant in the many duties which were required in Mrs. Gann's establishment. She dressed that lady and her sisters, brought her papa his tea in bed, kept the lodgers' bills, bore their scoldings, if they were ladies, and sometimes gave a hand in the kitchen if any extra pie-crust or cookery was required. At two she made a little toilet for dinner, and was employed on numberless household darnings and mendings in the long evenings, while her sisters giggled over the jingling piano, mamma sprawled on the sofa, and Gann was over his glass at the club. A weary lot, in sooth, was yours, poor little Caroline! since the days of your infancy, not one hour of sunshine, no friendship, no cheery playfellows, no mother's love; but that being dead, the affections which would have crept round it, withered and died too. Only James Gann, of all the household, had a good-natured look for her, and a coarse word of kindness; nor, indeed, did Caroline complain, nor shed many tears, nor call for death, as she would if she had been brought up in genteeler circles. The poor thing did not know her own situation ; her misery was dumb and patient ; it is such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of ; made up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry Aï ! Aï ! about. In our intercourse with the world (which is conducted with that kind of cordiality that we see in Sir Harry and my lady in a comedy—a couple of painted, grinning fools, talking parts that they have learned out of a book) ; as we sit and look at the smiling actors, we get a glimpse behind the scenes, from time to time, and alas for the wretched nature that appears there !—among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad. Ours are the great strokes of misfortune, as they are called, and theirs the small miseries. While the male thinks, labours, and battles without, the domestic woes and wrongs are the lot of the women ; and the little ills are so bad, so infinitely fiercer and bitterer than the great, that I would not change my condition—no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Coutts, or the luckiest she in history.

Well, then, in the manner we have described lived the Gann family. Mr. Gann all the better for his 'misfortunes,' Mrs. Gann little the worse ; the two young ladies greatly improved by the circumstance, having been cast thereby into a society where their expected two thousand pounds made great heiresses of them ; and poor Caroline, as luckless a being as any that the wide sun shone upon. Better to be alone in the world and utterly friendless, than to have sham friends and no sympathy ; ties of kindred which bind one as it were to the corpse of relationship, and oblige one to bear through life the weight and the embraces of this lifeless, cold connexion.

I do not mean to say that Caroline would ever have made use of this metaphor, or suspected that her connexion with her mamma and sisters was anything so loathsome. She felt that she was ill-treated, and had no companion ; but was not on that account envious, only humble and depressed, not desiring so much to resist as to bear injustice, and hardly venturing to think for herself. This tyranny and humility served her in place of education, and formed her manners, which were wonderfully gentle and calm. It was strange to see such a person growing up in such a family; the neighbours spoke of her with much scornful compassion. 'A poor half-witted thing,' they said, 'who could not say bo! to a goose;' and I think it is one good test of gentility to be thus looked down on by vulgar people.

It is not to be supposed that the elder girls had reached their present age without receiving a number of offers of marriage, and being warmly in love a great many times. But many unfortunate occurrences had compelled them to remain in their virgin condition. There was an attorney who had proposed to Rosalind; but finding that she would receive only £750 down, instead of £1,500, the monster had jilted her pitilessly, handsome as she was. An apothecary, too, had been smitten by her charms; but to live in a shop was beneath the dignity of a Wellesley Macarty, and she waited for better things. Lieutenant Swabber, of the coast-guard service, had lodged two months at Gann's; and if letters, long walks, and town-talk could settle a match, a match between him and Isabella must have taken place. Well, Isabella was not married; and the lieutenant, a colonel in Spain, seemed to have given up all thoughts of her. She meanwhile consoled herself with a gay young wine-merchant, who had lately established himself at Brighton, kept a gig, rode out with the hounds, and was voted perfectly genteel; and there was a certain French marquess, with the most elegant black moustachios, who had made a vast impression upon the heart of Rosalind, having met her first at the circulating library, and afterwards, by the most extraordinary series of chances, coming upon her and her sister daily in their walks upon the pier.

Meek little Caroline, meanwhile, trampled upon though she was, was springing up to womanhood; and though pale, freckled, thin, meanly dressed, had a certain charm about her which some people might prefer to the cheap splendours and rude red and white of the Misses Macarty. In fact we have now come to a period of her history when, to the amaze of her mamma and sisters, and not a little to the satisfaction of James Gann, Esquire, she actually inspired a passion in the breast of a very respectable young man.

CHAPTER II

HOW MRS. GANN RECEIVED TWO LODGERS

It was the winter season when the events recorded in this history occurred; and as at that period not one out of a thousand lodging-houses in Margate are let, Mrs. Gann, who generally submitted to occupy her own first and second floors during this cheerless season, considered herself more than ordinarily lucky when circumstances occurred which brought no less than two lodgers to her establishment.

She had to thank her daughters for the first inmate; for, as these two young ladies were walking one day down their own street, talking of the joys of the last season, and the delight of the raffles and singing at the libraries, and the intoxicating pleasures of the Vauxhall balls, they were remarked and evidently admired by a young gentleman who was sauntering listlessly up the street.

He stared, and it must be confessed that the fascinating girls stared too, and put each other's head into each other's bonnet, and giggled and said, 'Lor!' and then looked hard at the young gentleman again. Their eyes were black, their cheeks were very red. Fancy how Miss Bella's and Miss Linda's hearts beat when the gentleman, dropping his glass out of his eye, actually stepped across the street, and said, 'Ladies, I am seeking for lodgings, and should be glad to look at those which I see are to let in your house.'

'How did the conjurer know it was our house?' thought Bella and Linda (they always thought in couples),—from the very simple fact that Miss Bella had just thrust into the door a latch-key.

Most bitterly did Mrs. James Gann regret that she had not on her best gown when a stranger—a stranger in February—actually called to look at the lodgings. She made up, however, for the slovenliness of her dress by the dignity of her demeanour; and asked the gentleman for references, informed him that she was a gentlewoman, and that he would have peculiar advantages in her establishment; and finally, agreed to receive him at the rate of twenty shillings per week. The bright eyes of the young ladies had done the business, but to this day Mrs. James Gann is convinced that her peculiar dignity of manner, and great fluency of brag regarding her family, have been the means of bringing hundreds of lodgers to her house, who but for her would never have visited it.

'Gents,' said Mr. James Gann at the Bag of Nails that very evening, 'we have got a new lodger, and I'll stand glasses round to his jolly good health!'

The new lodger, who was remarkable for nothing except very black eyes, a sallow face, and a habit of smoking cigars in bed until noon, gave his name George Brandon, Esq. As to his temper and habits, when humbly requested by Mrs. Gann to pay in advance, he laughed and presented her with a bank-note, never quarrelled with a single item in her bills, walked much, and ate two mutton-chops per diem. The young ladies, who examined all the boxes and letters of the lodgers, as young ladies will, could not find one single document relative to their new inmate, except a tavern-bill of the White Hart, to which the name of George Brandon, Esquire, was prefixed. Any other papers which might elucidate his history, were locked up in a Bramah box, likewise marked G. B.; and though these were but unsatisfactory points by which to judge a man's character, there was a something about Mr. Brandon which caused all the ladies at Mrs. Gann's to vote he was quite a gentleman.

When this was the case, I am happy to say it would not unfrequently happen that Miss Rosalind or Miss Isabella would appear in the lodger's apartments, bearing in the breakfast-cloth, or blushingly appearing with the weekly bill, apologizing for mamma's absence, 'and hoping that everything was to the gentleman's liking.'

Both the Misses Wellesley Macarty took occasion to visit Mr. Brandon in this manner, and he received both with such a fascinating ease and gentleman-like freedom of manner, scanning their points from head to foot, and fixing his great black eyes so earnestly in their faces, that the blushing creatures turned away abashed, and yet pleased, and had many conversations about him.

'Law, Bell,' said Miss Rosalind, 'what a chap that Brandon is! I don't half like him, I do declare!' Than which there can be no greater compliment from a woman to a man.

'No more do I neither,' says Bell. 'The man stares so, and says such things! Just now, when Becky brought his paper and sealing-wax—the silly girl brought black and red too—I took them up to ask which he would have, and what do you think he said?'

'Well, dear, what?' said Mrs. Gann.

'"Miss Bell," says he, looking at me, and with such eyes! "I'll keep every thing: the red wax, because it's like your lips; the black wax, because it's like your hair; and the satin paper, because it's like your skin!" Wasn't it genteel?'

'Law, now!' exclaimed Mrs. Gann.

'Upon my word, I think it's very rude!' said Miss Lindy; 'and if he'd said so to me, I'd have slapped his face for his imperence!' And much to her credit, Miss Lindy went to his room ten minutes after to see if he *would* say anything to her. What Mr. Brandon said, I never knew; but the little pang of envy which had caused Miss Lindy to retort sharply upon her sister, had given place to a pleased good-humour, and she allowed Bella to talk about the new lodger as much as ever she liked.

And now if the reader is anxious to know what was Mr. Brandon's character, he had better read the following letter from him. It was addressed to no less a person than a viscount; and given, perhaps, with some little ostentation to Becky, the maid, to carry to the post. Now Becky, before she executed such errands, always showed the letters to her mistress or one of the young ladies (it must not be supposed that Miss Caroline was a whit less curious on these matters than her sisters); and when the family beheld the name of Lord Viscount Cinqbars upon the superscription, their respect for their lodger was greater than ever it had been:—

'MARGATE, February, 1835.

'MY DEAR VISCOUNT,—For a reason I have, on coming down to Margate, I with much gravity informed the people of the White Hart that my name was Brandon, and intend to bear that honourable appellation during my stay. For the same reason (I am a modest man, and love to do good in secret), I left the public hotel immediately, and am now housed in private lodgings, humble, and at a humble price. I am here, thank Heaven, quite alone. Robinson Crusoe had as much society in his island, as I in this of Thanet. In compensation I sleep a great deal, do nothing, and walk much, silent, by the side of the roaring sea, like Calchas, priest of Apollo.

'The fact is, that until papa's wrath is appeased, I must live with the utmost meekness and humility, and have barely enough money in my possession to pay such small current expenses as fall on me here, where strangers are many and credit does not exist. I pray you, therefore, to tell Mr. Snipson the tailor, Mr.Jackson the bootmaker, honest Solomonson the discounter of bills, and all such friends in London and Oxford as may make inquiries after me, that I am at this very moment at the city of Munich in Bavaria, from which I shall not return until my marriage with Miss Goldmore, the great Indian heiress; who, upon my honour, will have me, I believe, any day for the asking.

'Nothing else will satisfy my honoured father, I know, whose purse has already bled pretty freely for me, I must confess, and who has taken the great oath that never is broken, to bleed no more unless this marriage is brought about. Come it must. I can't work, I can't starve, and I can't live under a thousand a year.

'Here, to be sure, the charges are not enormous; for your edification, read my week's bill:—

"George Brandon, Esquire,

"To Mrs. James Gann.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
A week's lodging	1	0	0
Breakfast, cream, eggs	0	9	0
Dinner (fourteen mutton-chops)	0	10	6
Fire, boot-cleaning, &c.	0	3	6
	£2	3	0

"Settled, Juliana Gann."

'Juliana Gann! Is it not a sweet name? It sprawls over half the paper. Could you but see the owner of the name, my dear fellow! I love to examine the customs of natives of all countries, and upon my word, there are some barbarians in our own, less known, and more worthy of being known, than Hottentots, wild Irish, Otaheiteans, or any such savages. If you could see the airs that this woman gives herself; the rouge, ribands, rings, and other female gimcracks that she wears; if you could hear her reminiscences of past times, "when she and Mr. Gann moved in the very genteelest circles of society;" of the peerage, which she knows by heart; and of the fashionable novels, in every word of which she believes, you would be proud of your order, and admire the intense respect which the *canaille* show towards it. There never was such an old woman, not even our tutor at Christ Church.

'There is a he Gann, a vast, bloated old man, in a rough coat, who has met me once, and asked me, with a grin, if my mutton-chops was to my liking? The satirical monster! What *can* I eat in this place but mutton-chops? A great bleeding beef-steak, or a filthy, reeking *gigot à l'eau,* with a turnip poultice? I should die if I did.

As for fish in a watering-place, I never touch it; it is sure to be bad. Nor care I for little, sinewy, dry, black-legged fowls. Cutlets are my only resource; I have them nicely enough broiled by a little humble companion of the family (a companion, ye gods, in *this* family!), who blushed hugely when she confessed that the cooking was hers, and that her name was Caroline. For drink I indulge in gin, of which I consume two wine glasses daily, in two tumblers of cold water; it is the only liquor that one can be sure to find genuine in a common house in England.

'This Gann, I take it, has similar likings, for I hear him occasionally at midnight floundering up the stairs (his boots lie dirty in the passage)—floundering, I say, up the stairs, and cursing the candlestick, whence escape now and anon the snuffers and extinguisher, and with brazen rattle disturb the silence of the night. Thrice a week, at least, does Gann breakfast in bed—sure sign of pridian intoxication; and thrice a week, in the morning, I hear a hoarse voice roaring for "my soda-water." How long have the rogues drunk soda-water?

'At nine, Mrs. Gann and daughters are accustomed to breakfast; a handsome pair of girls, truly, and much followed, as I hear, in the quarter. These dear creatures are always paying me visits—visits with the tea-kettle, visits with the newspaper (one brings it, and one comes for it); but the one is always at the other's heels, and so one cannot show oneself to be that dear, gay, seducing fellow that one has been, at home and on the Continent. Do you remember *cette chère marquise* at Pau? That cursed conjugal pistol-bullet still plays the deuce with my shoulder. Do you remember Betty Bundy, the butcher's daughter? A pretty race of fools are we to go mad after such women, and risk all—oaths, prayers, promises, long wearisome courtships—for what, for vanity, truly. When the battle is over, behold your conquest! Betty Bundy is a vulgar country wench; and *cette belle marquise* is old, rouged, and has false hair. *Vanitas vanitatum!* what a moral man I will be some day or other!

'I have found an old acquaintance (and be hanged to him!), who has come to lodge in this very house. Do you recollect at Rome a young artist, Fitch by name, the handsome gaby with the large beard, that mad Mrs. Carrickfergus was doubly mad about? On the second floor of Mrs. Gann's house dwells this youth. His beard brings the *gamins* of the streets trooping and yelling about him; his fine braided coats have grown somewhat shabby now; and the poor fellow is, like your humble servant (by the way, have you a 500 franc billet to spare?)—like your humble servant, I say, very low in pocket. The young Andrea bears up gaily, however; twangles his guitar, paints the worst pictures in the world, and pens sonnets to his imaginary mistress's eyebrow. Luckily the rogue did not know my name, or I should have been compelled to unbosom to him; and when I called out to him, dubious as to my name, "Don't you know me? I met you in Rome. My name is Brandon," the painter was perfectly satisfied, and majestically bade me welcome.

'Fancy the continence of this young Joseph—he has absolutely run away from Mrs. Carrickfergus! "Sir," said he, with some hesitation and blushes, when I questioned him about the widow, "I was compelled to leave Rome in consequence of the fatal fondness of that woman. I am an 'andsome man, sir,—I know it—all the chaps in the Academy want me for a model; and that woman, sir, is sixty. Do you think I would ally myself with her; sacrifice my happiness for the sake of a creature that's as hugly as an 'arpy? I'd rather starve, sir. I'd rather give up my hart and my 'opes of rising in it than do a haction so dis*hhhh*onourable."

'There is a stock of virtue for you! and the poor fellow half-starved. He lived at Rome upon the seven portraits that the Carrickfergus ordered of him, and, as I fancy, now does not make twenty pounds in the year. O rare chastity! O wondrous silly hopes! *O motus animorum, atque O certamina tanta!—pulveris exigui jactu,* in such an insignificant little lump of mud as this! Why the deuce does not the fool marry the widow? His betters would. There was a captain of dragoons, an Italian prince, and four sons of Irish peers, all at her feet; but the Cockney's beard and whiskers have overcome them all. Here my paper has come to an end; and I have the honour to bid your lordship a respectful farewell.

'G. B.'

Of the young gentleman who goes by the name of Brandon, the reader of the above letter will not be so misguided, we trust, as to have a very exalted opinion. The noble viscount read this document to a supper-party in Christ Church, in Oxford, and left it in a bowl of milk-punch; whence a scout abstracted it, and handed it over to us. My lord was twenty years of age when he received the epistle, and had spent a couple of years abroad, before going to the university, under the guardianship of the worthy individual who called himself George Brandon.

Mr. Brandon was the son of a half-pay colonel, of good family, who, honouring the great himself, thought his son would vastly benefit by an acquaintance with them, and sent him to Eton, at cruel charges upon a slender purse. From Eton the lad went to Oxford, took honours there, frequented the best society, followed with a kind of proud obsequiousness all the tufts of the university, and left it owing exactly two thousand pounds. Then there came storms at home; fury on the part of the stern old 'governor'; and final payment of the debt. But while this settlement was pending, Master George had contracted many more debts among bill-discounters, and was glad to fly to the Continent as tutor to young Lord Cinqbars, in whose company he learned every one of the vices in Europe; and having a good natural genius, and a heart not unkindly, had used these qualities in such an admirable manner as to be at twenty-seven utterly ruined in purse and principle—an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton. He was free of his money; would spend his last guinea for a sensual gratification; would borrow from his neediest friend; had no kind of conscience or remorse left, but believed himself to be a good-natured devil-may-care fellow; had a good deal of wit, and indisputably good manners, and a pleasing, dashing frankness in conversation with men. I should like to know how many such scoundrels our universities have turned out; and how much ruin has been caused by that accursed system, which is called in England 'the education of a gentleman.' Go, my son, for ten years to a public school, that 'world in miniature;' learn 'to fight for yourself' against the time when your real struggles shall begin. Begin to be selfish at ten years of age; study for other ten years; get a competent knowledge of boxing, swimming, rowing, and cricket, with a pretty knack of Latin hexameters, and a decent smattering of Greek plays,—do this and a fond father shall bless you—bless the two thousand pounds which he has spent in acquiring all these benefits for you. And, besides, what else have you not learned? You have been many hundreds of times to chapel, and have learned to consider the religious service performed there as the vainest parade in the world. If your father is a grocer, you have been beaten for his sake, and have learned to be ashamed of him. You have learned to forget (as how should you remember, being separated from them for three-fourths of your time?) the ties and natural affections of home. You have learned, if you have a kindly heart and an open hand, to compete with associates much more wealthy than yourself; and to consider money as not much, but honour—the honour of dining and consorting with your betters—as a great deal. All this does the public school and college boy learn; and woe be to his knowledge! Alas, what natural tenderness and kindly-clinging filial affection is he taught to trample on and despise! My friend Brandon had gone through this process of education, and had been irretrievably ruined by it—his heart and his honesty had been ruined by it, that is to say;[1] and he had received, in return for them, a small quantity of classics and mathematics—pretty compensation for all he had lost in gaining them!

But I am wandering most absurdly from the point; right or wrong, so nature and education had formed Mr. Brandon, who is one of a considerable class. Well, this young gentleman was established at Mrs. Gann's house; and we are obliged to enter into all these explanations concerning him, because they are necessary to the right understanding of our story—Brandon not being altogether a bad man, nor much worse than many a one who goes through a course of regular selfish swindling all his life long, and dies religious, resigned, proud of himself, and universally respected by others: for this eminent advantage has the getting-and-keeping scoundrel over the extravagant and careless one.

One day, then, as he was gazing from the window of his lodging-house, a cart, containing a vast number of easels, portfolios, wooden-cases of pictures, and a small carpet-bag that might hold a change of clothes, stopped at the door. The vehicle was accompanied by a remarkable young fellow, dressed in a frock-coat covered over with frogs, a dirty turned-down shirt-collar, with a blue satin cravat, and a cap placed wonderfully on one ear,—who had evidently hired apartments at Mr. Gann's. This new lodger was no other than Mr. Andrew Fitch; or, as he wrote on his cards, without the prefix,

ANDREA FITCH.

Preparations had been made at Gann's for the reception of Mr. Fitch, whose aunt (an auctioneer's lady in the town) had made arrangements that he should board and lodge with the Gann family, and have the apartments on the second floor as his private rooms. In these, then, young Andrea was installed. He was a youth of a poetic temperament, loving solitude; and where is such to be found more easily than on the storm-washed shores of Margate in winter? Then the boarding-house keepers have shut up their houses, and gone away in anguish; then the taverns take their carpets up, and you can have your choice of a hundred and twenty beds in any one of them; then but one dismal waiter remains to superintend this vast echoing pile of loneliness, and the landlord pines for summer; then the flies for Ramsgate stand tenantless beside the pier; and about four sailors, in pea-jackets, are to be seen in the three principal streets; in the rest, silence, closed shutters, torpid chimneys, enjoying their unnatural winter sinecure—not the clack of a patten echoing over the cold dry flags!

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[1] What does the author mean? We must take leave to tell him that this is the silliest sentimentality in the world. If he means that a boy at a public school might learn more than Homer or Euclid, we agree with him; and if he would insinuate that a lad at a university may be led into temptations and excesses which may ruin his family and the whole prospects of his future life, we agree with him too. But all this is his own fault; he will learn to be cautious afterwards.—[ED. *Fraser's Mag.*]

This solitude had been chosen by Mr. Brandon for good reasons of his own; Gann and his family would have fled, but that they had no other house wherein to take refuge; and Mrs. Hammerton, the auctioneer's lady, felt so keenly the kindness which she was doing to Mrs. Gann, in providing her with a lodger at such a period, that she considered herself fully justified in extracting from the latter a bonus of two guineas, threatening on refusal to send her darling nephew to a rival establishment over the way.

Andrea was here, then, in the loneliness that he loved,—a fantastic youth, who lived but for his art; to whom the world was like the Coburg Theatre, and he in a magnificent costume acting a principal part. His art, and his beard and whiskers, were the darlings of his heart. His long pale hair fell over a high polished brow, which looked wonderfully thoughtful; and yet no man was more guiltless of thinking. He was always putting himself into attitudes; he never spoke the truth; and was so entirely affected and absurd, as to be quite honest at last: for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer, and was when he was alone, when he was in company, nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep snoring in bed, one complete lump of affectation. When his apartments on the second floor were arranged according to his fancy, they made a tremendous show. He had a large Gothic chest, in which he put his wardrobe (namely, two velvet waistcoats, four varied satin under ditto, two pairs braided trousers, two shirts, half a dozen false collars, and a couple of pairs of dreadfully dilapidated Blucher boots). He had some pieces of armour; some China jugs and Venetian glasses; some bits of old damask rags, to drape his doors and windows; and a rickety lay-figure, in a Spanish hat and cloak, over which slung a long Toledo rapier, and a guitar with a riband of dirty sky-blue.

Such was our poor fellow's stock in trade. He had some volumes of poems—'Lalla Rookh,' and the sterner compositions of Byron: for, to do him justice, he hated 'Don Juan,' and a woman was in his eyes an angel; a *h*angel, alas! he would call her, for nature and the circumstances of his family had taken sad Cockney advantages over Andrea's pronunciation.

The Misses Wellesley Macarty were not, however, very squeamish with regard to grammar, and, in this dull season, voted Mr. Fitch an elegant young fellow. His immense beard and whiskers gave them the highest opinion of his genius; and before long the intimacy between the young people was considerable, for Mr. Fitch insisted upon drawing the portraits of the whole family. He painted Mrs. Gann in her rouge and ribands, as described by Mr. Brandon; Mr. Gann, who said that his picture would be very useful to the artist, as every soul in Margate knew him; and the Misses Macarty (a neat group, representing Miss Bella embracing Miss Linda, who was pointing to a pianoforte).

'I suppose you'll do my Carry next,' said Mr. Gann, expressing his approbation of the last picture.

'Law, sir,' said Miss Linda, 'Carry, with her red hair!—it would be *ojus*.'

'Mr. Fitch might as well paint Becky, our maid,' said Miss Bella.

'Carry is quite impossible, Gann,' said Mrs. Gann; 'she hasn't a gown fit to be seen in. She's not been at church for thirteen Sundays in consequence.'

'And more shame for you, ma'am,' said Mr. Gann, who liked his child; 'Carry *shall* have a gown, and the best of gowns.' And jingling three-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, Mr. Gann determined to spend them all in the purchase of a robe for Carry. But, alas, the gown never came ; half the money was spent that very evening at the Bag of Nails.

'Is that—that young lady, your daughter ?' said Mr. Fitch, surprised, for he fancied Carry was a humble companion of the family.

'Yes, she is, and a very good daughter, too, sir,' answered Mr. Gann. *Fetch* and Carry I call her, or else Carryvan—she's so useful. Ain't you, Carry ?'

'I'm very glad if I am, papa,' said the young lady, who was blushing violently, and in whose presence all this conversation had been carried on.

'Hold your tongue, miss,' said her mother ; 'you are very expensive to us, that you are, and need not brag about the work you do. You would not live on charity, would you, like some folks (here she looked fiercely at Mr. Gann) ; and if your sisters and me starve to keep you and some folks, I presume you are bound to make us some return.'

When any allusion was made to Mr. Gann's idleness and extravagance, or his lady showed herself in any way inclined to be angry, it was honest James's habit not to answer, but to take his hat and walk abroad to the public-house ; or if haply she scolded him at night, he would turn his back and fall a-snoring. These were the only remedies he found for Mrs. James's bad temper, and the first of them he adopted on hearing these words of his lady, which we have just now transcribed.

Poor Caroline had not her father's refuge of flight, but was obliged to stay and listen ; and a wondrous eloquence, God wot ! had Mrs. Gann upon the subject of her daughter's ill conduct. The first lecture Mr. Fitch heard, he set down Caroline for a monster. Was she not idle, sulky, scornful, and a sloven ? For these and many more of her daughter's vices Mrs. Gann vouched, declaring that Caroline's misbehaviour was hastening her own death, and finishing by a fainting-fit. In the presence of all these charges, there stood Miss Caroline, dumb, stupid, and careless ; nay, when the fainting-fit came on, and Mrs. Gann fell back on the sofa, the unfeeling girl took the opportunity to retire, and never offered to smack her mamma's hands, to give her the smelling-bottle, or to restore her with a glass of water.

One stood close at hand ; for Mr. Fitch, when this first fit occurred, was sitting in the Gann parlour, painting that lady's portrait ; and he was making towards her with his tumbler, when Miss Linda cried out, 'Stop! the water's full of paint;' and straightway burst out laughing. Mrs. Gann jumped up at this, cured suddenly, and left the room, looking somewhat foolish.

'You don't know ma,' said Miss Linda, still giggling; 'she's always fainting.'

'Poor thing!' cried Fitch; 'very nervous, I suppose?'

'Oh, very!' answered the lady, exchanging arch glances with Miss Bella.

'Poor, dear lady!' continued the artist; 'I pity her from my hinmost soul. Doesn't the himmortal bard of Havon observe, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? And is it true, ma'am, that that young woman has been the ruin of her family?'

'Ruin of her fiddlestick!' replied Miss Bella. 'Law Mr. Fitch, you don't know ma yet; she is in one of her tantrums.'

'What, then, it *isn't* true?' cried simple-minded Fitch; to which neither of the young ladies made any answer in words, nor could the little artist comprehend why they looked at each other, and burst out laughing. But he retired pondering on what he had seen and heard; and being a very soft young fellow, most implicitly believed the accusations of poor dear Mrs. Gann, and thought her daughter Caroline was no better than a Regan or Goneril.

A time, however, was to come when he should believe her to be a most pure and gentle Cordelia; and of this change in Fitch's opinions we shall speak in Chapter III.

CHAPTER III

A SHABBY GENTEEL DINNER, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF A LIKE NATURE

MR. BRANDON's letter to Lord Cinqbars produced, as we have said, a great impression upon the family of Gann; an impression which was considerably increased by their lodger's subsequent behaviour: for although the persons with whom he now associated were of a very vulgar, ridiculous kind, they were by no means so low or ridiculous that Mr. Brandon should not wish to appear before them in the most advantageous light; and, accordingly, he gave himself the greatest airs when in their company, and bragged incessantly of his acquaintance and familiarity with the nobility. Mr. Brandon was a tuft-hunter of the genteel sort; his pride being quite as slavish, and his haughtiness as mean and cringing, in fact, as poor Mrs. Gann's stupid wonder and respect for all the persons whose names are written with titles before them. O free and happy Britons, what a miserable, truckling, cringing race you are!

The reader has no doubt encountered a number of such swaggerers in the course of his conversation with the world—men of a decent middle rank, who affect to despise it, and herd only with persons of the fashion. This is an offence in a man which none of us can forgive; we call him tuft-hunter, lickspittle, sneak, unmanly; we hate, and profess to despise him. I fear it is no such thing. We envy Lickspittle, that is the fact; and therefore hate him. Were he to plague us with the stories of Jones and Brown, our familiars, the man would be a simple bore, his stories heard patiently; but so soon as he talks of my lord or the duke, we are in arms against him. I have seen a whole merry party in Russell Square grow suddenly gloomy and dumb, because a pert barrister, in a loud, shrill voice, told a story of Lord This or the Marquess of That. We all hated that man; and I would lay a wager that every one of the fourteen persons assembled round the boiled turkey and saddle of mutton (not to mention side-dishes from the pastrycook's opposite the British Museum)—I would wager, I say, that every one was muttering inwardly, 'A plague on that fellow! he knows a lord, and I never spoke to more than three in the whole course of my life.' To our betters we can reconcile ourselves, if you please, respecting them very sincerely, laughing at their jokes, making allowance for their stupidities, meekly suffering their insolence; but we can't pardon our equals going beyond us. A friend of mine who lived amicably and happily among his friends and relatives at Hackney, was on a sudden disowned by the latter, cut by the former, and doomed in innumerable prophecies to ruin, because he kept a footboy,—a harmless, little blowsy-faced urchin, in light snuff-coloured clothes, glistering over with sugar-loaf buttons. There is another man, a great man, a literary man, whom the public loves, and who took a sudden leap from obscurity into fame and wealth. This was a crime; but he bore his rise with so much modesty, that even his brethren of the pen did not envy him. One luckless day he set up a one-horse chaise; from that minute he was doomed.

'Have you seen his new carriage?' says Snarley.

'Yes,' says Yow; 'he's so consumedly proud of it, that he can't see his old friends while he drives.'

'Ith it a donkey-cart,' lisps Simper, 'thith gwand cawwaige? I always thaid that the man, from hith thtile, wath fitted to be a vewy dethent cothtermonger.'

'Yes, yes,' cries old Candour, 'a sad pity indeed!—dreadfully extravagant, I'm told—bad health—expensive family—works going down every day—and now he must set up a carriage, forsooth!'

Snarley, Yow, Simper, Candour, hate their brother. If he is ruined, they will be kind to him and just; but he is successful, and woe be to him!

. . . . . .

This trifling digression of half a page or so, although it seems to have nothing to do with the story in hand, has, nevertheless, the strongest relation to it; and you shall hear what.

In one word, then, Mr. Brandon bragged so much, and assumed such airs of superiority, that after a while he perfectly disgusted Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty, who were gentlefolks themselves, and did not at all like his way of telling them that he was their better. Mr. Fitch was swallowed up in his hart, as he called it, and cared nothing for Brandon's airs. Gann, being a low-spirited fellow, completely submitted to Mr. Brandon, and looked up to him with deepest wonder. And poor little Caroline followed her father's faith, and in six weeks after Mr. Brandon's arrival at the lodgings had grown to believe him the most perfect, finished, polished, agreeable of mankind. Indeed, the poor girl had never seen a gentleman before, and towards such her gentle heart turned instinctively. Brandon never offended her by hard words; insulted her by cruel scorn, such as she met with from her mother and her sisters; there was a quiet manner about the man quite different to any that she had before seen amongst the acquaintances of her family; and if he assumed a tone of superiority in his conversation with her and the rest, Caroline felt that he *was* their superior, and as such admired and respected him.

What happens when in the innocent bosom of a girl of sixteen such sensations arise? What has happened ever since the world began?

I have said that Miss Caroline had no friend in the world but her father, and must here take leave to recall that assertion;—a friend she most certainly had, and that was honest Becky, the smutty maid, whose name has been mentioned before. Miss Caroline had learned, in the course of a life spent under the tyranny of her mamma, some of the notions of the latter, and would have been very much offended to call Becky her friend: but friends, in fact, they were; and a great comfort it was for Caroline to descend to the calm kitchen from the stormy back-parlour, and there vent some of her little woes to the compassionate servant of all work.

When Mrs. Gann went out with her daughters, Becky would take her work and come and keep Miss Caroline company; and if the truth must be told, the greatest enjoyment the pair used to have was in these afternoons, when they read together out of the precious greasy, marble-covered volumes that Mrs. Gann was in the habit of fetching from the library. Many and many a tale had the pair so gone through. I can see them over *Manfrone; or the One-handed Monk*—the room dark, the street silent, the hour ten—the tall, red, lurid candlewick waggling down, the flame flickering pale upon Miss Caroline's pale face as she read out, and lighting up honest Becky's goggling eyes, who sat silent, her work in her lap: she had not done a stitch of it for an hour. As the trap-door slowly opens, and the scowling Alonzo, bending over the sleeping Imoinda, draws his pistol, cocks it, looks well if the priming be right, places it then to the sleeper's ear, and—*thunder-under-under*—down fall the snuffers! Becky has had them in her hand for ten minutes, afraid to use them. Up starts Caroline, and flings the book back into her mamma's basket. It is that lady returned with her daughters from a tea-party, where two young gents from London have been mighty genteel indeed.

For the sentimental, too, as well as for the terrible, Miss Caroline and the cook had a strong predilection, and had wept their poor eyes out over *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and the *Scottish Chiefs*. Fortified by the examples drawn from those instructive volumes, Becky was firmly convinced that her young mistress would meet with a great lord some day or other, or be carried off, like Cinderella, by a brilliant prince, to the mortification of her elder sisters, whom Becky hated. And when, therefore, the new lodger came, lonely, mysterious, melancholy, elegant, with the romantic name of George Brandon—when he wrote a letter directed to a lord, and Miss Caroline and Becky together examined the superscription, such a look passed between them as the pencil of Leslie or Maclise could alone describe for us. Becky's orbs were lighted up with a preternatural look of wondering wisdom; whereas, after an instant, Caroline dropped hers, and blushed, and said, 'Nonsense, Becky.'

'*Is* it nonsense?' said Becky, grinning and snapping her fingers with a triumphant air; 'the cards comes true; I knew they would. Didn't you have king and queen of hearts three deals running? What did you dream about last Tuesday, tell me that?'

But Miss Caroline never did tell, for her sisters came bouncing down the stairs, and examined the lodger's letter. Caroline, however, went away musing much upon these points; and she began to think Mr. Brandon more wonderful and beautiful every day.

In the meantime, while Miss Caroline was innocently indulging in her inclination for the brilliant occupier of the first floor, it came to pass that the tenant of the second was inflamed by a most romantic passion for her.

For, after partaking for about a fortnight of the family dinner, and passing some evenings with Mrs. Gann and the young ladies, Mr. Fitch, though by no means quick of comprehension, began to perceive that the nightly charges that were brought against poor Caroline could not be founded upon truth. 'Let's see,' mused he to himself; 'Tuesday, the old lady said her daughter was bringing her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, because the cook had not boiled the potatoes. Wednesday, she said Caroline was an assassin, because she could not find her own thimble. Thursday, she vows Caroline has no religion, because that old pair of silk stockings were not darned. And this can't be,' reasoned Fitch, deeply. 'A gal haint a murderess because her ma can't find her thimble. A woman that goes to slap her grown-up daughter on the back, and before company too, for such a paltry thing as a hold pair of stockings, can't be surely a-speaking the truth.' And thus gradually his first impression against Caroline wore away. As this disappeared, pity took possession of his soul—and we know what pity is akin to; and, at the same time, a corresponding hatred for the oppressors of a creature so amiable.

To sum up, in six short weeks after the appearance of the two gentlemen, we find our chief *dramatis personae* as follows:

> CAROLINE, an innocent young woman, in love with BRANDON.
> FITCH, a celebrated painter, almost in love with CAROLINE.
> BRANDON, a young gentleman, in love with himself.

At first he was pretty constant in his attendance upon the Misses Macarty when they went out to walk, nor were they displeased at his attentions; but he found that there were a great number of Margate beaux—ugly, vulgar fellows as ever were—who always followed in the young ladies' train, and made themselves infinitely more agreeable than he was. These men Mr. Brandon treated with a great deal of scorn: and, in return, they hated him cordially. So did the ladies speedily: his haughty manners, though quite as impertinent and free, were not half so pleasant to them as Jones's jokes or Smith's charming romps; and the girls gave Brandon very shortly to understand that they were much happier without him. 'Ladies, your humble,' he heard Bob Smith say, as that little linendraper came skipping to the door from which they were issuing, 'the sun's hup and trade is down; if you're for a walk, I'm your man.' And Miss Linda and Miss Bella each took an arm of Mr. Smith, and sailed down the street. 'I'm glad you aint got that proud gent with the glass hi,' said Mr. Smith; 'he's the most hillbred, supercilious beast I ever see.'

'So he is,' says Bella.

'Hush!' says Linda.

The 'proud gent with the glass hi' was at this moment lolling out of the first-floor window, smoking his accustomed cigar; and his eye-glass was fixed upon the ladies, to whom he made a very low bow. It may be imagined how fond he was of them afterwards, and what looks he cast at Mr. Bob Smith the next time he met him. Mr. Bob's heart beat for a day afterwards; and he found he had business in town.

But the love of society is stronger than even pride; and the great Mr. Brandon was sometimes fain to descend from his high station, and consort with the vulgar family with whom he lodged. But, as we have said, he always did this with a wonderfully condescending air, giving his associates to understand how great was the honour he did them.

One day, then, he was absolutely so kind as to accept of an invitation from the ground-floor, which was delivered in the passage by Mr. James Gann, who said, 'It was hard to see a gent eating mutton-chops from week's end to week's end; and if Mr. Brandon had a mind to meet a devilish good fellow as ever was, my friend Swigby, a man who rides his horse, and has his five hundred a-year to spend, and to eat a prime cut out of as good a leg of pork (though he said it) as ever a knife was stuck into, they should dine that day at three o'clock sharp, and Mrs. G. and the gals would be glad of the honour of his company.'

The person so invited was rather amused at the terms in which Mr. Gann conveyed his hospitable message; and at three o'clock made his appearance in the back-parlour, whence he had the honour of conducting Mrs. Gann (dressed in a sweet yellow *mousseline de laine*, with a large red turban, a *ferronnière*, and a smelling-bottle attached by a ring to a very damp, fat hand) to the 'office,' where the repast was set out. The Misses Macarty were in costumes equally tasty; one on the guest's right hand; one near the boarder, Mr. Fitch, who, in a large beard, an amethyst velvet waistcoat, his hair fresh wetted, and parted accurately down the middle to fall in curls over his collar, would have been irresistible if the collar had been a little, little whiter than it was.

Mr. Brandon, too, was dressed in his very best suit; for though he affected to despise his hosts very much, he wished to make the most favourable impression upon them, and took care to tell Mrs. Gann that he and Lord So-and-so were the only two men in the world who were in possession of that particular waistcoat which she admired: for Mrs. Gann was very gracious, and had admired the waistcoat, being desirous to impress with awe Mr. Gann's friend and admirer, Mr. Swigby, who, man of fortune as he was, was a constant frequenter of the club at the Bag of Nails.

About this club and its supporters, Mr. Gann's guest, Mr. Swigby, and Gann himself, talked very gaily before dinner; all the jokes about all the club being roared over by the pair.

Mr. Brandon, who felt he was the great man of the party, indulged himself in his great propensities without restraint, and told Mrs. Gann stories about half the nobility. Mrs. Gann conversed knowingly about the Opera ; and declared that she thought Taglioni the sweetest singer in the world.

'Mr.—a—Swigby, have you ever seen Lablache dance ?' asked Mr. Brandon of that gentleman, to whom he had been formally introduced.

'At Vauxhall is he ?' said Mr. Swigby, who was just from town.

'Yes, on the tight rope ; a charming performer.'

On which Mr. Gann told how he had been to Vauxhall when the princes were in London ; and his lady talked of these knowingly. And then they fell to conversing about fireworks and rack-punch ; Mr. Brandon assuring the young ladies that Vauxhall was the very pink of the fashion, and longing to have the honour of dancing a quadrille with them there. Indeed, Brandon was so very sarcastic, that not a single soul at table understood him.

The table, from Mr. Brandon's plan of it, which was afterwards sent to my Lord Cinqbars, was arranged as follows :—

	Miss Caroline.	Mr. Fitch.	Miss L. Macarty.	
	1.	Potatoes.	3.	
Mr. James Gann.	A roast leg of pork, with sage and onions.	Three shreds of celery in a glass.	Boiled haddock, removed by hashed mutton.	Mrs. James Gann.
	2.	Cabbage.	4.	
	Mr. Swigby.	Miss B. Macarty.	Mr. Brandon.	

1 and 2 are pots of porter ; 3, a quart of ale, Mrs. Gann's favourite drink ; 4, a bottle of fine old golden sherry, the real produce of the Uva grape, purchased at the Bag of Nails Hotel for 1*s.* 9*d.* by Mr. J. Gann.

Mr. Gann. 'Taste that sherry, sir. Your 'ealth, and my services to you, sir. That wine, sir, is given me as a particular favour by my—ahem!—my wine merchant, who only will part with a small quantity of it, and imports it direct, sir, from—ahem!—from——'

Mr. Brandon. 'From Xeres, of course. It is, I really think, the finest wine I ever tasted in my life—at a commoner's table, that is.'

Mrs. Gann. 'Oh, in course, a commoner's table!—we have no titles, sir (Mr. Gann, I will trouble you for some more crackling), though my poor dear girls are related, by their blessed father's side, to some of the first nobility in the land, I assure you.'

Mr. Gann. 'Gammon, Jooly, my dear. Them Irish nobility you know, what are they? And, besides, it's my belief that the gals are no more related to them than I am.'

Miss Bella (*to Mr. Brandon, confidentially*). 'You must find that poor par is sadly vulgar, Mr. Brandon.'

Mrs. Gann. 'Mr. Brandon has never been accustomed to such language, I am sure; and I entreat you will excuse Mr. Gann's rudeness, sir.'

Miss Linda. 'Indeed, I assure you, Mr. Brandon, that we've high connexions as well as low; as high as some people's connexions, per'aps, though, we are not always talking of the nobility.' This was a double shot; the first barrel of Miss Linda's sentence hit her stepfather, the second part was levelled directly at Mr. Brandon. 'Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Fitch?'

Mr. Brandon. 'You are quite right, Miss Linda, in this as in every other instance; but I am afraid Mr. Fitch has not paid proper attention to your excellent remark: for, if I don't mistake the meaning of that beautiful design which he has made with his fork upon the tablecloth, his soul is at this moment wrapped up in his art.'

This was exactly what Mr. Fitch wished that all the world should suppose. He flung back his hair, and stared wildly for a moment, and said, 'Pardon me, madam: it is true my thoughts were at that moment far away in the regions of my hart.' He was really thinking that his attitude was a very elegant one, and that a large garnet ring which he wore on his forefinger must be mistaken by all the company for a ruby.

'Art is very well,' said Mr. Brandon; 'but with such pretty natural objects before you, I wonder you were not content to think of them.'

'Do you mean the mashed potatoes, sir?' said Andrea Fitch, wondering.

'I mean Miss Rosalind Macarty,' answered Brandon, gallantly, and laughing heartily at the painter's simplicity. But this compliment could not soften Miss Linda, who had an uneasy conviction that Mr. Brandon was laughing at her, and disliked him accordingly.

At this juncture, Miss Caroline entered and took the place marked as hers, to the left hand of Mr. Gann, vacant. An old rickety wooden stool was placed for her, instead of that elegant and commodious Windsor chair, which supported every other person at table; and by the side of the plate stood a curious old battered tin mug, on which the antiquarian might possibly discover the inscription of the word '*Caroline*.' This, in truth, was poor Caroline's mug and stool, having been appropriated to her from childhood upwards; and here it was her custom meekly to sit, and eat her daily meal.

It was well that the girl was placed near her father, else I do believe she would have been starved; but Gann was much too good-natured to allow that any difference should be made between her and her sisters. There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them. Well, on the present occasion, and when the dinner was half over, poor Caroline stole gently into the room and took her ordinary place. Caroline's pale face was very red; for the fact must be told that she had been in the kitchen helping Becky, the universal maid; and having heard how the great Mr. Brandon was to dine with them upon that day, the simple girl had been showing her respect for him, by compiling, in her best manner, a certain dish, for the cooking of which her papa had often praised her. She took her place, blushing violently when she saw him, and if Mr. Gann had not been making a violent clattering with his knife and fork, it is possible that you might have heard Miss Caroline's heart thump, which it did violently. Her dress was somehow a little smarter than usual; and Becky the maid, who brought in that remove of hashed mutton which has been set down in the bill of fare, looked at her young lady with a good deal of complacency, as, loaded with plates, she quitted the room. Indeed, the poor girl deserved to be looked at; there was an air of gentleness and innocence about her that was apt to please some persons, much more than the bold beauties of her sisters. The two young men did not fail to remark this; one of them, the little painter, had long since observed it.

'You are very late, miss,' cried Mrs. Gann, who affected not to know what had caused her daughter's delay. 'You're always late!' and the elder girls stared and grinned at each other knowingly, as they always did when mamma made such attacks upon Caroline, who only kept her eyes down upon the tablecloth, and began to eat her dinner without saying a word.

'Come, my dear,' cried honest Gann, 'if she is late you know why. A girl can't be here and there too, as I say; can they, Swigby?'

'Impossible!' said Swigby.

'Gents,' continued Mr. Gann, 'our Carry, you must know, has been downstairs, making the pudding for her old pappy; and a good pudding she makes, I can tell you.'

Miss Caroline blushed more vehemently than ever; the artist stared her full in the face; Mrs. Gann said, 'nonsense' and 'stuff,' very majestically; only Mr. Brandon interposed in Caroline's favour.

'I would sooner that my wife should know how to make a pudding,' said he, 'than how to play the best piece of music in the world!'

'Law, Mr. Brandon! I, for my part, wouldn't demean myself by any such kitchen-work!' cries Miss Linda.

'Make puddns, indeed; it's ojous!' cries Bella.

'For you, my loves, of course!' interposed their mamma. 'Young women of your family and circumstances is not expected to perform any such work. It's different with Miss Caroline, who, if she does make herself useful now and then, don't make herself near so useful as she should, considering that she's not a shilling, and is living on our charity, like some other folks.'

Thus did this amiable woman neglect no opportunity to give her opinions about her husband and daughter. The former, however, cared not a straw, and the latter, in this instance, was perfectly happy. Had not kind Mr. Brandon approved of her work; and could she ask for more?

'Mamma may say what she pleases to-day,' thought Caroline, 'I am too happy to be made angry by her.'

Poor little mistaken Caroline, to think you were safe against three women! The dinner had not advanced much further, when Miss Isabella, who had been examining her younger sister curiously for some short time, telegraphed Miss Linda across the table, and nodded, and winked, and pointed to her own neck; a very white one, as I have before had the honour to remark, and quite without any covering, except a smart necklace of twenty-four rows of the lightest blue glass beads, finishing in a neat tassel. Linda had a similar ornament of a vermilion colour; whereas Caroline, on this occasion, wore a handsome new collar up to the throat, and a brooch, which looked all the smarter for the shabby frock over which they were placed. As soon as she saw her sisters' signals, the poor little thing, who had only just done fluttering and blushing, fell to this same work over again. Down went her eyes once more, and her face and neck lighted up to the colour of Miss Linda's sham cornelian.

'What's the gals giggling and ogling about?' said Mr. Gann, innocently.

'What is it, my darling loves?' said stately Mrs. Gann.

'Why don't you see, ma?' said Linda. 'Look at Miss Carry! I'm blessed if *she has not got on Becky's collar and brooch* that Sims, the pilot, gave her!'

The young ladies fell back in uproarious fits of laughter, and laughed all the time that their mamma was thundering out a speech, in which she declared that her daughter's conduct was unworthy a gentlewoman, and bid her leave the room and take off those disgraceful ornaments.

There was no need to tell her; the poor little thing gave one piteous look at her father, who was whistling, and seemed indeed to think the matter a good joke; and after she had managed to open the door and totter into the passage, you might have heard her weeping there, weeping tears more bitter than any of the many she had shed in the course of her life. Down she went to the kitchen, and when she reached that humble place of refuge, first pulled at her neck and made as if she would take off Becky's collar and brooch, and then flung herself into the arms of that honest scullion, where she cried and cried till she brought on the first fit of hysterics that ever she had had.

This crying could not at first be heard in the parlour, where the young ladies, Mrs. Gann, Mr. Gann, and his friend from the Bag of Nails were roaring at the excellence of the joke. Mr. Brandon, sipping sherry, sat by, looking very sarcastically and slyly from one party to the other ; Mr. Fitch was staring about him too, but with a very different expression, anger and wonder inflaming his bearded countenance. At last, as the laughing died away and a faint voice of weeping came from the kitchen below, Andrew could bear it no longer, but bounced up from his chair and rushed out of the room exclaiming,—

'By Jove, it's too bad !'

'What does the man mean ?' said Mrs. Gann.

He meant that he was from that moment over head and ears in love with Caroline, and that he longed to beat, buffet, pummel, thump, tear to pieces, those callous ruffians who so pitilessly laughed at her.

'What's that chop wi' the beard in such tantrums about ?' said the gentleman from the Bag of Nails.

Mr. Gann answered this query by some joke intimating that, 'Praps Mr. Fitch's dinner did not agree with him,' at which these worthies roared again.

The young ladies said, 'Well, now, upon my word !'

'Mighty genteel behaviour truly !' cried mamma ; 'but what can you expect from the poor thing ?'

Brandon only sipped more sherry, but he looked at Fitch as the latter flung out of the room, and his countenance was lighted up by a more unequivocal smile.

. . . . . .

These two little adventures were followed by a silence of some few minutes, during which the meats remained on the table, and no signs were shown of that pudding upon which poor Caroline had exhausted her skill. The absence of this delicious part of the repast was first remarked by Mr. Gann ; and his lady, after jangling at the bell for some time in vain, at last begged one of her daughters to go and hasten matters.

'BECKY !' shrieked Miss Linda from the hall, but Becky replied not. 'Becky, are we to be kept waiting all day ?' continued the lady in the same shrill voice. 'Mamma wants the pudding !'

'TELL HER TO FETCH IT HERSELF !' roared Becky, at which remark Gann and his facetious friend once more went off into fits of laughter.

'This is too bad !' said Mrs. G. starting up ; 'she shall leave the house this instant !' and so no doubt Becky would, but that the lady owed her five quarters' wages, which she, at that period, did not feel inclined to pay.

Well, the dinner at last was at an end; the ladies went away to tea, leaving the gentlemen to their wine; Brandon, very condescendingly, partaking of a bottle of port, and listening with admiration to the toasts and sentiments with which it is still the custom among persons of Mr. Gann's rank of life to preface each glass of wine. As thus:—

Glass 1. 'Gents,' says Mr. Gann, rising, 'this glass I need say nothink about. Here's the King, and long life to him and the family!'

Mr. Swigby, with his glass, goes knock, knock, knock on the table; and saying gravely, 'The King!' drinks off his glass, and smacks his lips afterwards.

Mr. Brandon, who had drank half his, stops in the midst and says, 'Oh, "the King!"'

Mr. Swigby. 'A good glass of wine that, Gann, my boy!'

Mr. Brandon. 'Capital, really; though, upon my faith, I'm no judge of port.'

Mr. Gann (*smacks*). 'A fine fruity wine as ever I tasted. I suppose you, Mr. B., are accustomed only to claret. I've 'ad it, too, in my time, sir, as Swigby there very well knows. I travelled, sir, *sure le Continong*, I assure you, and drank my glass of claret with the best man in France, or England either. I wasn't always what I am, sir.'

Mr. Brandon. 'You don't look as if you were.'

Mr. Gann. 'No, sir. Before that —— gas came in, I was head, sir, of one of the fust 'ouses in the hoil trade, Gann, Blubbery, and Gann, sir—Thames Street, City. I'd my box at Putney, as good a gig and horse as my friend there drives.'

Mr. Swigby. 'Aye, and a better, too, Gann, I make no doubt.'

Mr. Gann. 'Well, *say* a better. I *had* a better, if money could fetch it, sir; and I didn't spare that, I warrant you. No, no, James Gann didn't grudge his purse, sir; and had his friends around him, as he's 'appy to 'ave now, sir. Mr. Brandon, your 'ealth, sir, and may we hoften meet under this ma'ogany. Swigby, my boy, God bless you!'

Mr. Brandon. 'Your very good health.'

Mr. Swigby. 'Thank you, Gann. Here's to you, and long life and prosperity and happiness to you and yours. Bless you, Jim, my boy; Heaven bless you! I say this, Mr. Bandon—Brandon—what's your name—there ain't a better fellow in all Margate than James Gann,—no, nor in all England. Here's Mrs. Gann, gents, and the family. MRS. GANN! ' (*drinks.*)

Mr. Brandon. 'MRS. GANN. Hip, hip, hurra!' (*drinks.*)

Mr. Gann. 'Mrs. Gann, and thank you, gents. A fine woman, Mr. B.; ain't she, now? Ah, if you'd seen 'er when I married her! Gad, she *was* fine then—an out and outer, sir! *Such* a figure!'

Mr. Swigby. 'You'd choose none but a good 'un, I war'nt. Ha, ha, ha!'

Mr. Gann. 'Did I ever tell you of my duel along with the regimental doctor? No! Then I will. I was a young chap, you see, in those days; and when I saw her at Brussels—(*Brusell*, they call it)—I was right slick up over head and ears in love with her at once. But what was to be done? There was another gent in the case—a regimental doctor, sir—a reg'lar dragon. "Faint heart," says I, "never won a fair lady," and so I made so bold. She took me, sent the doctor to the right about. I met him one morning in the park at Brussels, and stood to him, sir, like a man. When the affair was over, my second, a leftenant of dragoons, told me, "Gann," says he, "I've seen many a man under fire—I'm a Waterloo man," says he,—"and have rode by Wellington many a long day; but I never, for coolness, see such a man as you." Gents, here's the Duke of Wellington and the British army!' (*the gents drink.*)

Mr. Brandon. 'Did you kill the doctor, sir?'

Mr. Gann. 'Why no, sir; I shot in the hair.'

Mr. Brandon. 'Shot him in the hair! Egad, that was a severe shot, and a very lucky escape the doctor had of it? Whereabout in the hair? a whisker, sir; or, perhaps, a pigtail?'

Mr. Swigby. 'Haw, haw, haw!—shot'n in the *hair*—capital, capital!'

Mr. Gann, who has grown very red. 'No, sir, there may be some mistake in my pronounciation, which I didn't expect to have laughed at my hown table.'

Mr. Brandon. 'My dear sir! I protest and vow——'

Mr. Gann. 'Never mind it, sir. I gave you my best, and did my best to make you welcome. If you like better to make fun of me, do, sir. That may be the *genteel* way, but hang me if it's *hour* way; is it, Jack? *Our* way; I beg your pardon, sir.'

Mr. Swigby. 'Jim, Jim! for Heaven's sake!—peace and harmony of the evening—conviviality—social enjoyment—didn't mean it—did you mean anything, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em?'

Mr. Brandon. 'Nothing, upon my honour as a gentleman!'

Mr. Gann. 'Well, then, there's my hand!' and good-natured Gann tried to forget the insult, and to talk as if nothing had occurred: but he had been wounded in the most sensitive point in which a man can be touched by his superior, and never forgot Brandon's joke. That night at the club, when dreadfully tipsy, he made several speeches on the subject, and burst into tears many times. The pleasure of the evening was quite spoiled; and, as the conversation became vapid and dull, we shall refrain from reporting it. Mr. Brandon speedily took leave, but had not the courage to face the ladies at tea; to whom, it appears, the reconciled Becky had brought that refreshing beverage.

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH MR. FITCH PROCLAIMS HIS LOVE, AND MR. BRANDON PREPARES FOR WAR

FROM the splendid halls in which Mrs. Gann was dispensing her hospitality, the celebrated painter, Andrea Fitch, rushed forth in a state of mind even more delirious than that which he usually enjoyed. He looked abroad into the street: all there was dusk and lonely; the rain falling heavily, the wind playing Pandean pipes and whistling down the chimney-pots. 'I love the storm,' said Fitch, solemnly; and he put his great Spanish cloak round him in the most approved manner (it was of so prodigious a size that the tail of it, as it twirled over his shoulder, whisked away a lodging-card from the door of the house opposite Mr. Gann's). 'I love the storm and solitude,' said he, lighting a large pipe filled full of the fragrant Oronoko; and thus armed, he passed rapidly down the street, his hat cocked over his ringlets.

Andrea did not like smoking, but he used a pipe as a part of his profession as an artist, and as one of the picturesque parts of his costume; in like manner, though he did not fence, he always travelled about with a pair of foils; and quite unconscious of music, nevertheless had a guitar constantly near at hand. Without such properties a painter's spectacle is not complete, and now he determined to add to them another indispensable requisite—a mistress. 'What great artist was ever without one?' thought he. Long, long had he sighed for some one whom he might love, some one to whom he might address the poems which he was in the habit of making. Hundreds of such fragments had he composed, addressed to Leila, Ximena, Ada—imaginary beauties, whom he courted in dreamy verse. With what joy would he replace all those by a real charmer of flesh and blood! Away he went, then, on this evening—the tyranny of Mrs. Gann towards poor Caroline having awakened all his sympathies in the gentle girl's favour—determined now and for ever to make her the mistress of his heart. Monna-Lisa, the Fornarina, Leonardo, Raphael—he thought of all these, and vowed that his Caroline should be made famous and live for ever on his canvas. While Mrs. Gann was preparing for her friends, and entertaining them at tea and whist; while Caroline, all unconscious of the love she inspired, was weeping upstairs in her little garret; while Mr. Brandon was enjoying the refined conversation of Gann and Swigby, over their glass and pipe in the office, Andrea walked abroad by the side of the ocean; and, before he was wet through, walked himself into the most fervid affection for poor persecuted Caroline. The reader might have observed him (had not the night been very dark, and a great deal too wet to allow a sensible reader to go abroad on such an errand) at the sea-shore standing on a rock, and drawing from his bosom a locket which contained a curl of hair tied up in riband. He looked at it for a moment, and then flung it away from him into the black boiling waters below him.

'No other 'air but thine, Caroline, shall ever rest near this 'art!' he said, and kissed the locket and restored it to its place. Light-minded youth, whose hair was it that he thus flung away? How many times had Andrea shown that very ringlet in strictest confidence to several brethren of the brush, and declared that it was the hair of a dear girl in Spain whom he loved to madness? Alas! 'twas but a fiction of his fevered brain; every one of his friends had a locket of hair, and Andrea, who had no love until now, had clipped this precious token from the wig of a lovely lay-figure, with cast iron joints and a cardboard head, that had stood for some time in his atelier. I don't know that he felt any shame about the proceeding, for he was of such a warm imagination that he had grown to believe that the hair did actually come from a girl in Spain, and only parted with it on yielding to a superior attachment.

This attachment being fixed on, the young painter came home wet through; passed the night in reading Byron; making sketches, and burning them; writing poems to Caroline, and expunging them with pitiless indiarubber. A romantic man makes a point of sitting up all night, and pacing his chamber; and you may see many a composition of Andrea's dated 'Midnight, 10th of March, A. F.' with his peculiar flourish over the initials. He was not sorry to be told in the morning, by the ladies at breakfast, that he looked dreadfully pale; and answered, laying his hand on his forehead, and shaking his head gloomily, that he could get no sleep: and then he would heave a huge sigh; and Miss Bella and Miss Linda would look at each other, and grin according to their wont. He was glad, I say, to have his woe remarked, and continued his sleeplessness for two or three nights; but he was certainly still more glad when he heard Mr. Brandon, on the fourth morning, cry out, in a shrill angry voice, to Becky the maid, to give the gentleman upstairs his compliments—Mr. Brandon's compliments—and tell him that he could not get a wink of sleep for the horrid trampling he kept up. 'I am hanged if I stay in the house a night longer,' added the first floor sharply, 'if that Mr. Fitch kicks up such a confounded noise!' Mr. Fitch's point was gained, and henceforth he was as quiet as a mouse; but his wish was not only to be in love, but to let everybody know that he was in love, or where is the use of a *belle passion?*

So, whenever he saw Caroline, at meals, or in the passage, he used to stare at her with the utmost power of his big eyes, and fall to groaning most pathetically. He used to leave his meals untasted, groan, heave sighs, and stare incessantly. Mrs. Gann and her eldest daughters were astonished at these manœuvres; for they never suspected that any man could possibly be such a fool as to fall in love with Caroline. At length the suspicion came upon them, created immense laughter and delight; and the ladies did not fail to rally Caroline in their usual elegant way. Gann, too, loved a joke (much polite waggery had this worthy man practised in select inn-parlours for twenty years past), and would call poor Caroline 'Mrs. F.;' and say that, instead of *Fetch*-and-Carry, as he used to name her, he should style her *Fitch*-and-Carry for the future; and laugh at this great pun, and make many others of a similar sort, that set Caroline blushing.

Indeed, the girl suffered a great deal more from this raillery than at first may be imagined; for after the first awe inspired by Fitch's whiskers had passed away, and he had drawn the young ladies' pictures, and made designs in their albums, and in the midst of their jokes and conversation had remained perfectly silent, the Gann family had determined that the man was an idiot: and, indeed, were not very wide of the mark. In everything except his own peculiar art honest Fitch *was* an idiot; and as upon the subject of painting, the Ganns, like most people of their class in England, were profoundly ignorant, it came to pass that he would breakfast and dine for many days in their company, and not utter one single syllable. So they looked upon him with extreme pity and contempt, as a harmless, good-natured, crack-brained creature, quite below them in the scale of intellect, and only to be endured because he paid a certain number of shillings weekly to the Gann exchequer. Mrs. Gann in all companies was accustomed to talk about her idiot. Neighbours and children used to peer at him as he strutted down the street; and though every young lady, including my dear Caroline, is flattered by having a lover, at least they don't like such a lover as this. The Misses Macarty (after having set their caps at him very fiercely, and quarrelled concerning him on his first coming to lodge at their house) vowed and protested now that he was no better than a chimpanzee; and Caroline and Becky agreed that this insult was as great as any that could be paid to the painter. 'He's a good creature, too,' said Becky, 'crack-brained as he is. Do you know, miss, he gave me half a sovereign to buy a new collar, after that business t'other day ?'

'And did—Mr. ——, —did the first-floor say anything ?' asked Caroline.

'Didn't he ! he's a funny gentleman, that Brandon, sure enough ; and when I took him up breakfast next morning, asked about Sims the pilot, and what I gied Sims for the collar and brooch,—he, he !'

And this was indeed a correct report of Mr. Brandon's conversation with Becky ; he had been infinitely amused with the whole transaction, and wrote his friend the viscount a capital facetious account of the manners and customs of the native inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet.

And now, when Mr. Fitch's passion was fully developed—as far, that is, as sighs and ogles could give it utterance—a curious instance of that spirit of contradiction for which our race is remarkable was seen in the behaviour of Mr. Brandon. Although Caroline, in the depths of her little silly heart, had set him down for her divinity, her wondrous fairy prince, who was to deliver her from her present miserable durance, she had never by word or deed acquainted Brandon with her inclination for him, but had, with instinctive modesty, avoided him more sedulously than before. He, too, had never bestowed a thought upon her. How should such a Jove as Mr. Brandon, from the cloudy summit of his fashionable Olympus, look down and perceive such an humble, retiring being as poor little Caroline Gann ? Thinking her at first not disagreeable, he had never, until the day of the dinner, bestowed one single further thought upon her ; and only when exasperated by the Miss Macartys' behaviour towards him, did he begin to think how sweet it would be to make them jealous and unhappy.

'The uncouth grinning monsters,' said he, 'with their horrible court of Bob Smiths and Jack Joneses, daring to look down upon me, a gentleman,—me, the celebrated *mangeur des cœurs*—a man of genius, fashion, and noble family ! If I could but revenge myself on them ! What injury can I invent to wound them.'

It is curious to what points a man in his passion will go. Mr. Brandon had long since, in fact, tried to do the greatest possible injury to the young ladies ; for it had been, at the first dawn of his acquaintance, as we are bound with much sorrow to confess, his fixed intention to ruin one or the other of them. And when the young ladies had, by their coldness and indifference to him, frustrated this benevolent intention, he straightway fancied that they had injured him severely, and cast about for means to revenge himself upon them.

This point is, to be sure, a very delicate one to treat,—for in words, at least, the age has grown to be wonderfully moral, and refuses to hear discourses upon such subjects. But human nature, as far as I am able to learn, has not much changed since the time when Richardson wrote and Hogarth painted, a century ago. There are wicked Lovelaces abroad, ladies, now, as then, when it was considered no shame to expose the rogues ; and pardon us, therefore, for hinting that such there be. Elegant acts of *rouerie*, such as that meditated by Mr. Brandon, are often performed still by dashing young men of the world, who think no sin of an *amourette*, but glory in it, especially if the victim be a person of mean condition. Had Brandon succeeded (such is the high moral state of our British youth), all his friends would have pronounced him, and he would have considered himself, to be a very lucky, captivating dog ; nor, as I believe, would he have had a single pang of conscience for the rascally action which he had committed. This supreme act of scoundrelism has man permitted to himself—to deceive women. When we consider how he has availed himself of the privilege so created by him, indeed one may sympathize with the advocates of woman's rights who point out this monstrous wrong. We have read of that wretched woman of old whom the pious Pharisees were for stoning incontinently ; but we don't hear that they made any outcry against *the man* who was concerned in the crime. Where was he ? Happy, no doubt, and easy in mind, and regaling some choice friends over a bottle with the history of his success.

Being thus injured then, Mr. Brandon longed for revenge. How should he repay these impertinent young women for slighting his addresses ? '*Pardi*,' said he ; 'just to punish their pride and insolence, I have a great mind to make love to their sister.'

He did not, however, for some time condescend to perform this threat. Eagles such as Brandon do not sail down from the clouds in order to pounce upon small flies, and soar airwards again, contented with such an ignoble booty. In a word, he never gave a minute's thought to Miss Caroline, until further circumstances occurred which caused this great man to consider her as an object somewhat worthy of his remark.

The violent affection suddenly exhibited by Mr. Fitch, the painter, towards poor little Caroline was the point which determined Brandon to begin to act.

'My dear Viscount,' wrote he to the same Lord Cinqbars, whom he formerly addressed, 'give me joy; for in a week's time it is my intention to be violently in love,—and love is no small amusement in a watering-place in winter.

'I told you about the fair Juliana Gann and her family. I forgot whether I mentioned how the Juliana had two fair daughters, the Rosalind and the Isabella; and another, Caroline by name, not so good-looking as her half-sisters, but, nevertheless, a pleasing young person.

'Well, when I came hither, I had nothing to do but to fall in love with the two handsomest; and did so, taking many walks with them; talking much nonsense; passing long, dismal evenings over horrid tea with them and their mamma: laying regular siege, in fact, to these Margate beauties, who, according to the common rule in such cases, could not, I thought, last long.

'Miserable deception! disgusting aristocratic blindness!' (Mr. Brandon always assumed that his own high birth and eminent position were granted.) 'Would you believe it, that I, who have seen, fought, and conquered in so many places, should have been ignominiously defeated here? Just as American Jackson defeated our Peninsular veterans, I, an old Continental conqueror, too, have been overcome by this ignoble enemy. These women have entrenched themselves so firmly in their vulgarity, that I have been beaten back several times with disgrace, being quite unable to make an impression. The monsters, too, keep up a dreadful fire from behind their entrenchments; and besides have raised the whole country against me: in a word, all the snobs of their acquaintance are in arms. There is Bob Smith, the linendraper; Harry Jones, who keeps the fancy tea-shop; young Glauber, the apothecary; and sundry other persons, who are ready to eat me when they see me in the streets; and are all at the beck of the victorious Amazons.

'How is a gentleman to make head against such a *canaille* as this? —a regular *jacquerie*. Once or twice I have thought of retreating; but a retreat, for sundry reasons I have, is inconvenient. I can't go to London; I am known at Dover; I believe there is a bill against me at Canterbury; at Chatham there are sundry quartered regiments whose recognition I should be unwilling to risk. I must stay here—and be hanged to the place—until my better star shall rise.

'But I am determined that my stay shall be to some purpose;

and so to show how persevering I am, I shall make one more trial upon the third daughter,—yes, upon the third daughter, a family Cinderella, who shall, I am determined, make her sisters *crever* with envy. I merely mean fun, you know—not mischief,—for Cinderella is but a little child: and, besides, I am the most harmless fellow breathing, but must have my joke. Now, Cinderella has a lover, the bearded painter of whom I spoke to you in a former letter. He has lately plunged into the most extraordinary fits of passion for her, and is more mad than even he was before. Woe betide you, O painter! I have nothing to do: a month to do that nothing in: in that time, mark my words, I will laugh at that painter's beard. Should you like a lock of it, or a sofa stuffed with it? there is beard enough: or should you like to see a specimen of poor little Cinderella's golden ringlets? Command your slave. I wish I had paper enough to write you an account of a grand Gann dinner at which I assisted, and of a scene which there took place; and how Cinderella was dressed out, not by a fairy, but by a charitable kitchen-maid, and was turned out of the room by her indignant mamma, for appearing in the scullion's finery. But my *forte* does not lie in such descriptions of polite life. We drank port, and toasts after dinner: here is the *menu*, and the names and order of the eaters.'

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The bill of fare has been given already, and need not, therefore, be again laid before the public.

'What a fellow that is!' said young Lord Cinqbars, reading the letter to his friends, and in a profound admiration of his tutor's genius.

'And to think that he was a reading man too, and took a double first,' cried another; 'why, the man's an Admirable Crichton.'

'Upon my life, though, he's a little too bad,' said a third, who was a moralist. And with this a fresh bowl of milk-punch came reeking from the college butteries, and the jovial party discussed that.

CHAPTER V

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF COMPLICATED LOVE MAKING

The Misses Macarty were excessively indignant that Mr. Fitch should have had the audacity to fall in love with their sister; and poor Caroline's life was not, as may be imagined, made much the happier by the envy and passion thus excited. Mr. Fitch's amour was the source of a great deal of pain to her. Her mother would tauntingly say, that as both were beggars, they could not do better than marry; and declared, in the same satirical way, that she should like nothing better than to see a large family of grandchildren about her, to be plagues and burdens upon her, as her daughter was. The short way would have been, when the young painter's intentions were manifest, which they pretty speedily were, to have requested him immediately to quit the house; or, as Mr. Gann said, 'to give him the sack at once;' to which measure the worthy man indignantly avowed that he would have resort. But his lady would not allow of any such rudeness; although, for her part, she professed the strongest scorn and contempt for the painter. For the painful fact must be stated: Fitch had a short time previously paid no less a sum than a whole quarter's board and lodging in advance, at Mrs. Gann's humble request, and he possessed his landlady's receipt for that sum; the mention of which circumstance silenced Gann's objections at once. And indeed, it is pretty certain that, with all her taunts to her daughter and just abuse of Fitch's poverty, Mrs. Gann in her heart was not altogether averse to the match. In the first place, she loved match-making; next, she would be glad to be rid of her daughter at any rate; and, besides, Fitch's aunt, the auctioneer's wife, was rich, and had no children; painters, as she had heard, make often a great deal of money, and Fitch might be a clever one, for aught she knew. So he was allowed to remain in the house, an undeclared but very assiduous lover; and to sigh, and to moan, and make verses and portraits of his beloved, and build castles in the air as best he might. Indeed our humble Cinderella was in a very curious position. She felt a tender passion for the first floor, and was adored by the second floor, and had to wait upon both at the summons of the bell of either; and as the poor little thing was compelled not to notice any of the sighs and glances which the painter bestowed upon her, she also had schooled herself to maintain a quiet demeanour towards Mr. Brandon, and not allow him to discover the secret which was labouring in her little breast.

I think it may be laid down as a pretty general rule, that most romantic little girls of Caroline's age have such a budding sentiment as this young person entertained; quite innocent of course; nourished and talked of in delicious secrecy to the *confidante* of the hour. Or else what are novels made for? Had Caroline read of Valancourt and Emily for nothing, or gathered no good example from those five tear-fraught volumes which describe the loves of Miss Helen Mar and Sir William Wallace? Many a time had she depicted Brandon in a fancy costume, such as the fascinating Valancourt wore; or painted herself as Helen, tying a sash round her knight's cuirass, and watching him forth to battle. Silly fancies, no doubt; but consider, madam, the poor girl's age and education; the only instruction she had ever received was from these tender, kind-hearted, silly books: the only happiness which Fate had allowed her was in this little silent world of fancy. It would be hard to grudge the poor thing her dreams; and many such did she have, and impart blushingly to honest Becky, as they sat by the humble kitchen-fire.

Although it cost her heart a great pang, she had once ventured to implore her mother not to send her upstairs to the lodgers' rooms, for she shrank at the notion of the occurrence that Brandon should discover her regard for him; but this point had never entered Mrs. Gann's sagacious head. She thought her daughter wished to avoid Fitch, and sternly bade her do her duty, and not give herself such impertinent airs; and, indeed, it can't be said that poor Caroline was very sorry at being compelled to continue to see Brandon. To do both gentlemen justice, neither ever said a word unfit for Caroline to hear. Fitch would have been torn to pieces by a thousand wild horses rather than have breathed a single syllable to hurt her feelings; and Brandon, though by no means so squeamish on ordinary occasions, was innately a gentleman, and from taste rather than from virtue, was carefully respectful in his behaviour to her.

As for the Misses Macarty themselves, it has been stated that they had already given away their hearts several times; Miss Isabella being at this moment attached to a certain young wine-merchant, and to Lieutenant or Colonel Swabber of the Spanish service; and Miss Rosalind having a decided fondness for a foreign nobleman, with black moustachios, who had paid a visit to Margate. Of Miss Bella's lovers, Swabber had disappeared; but she still met the wine-merchant pretty often, and it is believed had gone very nigh to accept him. As for Miss Rosalind, I am sorry to say that the course of her true love ran by no means smoothly: the Frenchman had turned out to be not a marquess, but a billiard-marker; and a sad, sore subject the disappointment was with the neglected lady.

We should have spoken of it long since, had the subject been one that was much canvassed in the Gann family; but once when Gann had endeavoured to rally his step-daughter on this unfortunate attachment (using for the purpose those delicate terms of wit for which the honest gentleman was always famous), Miss Linda had flown into such a violent fury, and comported herself in a way so dreadful, that James Gann, Esquire, was fairly frightened out of his wits by the threats, screams, and imprecations which she uttered. Miss Bella, who was disposed to be jocose likewise, was likewise awed into silence; for her dear sister talked of tearing her eyes out that minute, and uttered some hints, too, regarding love-matters personally affecting Miss Bella herself, which caused that young lady to turn pale-red, to mutter something about 'wicked lies,' and to leave the room immediately. Nor was the subject ever again broached by the Ganns. Even when Mrs. Gann once talked about that odious French impostor, she was stopped immediately, not by the lady concerned, but by Miss Bella, who cried, sharply, 'Mamma, hold your tongue, and don't vex our dear Linda by alluding to any such stuff.' It is most probable that the young ladies had had a private conference, which, beginning a little fiercely at first, had ended amicably: and so the marquess was mentioned no more.

Miss Linda, then, was comparatively free (for Bob Smith, the linendraper, and young Glauber, the apothecary, went for nothing); and, very luckily for her, a successor was found for the faithless Frenchman, almost immediately.

This gentleman was a commoner, to be sure; but had a good estate of five hundred a year, kept his horse and gig, and was, as Mr. Gann remarked, as good a fellow as ever lived. Let us say at once that the new lover was no other than Mr. Swigby. From the day when he had been introduced to the family he appeared to be very much attracted by the two sisters; sent a turkey off his own farm, and six bottles of prime Hollands, to Mr. and Mrs. Gann, in presents; and, in ten short days after his first visit, had informed his friend Gann that he was violently in love with two women whose names he would never—never breathe. The worthy Gann knew right well how the matter was; for he had not failed to remark Swigby's melancholy, and to attribute it to its right cause.

Swigby was forty-eight years of age, stout, hearty, gay, much given to drink, and had never been a lady's man, or, indeed, passed half a dozen evenings in ladies' society. He thought Gann the noblest and finest fellow in the world. He never heard any singing like James's, nor any jokes like his; nor had met with such an accomplished gentleman or man of the world. 'Gann has his faults,' Swigby would say at the Bag of Nails; 'which of us has not?—but I tell you what, he's the greatest trump I ever see.' Many scores of scores had he paid for Gann, many guineas and crown-pieces had he lent him, since he came into his property some three years before. What were Swigby's former pursuits I can't tell. What need we care? Hadn't he five hundred a year now, and a horse and gig? Aye, that he had.

Since his accession to fortune, this gay young bachelor had taken his share (what he called 'his whack') of pleasure; had been at one—nay, perhaps, at two—public-houses every night; and had been tipsy, I make no doubt, nearly a thousand times in the course of the three years. Many people had tried to cheat him; but, no, no! he knew what was what, and in all matters of money was simple and shrewd. Gann's gentility won him; his bragging, his *ton*, and the stylish tuft on his chin. To be invited to his house was a proud moment; and when he went away, after the banquet described in the last chapter, he was in a perfect ferment of love and liquor.

'What a stylish woman is that Mrs. Gann!' thought he, as he tumbled into bed at his inn: 'fine she must have been as a gal!—fourteen stone now, without saddle or bridle, and no mistake. And them Miss Macartys, Jupiter! what spanking, handsome, elegant creatures!—real elegance in both on 'em! Such hair!—black's the word—as black as my mare; such cheeks, such necks, and shoulders!' At noon he repeated these observations to Gann himself, as he walked up and down the pier with that gentleman, smoking Manilla cheroots. He was in raptures with his evening. Gann received his praises with much majestic good-humour.

'Blood, sir!' said he, 'blood's everything! Them gals have been brought up as few ever have. I don't speak of myself; but their mother—their mother's a lady, sir. Show me a woman in England as is better bred or knows the world more than my Juliana!'

'It's impawsible,' said Swigby.

'Think of the company we've kep', sir, before our misfortunes—the fust in the land. Brandenburg House, sir—England's injured queen. Law bless you! Juliana was always there.'

'I make no doubt, sir; you can see it in her,' said Swigby, solemnly.

'And as for those gals, why, ain't they related to the fust families in Ireland, sir?—In course they are. As I said before, blood's everything; and those young women have the best of it: they are connected with the reglar old noblesse.'

'They have the best of everythink, I'm sure,' said Swigby, 'and deserve it, too,' and relapsed into his morning remarks. 'What creatures! what elegance! what hair and eyes, sir!—black, and all's black, as I say. What complexion, sir!—aye, and what *makes*, too! Such a neck and shoulders I never see!'

Gann, who had his hands in his pockets (his friend's arm being hooked into one of his), here suddenly withdrew his hand from its hiding-place, clenched his fist, assumed a horrible knowing grin, and gave Mr. Swigby such a blow in the ribs as wellnigh sent him into the water. 'You sly dog!' said Mr. Gann, with inexpressible emphasis; 'you've found *that* out, too, have you? Have a care, Joe, my boy,—have a care.'

And herewith Joe and Gann burst into tremendous roars of laughter, fresh explosions taking place at intervals of five minutes during the rest of the walk. The two friends parted exceedingly happy; and when they met that evening at 'The Nails' Gann drew Swigby mysteriously into the bar, and thrust into his hand a triangular piece of pink paper, which the latter read:—

'Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty request the honour and pleasure of Mr. Swigby's company (if you have no better engagement) to tea to-morrow evening, at half-past five.

'MARGARETTA COTTAGE,
SALAMANCA ROAD NORTH.
Thursday evening.'

The faces of the two gentlemen were wonderfully expressive of satisfaction as this communication passed between them. And I am led to believe that Mrs. Gann had been unusually pleased with her husband's conduct on that day, for honest James had no less than thirteen and sixpence in his pocket, and insisted, as usual, upon standing glasses all round. Joe Swigby, left alone in the little parlour behind the bar, called for a sheet of paper, a new pen and a wafer, and in the space of half-an-hour concocted a very spirited and satisfactory answer to this note; which was carried off by Gann, and duly delivered. Punctually at half-past five Mr. Joseph Swigby knocked at Margaretta Cottage door, in his new coat with glistering brass buttons, his face clean shaved, and his great ears shining over his great shirt-collar, delightfully bright and red.

What happened at this tea-party it is needless here to say; but Swigby came away from it quite as much enchanted as before, and declared that the duets sung by the ladies in hideous discord, were the sweetest music he had ever heard. He sent the gin and the turkey the next day; and, of course, was invited to dine.

The dinner was followed up on his part by an offer to drive all the young ladies and their mamma into the country; and he hired a very smart barouche to conduct them. The invitation was not declined; and Fitch, too, was asked by Mr. Swigby, in the height of his good-humour, and accepted with the utmost delight. 'Me and Joe will go on the box,' said Gann. 'You four ladies and Mr. Fitch shall go inside. Carry must go bodkin; but she ain't very big.'

'Carry, indeed, will stop at home,' said her mamma; 'she's not fit to go out.'

At which poor Fitch's jaw fell; it was in order to ride with her that he had agreed to accompany the party; nor could he escape now, having just promised so eagerly.

'Oh, don't let's have that proud Brandon,' said the young ladies, when the good-natured Mr. Swigby proposed to ask that gentleman; and therefore he was not invited to join them in their excursion: but he stayed at home very unconcernedly, and saw the barouche and its load drive off. Somebody else looked at it from the parlour-window with rather a heavy heart, and that some one was poor Caroline. The day was bright and sunshiny; the spring was beginning early; it would have been pleasant to have been a lady for once, and to have driven along in a carriage with prancing horses. Mr. Fitch looked after her in a very sheepish, melancholy way; and was so dismal and silly during the first part of the journey, that Miss Linda, who was next him, said to her papa that she would change places with him; and actually mounted the box by the side of the happy, trembling Mr. Swigby. How proud he was, to be sure! How knowingly did he spank the horses along, and fling out the shillings at the turnpikes!

'Bless you, *he* don't care for change!' said Gann, as one of the toll-takers offered to render some coppers; and Joe felt infinitely obliged to his friend for setting off his amiable qualities in such a way.

O mighty Fate, that over us miserable mortals rulest supreme, with what small means are thy ends effected!—with what scornful ease and mean instruments does it please thee to govern mankind! Let each man think of the circumstances of his life, and how its lot has been determined. The getting up a little earlier or later, the turning down this street or that, the eating of this dish or the other, may influence all the years and actions of a future life. Mankind walks down the left-hand side of Regent Street instead of the right, and meets a friend who asks him to dinner, and goes, and finds the turtle remarkably good, and the iced punch very cool and pleasant; and, being in a merry, jovial, idle mood, has no objection to a social rubber of whist—nay, to a few more glasses of that cool punch. In the most careless, good-humoured way, he loses a few points; and still feels thirsty, and loses a few more points;

and, like a man of spirit, increases his stakes, to be sure, and just by that walk down Regent Street is ruined for life. Or he walks down the right-hand side of Regent Street instead of the left, and, good Heavens ! who is that charming young creature who has just stepped into her carriage from Mr. Fraser's shop, and to whom and her mamma Mr. Fraser has made the most elegant bow in the world ? It is the lovely Miss Moidore, with a hundred thousand pounds, who has remarked your elegant figure, and regularly drives to town on the first of the month, to purchase her darling Magazine. You drive after her as fast as the hack-cab will carry you. She reads the Magazine the whole way. She stops at her papa's elegant villa at Hampstead, with a conservatory, a double coach-house, and a park-like paddock. As the lodge-gate separates you from that dear girl, she looks back just once, and blushes. *Erubuit, salva est res.* She has blushed, and you are all right. In a week you are introduced to the family, and pronounced a charming young fellow of high principles. In three weeks you have danced twenty-nine quadrilles with her, and whisked her through several miles of waltzes. In a month Mrs. O'Flaherty has flung herself into the arms of her mother, just having come from a visit to the village of Gretna, near Carlisle ; and you have an account at your bankers ever after. What is the cause of all this good fortune ?—a walk on a particular side of Regent Street. And so true and indisputable is this fact, that there's a young north-country gentleman with whom I am acquainted, that daily paces up and down the above-named street for many hours, fully expecting that such an adventure will happen to him ; for which end he keeps a cab in readiness at the corner of Vigo Lane.

Now, after a dissertation in this history, the reader is pretty sure to know that a moral is coming ; and the facts connected with our tale, which are to be drawn from the above little essay on fate, are simply these :—1. If Mr. Fitch had not heard Mr. Swigby invite *all* the ladies, he would have refused Swigby's invitation, and stayed at home. 2. If he had not been in the carriage, it is quite certain that Miss Rosalind Macarty would not have been seated by him on the back seat. 3. If he had not been sulky, she never would have asked her papa to let her take his place on the box. 4. If she had not taken her papa's place on the box, not one of the circumstances would have happened which did happen ; and which were as follows :—

1. Miss Bella remained inside.

2. Mr. Swigby, who was wavering between the two, like a certain animal between two bundles of hay, was determined by this circumstance, and made proposals to Miss Linda, whispering to Miss Linda : 'Miss, I ain't equal to the like of you ; but I'm hearty, healthy, and have five hundred a year. Will you marry me ?' In fact, this very speech had been taught him by cunning Gann, who saw well enough that Swigby would speak to one or other of his daughters. And to it the young lady replied, also in a whispering, agitated tone, 'Law, Mr. S. ! What an odd man ! How can you ?' And, after a little pause, added, '*Speak to mamma.*'

3. (And this is the main point of my story.) If little Caroline had been allowed to go out, she never would have been left alone with Brandon at Margate. When Fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forth a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way.

In the month of April (as indeed in half-a-score of other months of the year) the reader may have remarked that the cold north-east wind is prevalent ; and that when, tempted by a glimpse of sunshine, he issues forth to take the air, he receives not only it, but such a quantity of it as is enough to keep him shivering through the rest of the miserable month. On one of these happy days of English weather (it was the very day before the pleasure party described in the last chapter) Mr. Brandon, cursing heartily his country, and thinking how infinitely more congenial to him were the winds and habits prevalent in other nations, was marching over the cliffs near Margate, in the midst of a storm of shrill east wind which no ordinary mortal could bear, when he found perched on the cliff, his fingers blue with cold, the celebrated Andrea Fitch, employed in sketching a land or a sea scape on a sheet of grey paper.

'You have chosen a fine day for sketching,' said Mr. Brandon, bitterly, his thin aquiline nose peering out livid from the fur collar of his coat.

Mr. Fitch smiled, understanding the allusion.

'An hartist, sir,' said he, 'dosn't mind the coldness of the weather. There was a chap in the Academy who took sketches twenty degrees below zero in Hiceland—Mount

'Ecla, sir! '*E* was the man that gave the first hidea of Mount 'Ecla for the Surrey Zoological Gardens.'

'He must have been a wonderful enthusiast!' said Mr. Brandon; 'I fancy that most would prefer to sit at home, and not numb their fingers in such a freezing storm as this!'

'Storm, sir!' replied Fitch, majestically; 'I live in a storm, sir! A true hartist is never so 'appy as when he can have the advantage to gaze upon yonder tempestuous hocean in one of its hangry moods.'

'Aye, there comes the steamer,' answered Mr. Brandon; 'I can fancy that there are a score of unhappy people on board who are not artists, and would wish to behold your ocean quiet.'

'They are not poets, sir: the glorious hever-changing expression of the great countenance of Nature is not seen by them. I should consider myself unworthy of my hart, if I could not bear a little privation of cold or 'eat for its sake. And besides, sir, whatever their hardships may be, such a sight hamply repays me; for, although my private sorrows may be (has they are) tremendous, I never can look abroad upon the green hearth and hawful sea, without in a measure forgetting my personal woes and wrongs; for what right has a poor creature like me to think of his affairs in the presence of such a spectacle as this? I can't, sir; I feel ashamed of myself; I bow my 'ead and am quiet. When I set myself to examining hart, sir (by which I mean nature), I don't dare to think of anything else.'

'You worship a very charming and consoling mistress,' answered Mr. Brandon, with a supercilious air, lighting and beginning to smoke a cigar; 'your enthusiasm does you credit.'

'If you have another,' said Andrea Fitch, 'I should like to smoke one, for you seem to have a real feeling about hart, and I was a-getting so deucedly cold here, that really there was scarcely any bearing of it.'

'The cold is very severe,' replied Mr. Brandon.

'No, no, it's not the weather, sir!' said Mr. Fitch; 'it's here, sir, here' (pointing to the left side of his waistcoat).

'What! you, too, have had sorrows?'

'Sorrows, sir! hagonies—hagonies, which I have never unfolded to any mortal! I have hendured halmost hevery thing. Poverty, sir, 'unger, hobloquy, 'opeless love!—but for my hart, sir, I should be the most miserable wretch in the world ! '

And herewith Mr. Fitch began to pour forth into Mr. Brandon's ears the history of some of those sorrows under which he laboured, and which he communicated to every single person who would listen to him.

Mr. Brandon was greatly amused by Fitch's prattle, and the latter told him under what privations he had studied his art : how he had starved for three years in Paris and Rome, while labouring at his profession ; how meanly jealous the Royal Academy was, which would never exhibit a single one of his pictures ; how he had been driven from the Heternal City by the attentions of an immense fat Mrs. Carrickfergus, who absolutely proposed marriage to him ; and how he was at this moment (a fact of which Mr. Brandon was already quite aware) madly and desperately in love with one of the most beautiful maidens in this world. For Fitch, having a mistress to his heart's desire, was boiling with impatience to have a confidant ; what, indeed, would be the joy of love, if one were not allowed to speak of one's feelings to a friend who could know how to sympathize with them ? Fitch was sure Brandon did, because Brandon was the very first person with whom the painter had talked since he had come to the resolution recorded in the last chapter.

' I hope she is as rich as that unlucky Mrs. Carrickfergus, whom you treated so cruelly ? ' said the confidant, affecting entire ignorance.

' Rich, sir ? no, I thank Heaven, she has not a penny ! ' said Fitch.

' I presume, then, you are yourself independent,' said Brandon, smiling ; ' for in the marriage state, one or the other of the parties concerned should bring a portion of the filthy lucre ? '

' Haven't I my profession, sir ? ' said Fitch, majestically, having declared five minutes before that he starved in his profession. ' Do you suppose a painter gets nothing ? Haven't I horders from the first people in Europe ?—commissions, sir, to hexecute 'istory-pieces, battle-pieces, haltar-pieces ? '

' Master-pieces, I am sure,' said Brandon, bowing politely ; ' for a gentleman of your astonishing genius can do no other.'

The delighted artist received this compliment with many blushes, and vowed and protested that his performances were not really worthy of such high praise ; but he fancied Mr. Brandon a great connoisseur, nevertheless, and unburdened his mind to him in a manner still more open. Fitch's sketch was by this time finished ; and, putting his drawing implements together, he rose, and the gentlemen walked away. The sketch was hugely admired by Mr. Brandon, and when they came home, Fitch, culling it dexterously out of his book, presented it in a neat speech to his friend, 'the gifted hamateur.'

'The gifted hamateur' received the drawing with a profusion of thanks, and so much did he value it, that he had actually torn off a piece to light a cigar with, when he saw that words were written on the other side of the paper, and deciphered the following :—

'SONG OF THE VIOLET.'

A humble flower long time I pined,
  Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
  And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And, oh ! 'twas in a blessed hour,
  A passing wanderer chanced to see
And, pitying the lonely flower,
  To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
  On dreary heath no more I pine
But left my cheerless solitude,
  To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas ! our days are brief at best,
  Nor long I feel will mine endure,
Though shelter'd here upon a breast
  So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
  It robs me of my sweetest breath ;
And every time it falls and heaves,
  It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
  All joys of life to be as I ;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
  And then, contented, die.

'ANDREA.'

When Mr. Brandon had finished the perusal of these verses, he laid them down with an air of considerable vexation. ‘Egad!’ said he, ‘this fellow, fool as he is, is not so great a fool as he seems; and if he goes on this way, may finish by turning the girl's head. They can't resist a man if he but presses hard enough—I know they can't!’ And here Mr. Brandon mused over his various experience, which confirmed his observation, that be a man ever so silly, a gentlewoman will yield to him out of sheer weariness. And he thought of several cases in which, by the persevering application of copies of verses, young ladies had been brought from dislike to sufferance of a man, from sufferance to partiality, and from partiality to St. George's, Hanover Square. ‘A ruffian who murders his h's to carry off such a delicate little creature as that!’ cried he in a transport: ‘it shall never be if I can prevent it!’ He thought Caroline more and more beautiful every instant, and was himself by this time almost as much in love with her as Fitch himself.

Mr. Brandon, then, saw Fitch depart in Swigby's carriage with no ordinary feelings of pleasure. Miss Caroline was not with them. ‘Now is my time!’ thought Brandon; and, ringing the bell, he inquired with some anxiety, from Becky, where Miss Caroline was? It must be confessed that mistress and maid were at their usual occupation, working and reading novels in the back-parlour. Poor Carry! what other pleasure had she?

She had not gone through many pages, or Becky advanced many stitches in the darning of that tablecloth which the good housewife, Mrs. Gann, had confided to her charge, when an humble knock was heard at the door of the sitting-room, that caused the blushing Caroline to tremble and drop her book, as Miss Lydia Languish does in the play.

Mr. George Brandon entered with a very demure air. He held in his hand a black satin neck-scarf, of which a part had come to be broken. He could not wear it in its present condition, that was evident; but Miss Caroline was blushing and trembling a great deal too much to suspect that this wicked Brandon had himself torn his own scarf with his own hands one moment before he entered the room. I don't know whether Becky had any suspicions of this fact, or whether it was only the ordinary roguish look which she had when anything pleased her, that now lighted up her eyes and caused her mouth to expand smilingly, and her fat, red cheeks to gather up into wrinkles.

‘I have had a sad misfortune,’ said he, ‘and should be very much obliged indeed to Miss Caroline to repair it.' (Caroline was said with a kind of tender hesitation that caused the young woman, so named, to blush more than ever.) 'It is the only stock I have in the world, and I can't go bare-necked into the streets; can I, Mrs. Becky?'

'No, sure,' said Becky.

'Not unless I was a celebrated painter, like Mr. Fitch,' added Mr. Brandon, with a smile, which was reflected speedily upon the face of the lady whom he wished to interest. 'Those great geniuses,' he added, 'may do anything.'

'For,' says Becky, 'hee's got enough beard on hees faze to keep hees neck warm!' At which remark, though Miss Caroline very properly said, 'For shame, Becky!' Mr. Brandon was so convulsed with laughter, that he fairly fell down upon the sofa on which Miss Caroline was seated. How she startled and trembled, as he flung his arm upon the back of the couch! Mr. Brandon did not attempt to apologize for what was an act of considerable impertinence, but continued mercilessly to make many more jokes concerning poor Fitch, which were so cleverly suited to the comprehension of the maid and the young mistress, as to elicit a great number of roars of laughter from the one, and to cause the other to smile in spite of herself. Indeed, Brandon had gained a vast reputation with Becky in his morning colloquies with her, and she was ready to laugh at any single word which it pleased him to utter. How many of his good things had this honest scullion carried downstairs to Caroline? and how pitilessly had she contrived to *estropier* them in their passage from the drawing-room to the kitchen?

Well, then, while Mr. Brandon 'was a-going on,' as Becky said, Caroline had taken his stock, and her little fingers were occupied in repairing the damage he had done to it. Was it clumsiness on her part? Certain it is that the rent took several minutes to repair: of them the *mangeur de cœurs* did not fail to profit, conversing in an easy, kindly, confidential way, which set our fluttering heroine speedily at rest, and enabled her to reply to his continual queries, addressed with much adroitness and an air of fraternal interest, by a number of those pretty, little, timid, whispering yeses and noes, and those gentle, quick looks of the eyes, wherewith young and modest maidens are wont to reply to the questions of seducing young bachelors. Dear yeses and noes, how beautiful you are when gently whispered by pretty lips!—glances of quick innocent eyes, how charming are you!—and how charming the soft blush that steals over the cheek, towards which the dark lashes are drawing the full blue-veined eyelids down. And here let the writer of this solemnly declare upon his veracity, that he means nothing but what is right and moral. But look, I pray you, at an innocent, bashful girl, of sixteen: if she be but good, she must be pretty. She is a woman now, but a girl still. How delightful all her ways are! How exquisite her instinctive grace! All the arts of all the Cleopatras are not so captivating as her nature. Who can resist her confiding simplicity, or fail to be touched and conquered by her gentle appeal to protection?

All this Mr. Brandon saw and felt, as many a gentleman educated in this school will. It is not because a man is a rascal himself, that he cannot appreciate virtue and purity very keenly; and our hero did feel for this simple, gentle, tender, artless creature, a real respect and sympathy—a sympathy so fresh and delicious, that he was but too glad to yield to it and indulge in it, and which he mistook, probably, for a real love of virtue, and a return to the days of his innocence.

Indeed, Mr. Brandon, it was no such thing. It was only because vice and debauch were stale for the moment, and this pretty virtue new. It was only because your cloyed appetite was long unused to this simple meat that you felt so keen a relish for it; and I thought of you only the last blessed Saturday, at Mr. Lovegrove's, West India Tavern, Blackwall, where a company of fifteen epicures, who had scorned the turtle, poohpoohed the punch, and sent away the whitebait, did suddenly and simultaneously make a rush upon—a dish of *beans and bacon.* And if the assiduous reader of novels will think upon some of the most celebrated works of that species, which have lately appeared in this and other countries, he will find, amidst much debauch of sentiment, and enervating dissipation of intellect, that the writers have from time to time a returning appetite for innocence and freshness, and indulge us with occasional repasts of beans and bacon. How long Mr. Brandon remained by Miss Caroline's side I have no means of judging ; it is probable, however, that he stayed a much longer time than was necessary for the mending of his black satin stock. I believe, indeed, that he read to the ladies a great part of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, over which they were engaged ; and interspersed his reading with many remarks of his own, both tender and satirical. Whether he was in her company half-an-hour or four hours, this is certain, that the time slipped away very swiftly with poor Caroline ; and when a carriage drove up to the door, and shrill voices were heard crying 'Becky !' 'Carry !' and Rebecca, the maid, starting up, cried, 'Lor', here's missus !' and Brandon jumped rather suddenly off the sofa, and fled up the stairs—when all these events took place, I know Caroline felt very sad indeed, and opened the door for her parents with a very heavy heart.

Swigby helped Miss Linda off the box with excessive tenderness. Papa was bustling and roaring in high good-humour, and called for 'hot water and tumblers immediately.' Mrs. Gann was gracious ; and Miss Bell sulky, as she had good reason to be, for she insisted upon taking the front seat in the carriage before her sister, and had lost a husband by that very piece of obstinacy.

Mr. Fitch, as he entered, bestowed upon Caroline a heavy sigh and a deep stare, and silently ascended to his own apartment. He was lost in thought. The fact is, he was trying to remember some verses regarding a violet, which he had made five years before, and which he had somehow lost from among his papers. So he went upstairs, muttering,

'A humble flower long since I pined
Upon a solitary plain ——'

CHAPTER VI

DESCRIBES A SHABBY GENTEEL MARRIAGE, AND MORE LOVE-MAKING

It will not be necessary to describe the particulars of the festivities which took place on the occasion of Mr. Swigby's marriage to Miss Macarty. The happy pair went off in a post-chaise and four to the bridegroom's country seat, accompanied by the bride's blushing sister: and when the first week of their matrimonial bliss was ended, that worthy woman, Mrs. Gann, with her excellent husband, went to visit the young couple. Miss Caroline was left, therefore, sole mistress of the house, and received especial cautions from her mamma as to prudence, economy, the proper management of the lodgers' bills, and the necessity of staying at home.

Considering that one of the gentlemen remaining in the house was a declared lover of Miss Caroline, I think it is a little surprising that her mother should leave her unprotected; but in this matter the poor are not so particular as the rich; and so this young lady was consigned to the guardianship of her own innocence, and the lodgers' loyalty: nor was there any reason why Mrs. Gann should doubt the latter. As for Mr. Fitch, he would have far preferred to be torn to pieces by ten thousand wild horses, rather than to offer to the young woman any unkindness or insult; and how was Mrs. Gann to suppose that her other lodger was a whit less loyal? that he had any partiality for a person of whom he always spoke as a mean, insignificant little baby? So, without any misgivings, and in a one-horse fly with Mr. Gann by her side, with a bran new green coat and gilt buttons, Juliana Gann went forth to visit her beloved child, and console her in her married state.

And here, were I allowed to occupy the reader with extraneous matters, I could give a very curious and touching picture of the Swigby *ménage*. Mrs. S., I am very sorry to say, quarrelled with her husband on the third day after their marriage,—and for what, pr'ythee? Why, because, he would smoke, and no gentleman ought to smoke. Swigby, therefore, patiently resigned his pipe, and with it one of the quietest, happiest, kindest companions of his solitude. He was a different man after this; his pipe was as a limb of his body. Having on Tuesday conquered the pipe, Mrs. Swigby, on Thursday did battle with her husband's rum-and-water, a drink of an odious smell, as she very properly observed; and the smell was doubly odious, now that the tobacco smoke no longer perfumed the parlour-breeze, and counteracted the odours of the juice of West India sugar-canes. On Thursday, then, Mr. Swigby and rum held out pretty bravely. Mrs. S. attacked the punch with some sharp-shooting, and fierce charges of vulgarity; to which S. replied, by opening the battery of oaths (chiefly directed to his own eyes, however), and loud protestations that he would never surrender. In three days more, however, the rum-and-water was gone. Mr. Swigby, defeated and prostrate, had given up that stronghold; his young wife and sister were triumphant; and his poor mother, who occupied her son's house, and had till now taken her place at the head of his table, saw that her empire was for ever lost, and was preparing suddenly to succumb to the imperious claims of the mistress of the mansion.

All this, I say, I wish I had the liberty to describe at large, as also to narrate the arrival of majestic Mrs. Gann; and a battle-royal which speedily took place between the two worthy mothers-in-law. Noble is the hatred of ladies who stand in this relation to each other; each sees what injury the other is inflicting upon her darling child; each mistrusts, detests, and to her offspring privily abuses the arts and crimes of the other. A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with a wife and her mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothers-in-law is so excessively hot, that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile. Think of a wife who despises her husband, and teaches him manners; of an elegant sister, who joins in rallying him (this was almost the only point of union between Bella and Linda now,—for since the marriage, Linda hated her sister consumedly). Think, I say, of two mothers-in-law,—one, large, pompous, and atrociously genteel,—another, coarse and shrill, determined not to have her son put upon,—and you may see what a happy fellow Joe Swigby was, and into what a piece of good luck he had fallen.

What would have become of him without his father-in-law ? Indeed one shudders to think ; but the consequence of that gentleman's arrival and intervention was speedily this :—About four o'clock, when the dinner was removed, and the quarrelling used commonly to set in, the two gents took their hats, and sallied out ; and as one has found when the body is inflamed that the application of a stringent medicine may cause the ill to disappear for a while, only to return elsewhere with greater force ; in like manner, Mrs. Swigby's sudden victory over the pipe and rum-and-water, although it had caused a temporary cessation of the evil of which she complained, was quite unable to stop it altogether ; it disappeared from one spot only to rage with more violence elsewhere. In Swigby's parlour, rum and tobacco odours rose no more (except, indeed, when Mrs. Gann would partake of the former as a restorative) ; but if you could have seen the Half-Moon and Snuffers down the village ; if you could have seen the good dry skittle-ground which stretched at the back of that inn, and the window of the back-parlour which superintended that skittle-ground ; if the hour at which you beheld these objects was evening, what time the rustics from their toils released, trolled the stout ball amidst the rattling pins (the oaken pins that standing in the sun did cast long shadows on the golden sward); if you had remarked all this, I say, you would have also seen in the back-parlour a tallow candle twinkling in the shade, and standing on a little greasy table. Upon the greasy table was a pewter porter-pot, and to the left a teaspoon glittering in a glass of gin ; close to each of these two delicacies was a pipe of tobacco; and behind the pipes sat Mr. Gann and Mr. Swigby, who now made the Half-Moon and Snuffers their usual place of resort, and forgot their married cares.

In spite of all our promises of brevity, these things have taken some space to describe ; and the reader must also know that some short interval elapsed ere they occurred. A month at least passed away before Mr. Swigby had decidedly taken up his position at the little inn : all this time, Gann was staying with his son-in-law, at the latter's most earnest request ; and Mrs. Gann remained under the same roof at her own desire. Not the hints of her daughter, nor the broad questions of the dowager Mrs. Swigby, could induce honest Mrs. Gann to stir from her quarters. She had had her lodgers' money in advance, as was the worthy woman's custom ; she knew Margate in April was dreadfully dull, and she determined to enjoy the country until the jovial town season arrived. The Canterbury coachman, whom Gann knew, and who passed through the village, used to take her cargo of novels to and fro ; and the old lady made herself as happy as circumstances would allow. Should anything of importance occur during her mamma's absence, Caroline was to make use of the same conveyance, and inform Mrs. Gann in a letter.

Miss Caroline looked at her papa and mamma, as the vehicle which was to bear them to the newly-married couple moved up the street ; but, strange to say, she did not feel that heaviness of heart which she before had experienced when forbidden to share the festivities of her family, but was on this occasion more happy than any one of them,—so happy, that the young woman felt quite ashamed of herself ; and Becky was fain to remark how her mistress's cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled (and turned perpetually to the door), and her whole little frame was in a flutter.

'I wonder if he will come,' said the little heart ; and the eyes turned and looked at that well-known sofa-corner, where *he* had been placed a fortnight before. He looked exactly like Lord Byron, that he did, with his pale brow, and his slim bare neck ; only not half so wicked—no, no. She was sure that her—her Mr. Br—— her Bran—— her *George*, was as good as he was beautiful. Don't let us be angry with her for calling him George ; the girl was bred in an humble sentimental school; she did not know enough of society to be squeamish ; she never thought that she could be his really, and gave way in the silence of her fancy to the full extent of her affection for him.

She had not looked at the door above twenty-five times—that is to say, her parents had not quitted the house ten minutes—when, sure enough, the latch did rattle, the door opened, and with a faint blush on his cheek divine George entered. He was going to make some excuse, as on the former occasion ; but he looked first into Caroline's face, which was beaming with joy and smiles ; and the little thing, in return, regarded him, and—made room for him on the sofa. O, sweet instinct of love! Brandon had no need of excuses but sat down, and talked away as easily, happily, and confidentially, and neither took any note of time. Andrea Fitch (the sly dog!) witnessed the Gann departure with feelings of exultation, and had laid some deep plans of his own with regard to Miss Caroline. So strong was his confidence in his friend on the first floor, that Andrea actually descended to those apartments, on his way to Mrs. Gann's parlour, in order to consult Mr. Brandon, and make known to him his plan of operations.

It would have made your heart break, or, at the very least, your sides ache, to behold the countenance of poor Mr. Fitch, as he thrust his bearded head in at the door of the parlour. There was Brandon lolling on the sofa, at his ease; Becky in full good-humour; and Caroline, always absurdly inclined to blush, blushing at Fitch's appearance more than ever! She could not help looking from him slily and gently into the face of Mr. Brandon. That gentleman saw the look, and did not fail to interpret it. It was a confession of love—an appeal for protection. A thrill of delightful vanity shot through Brandon's frame, and made his heart throb, as he noticed this look of poor Caroline. He answered it with one of his own that was cruelly wrong, cruelly triumphant, and sarcastic; and he shouted out to Mr. Fitch, with a loud, disconcerted tone, which only made that young painter feel more awkward than ever he had been. Fitch made some clumsy speech regarding his dinner,—whether that meal was to be held, in the absence of the parents, at the usual hour, and then took his leave.

The poor fellow had been pleasing himself with the notion of taking this daily meal *tête-à tête* with Caroline. What progress would he make in her heart during the absence of her parents! Did it not seem as if the first marriage had been arranged on purpose to facilitate his own? He determined thus his plan of campaign. He would make, in the first place, the most beautiful drawing of Caroline that ever was seen. 'The conversations I'll 'ave with her during the sittings,' says he, 'will carry me a pretty long way; the drawing itself will be so beautiful, that she can't resist that. I'll write her verses in her halbum, and make designs hallusive of my passion for her.' And so our pictorial Alnaschar dreamed and dreamed. He had, ere long, established himself in a house in Newman Street, with a footman to open the door. Caroline was upstairs, his wife, and her picture the crack portrait of the Exhibition. With her by his side, Andrea Fitch felt he could do anything. Half-a-dozen carriages at his door,—a hundred guineas for a kit-cat portrait. Lady Fitch, Sir Andrew Fitch, the President's chain,—all sorts of bright visions floated before his imagination; and as Caroline was the first precious condition of his preferment, he determined forthwith to begin, and realize that.

But, oh, disappointment! on coming down to dinner at three o'clock to that charming *tête-à-tête*, he found no less than four covers laid on the table, Miss Caroline blushing (according to custom) at the head of it; Becky, the maid, grinning at the foot; and Mr. Brandon sitting quietly on one side, as much at home, forsooth, as if he had held that position for a year.

The fact is, that the moment after Fitch retired, Brandon, inspired by jealousy, had made the same request which had been brought forward by the painter; nor must the ladies be too angry with Caroline, if, after some scruples and struggles, she yielded to the proposal. Remember that the girl was the daughter of a boarding-house, accustomed to continual dealings with her mamma's lodgers, and up to the present moment thinking herself as safe among them as the young person who walked through Ireland with a bright gold wand, in the scene of Mr. Thomas Moore. On the point, however, of Brandon's admission, it must be confessed, for Caroline's honour, that she did hesitate. She felt that she entertained very different feelings towards him to those with which any other lodger or man had inspired her, and made a little movement of resistance at first. But the poor girl's modesty overcame this, as well as her wish. Ought she to avoid him? Ought she not to stifle any preference which she might feel towards him, and act towards him with the same indifference which she would show to any other person in a like situation? Was not Mr. Fitch to dine at table as usual, and had she refused him? So reasoned she in her heart. Silly, little, cunning heart! it knew that all these reasons were lies, and that she *should* avoid the man; but she was willing to accept of any pretext for meeting, and so made a kind of compromise with her conscience. Dine he should; but

Becky should dine too, and be a protector to her. Becky laughed loudly at the idea of this, and took her place with huge delight.

It is needless to say a word about this dinner, as we have already described a former meal; suffice it to say, that the presence of Brandon caused the painter to be excessively sulky and uncomfortable; and so gave his rival, who was gay, triumphant, and at his ease, a decided advantage over him. Nor did Brandon neglect to use this to the utmost. When Fitch retired to his own apartments—not jealous as yet, for the simple fellow believed every word of Brandon's morning conversation with him—but vaguely annoyed and disappointed, Brandon assailed him with all the force of ridicule; at all his manners, words, looks, he joked mercilessly; laughed at his low birth (Miss Gann, be it remembered, had been taught to pique herself upon her own family), and invented a series of stories concerning his past life which made the ladies—for Becky, being in the parlour, must be considered as such—conceive the greatest contempt and pity for the poor painter.

After this, Mr. Brandon would expatiate with much eloquence upon his own superior attractions and qualities. He talked of his cousin, Lord So-and-so, with the easiest air imaginable; told Caroline what princesses he had danced with at foreign courts; frightened her with accounts of dreadful duels he had fought; in a word, 'posed' before her as a hero of the most sublime kind. How the poor little thing drank in all his tales; and how she and Becky (for they now occupied the same bedroom) talked over them at night!

Miss Caroline, as Mr. Fitch has already stated, had in her possession, like almost every young lady in England, a little square book called an album, containing prints from annuals; hideous designs of flowers; old pictures of faded fashions, cut out and pasted into the leaves; and small scraps of verses selected from Byron, Landon, or Mrs. Hemans; and written out in the girlish hand of the owner of the book. Brandon looked over this work with a good deal of curiosity—for he contended, always, that a girl's disposition might be learned from the character of this museum of hers—and found here several sketches by Mr. Fitch, for which, before that gentleman had declared his passion for her, Caroline had begged. These sketches the sentimental painter had illustrated with poetry, which, I must confess, Caroline thought charming, until now, when Mr. Brandon took occasion to point out how wretchedly poor the verses were (as indeed was the fact), and to parody them all. He was not unskilful at this kind of exercise, and at the drawing of caricatures, and had soon made a dozen of both parodies and drawings, which reflected cruelly upon the person and the talents of the painter.

What now did this wicked Mr. Brandon do ? He, in the first place, drew a caricature of Fitch ; and, secondly, having gone to a gardener's near the town, and purchased there a bunch of violets, he presented them to Miss Caroline, and wrote Mr. Fitch's own verses, before given, into her album. He signed them with his own initials, and thus declared open war with the painter.

CHAPTER VII

WHICH BRINGS A GREAT NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO MARGATE BY THE STEAMBOAT

The events which this history records began in the month of February. Time had now passed, and April had arrived, and with it that festive season so loved by schoolboys, and called the Easter holidays. Not only schoolboys, but men, profit by this period of leisure,—such men, especially, as have just come into enjoyment of their own cups and saucers, and are in daily expectation of their whiskers—college men, I mean,—who are persons more anxious than any others to designate themselves and each other by the manly title.

Among other men, then, my Lord Viscount Cinqbars, of Christ Church, Oxon, received a sum of money to pay his quarter's bill, and having written to his papa that he was busily engaged in reading for the Little-go, and must, therefore, decline the delight he had promised himself of passing the vacation at Cinqbars Hall,—and having, the day after his letter was dispatched, driven to town tandem with young Tom Tufthunt, of the same university,—and having exhausted the pleasures of the metropolis—the theatres, the Cider-cellars, the Finish, the station-houses, and other places which need by no means be here particularized,—Lord Cinqbars, I say, growing tired of London at the end of ten days, quitted the metropolis somewhat suddenly: nor did he pay his hotel bills at Long's before his departure; but he left that document in possession of the landlord, as a token of his (my Lord Cinqbars') confidence in his host.

Tom Tufthunt went with my lord, of course (although of an aristocratic turn in politics, Tom loved and respected a lord as much as any democrat in England). And whither do you think this worthy pair of young gentlemen were bound? To no less a place than Margate; for Cinqbars was filled with a longing to go and see his old friend Brandon, and determined, to use his own elegant words, 'to knock the old buck up.'

There was no adventure of consequence on board the steamer which brought Lord Cinqbars and his friend from London to Margate, and very few passengers besides. A wandering Jew or two were set down at Gravesend; the Rev. Mr. Wackerbart, and six unhappy little pupils whom the reverend gentleman had pounced upon in London, and was carrying back to his academy near Herne Bay; some of those inevitable persons of dubious rank who seem to have free tickets, and always eat and drink hugely with the captain; and a lady and her party, formed the whole list of passengers.

The lady—a very fat lady—had evidently just returned from abroad. Her great green travelling chariot was on the deck, and on all her imperials were pasted fresh large bills, with the words INCE'S BRITISH HOTEL, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER; for it is the custom of that worthy gentleman to seize upon and plaster all the luggage of his guests with tickets, on which his name and residence are inscribed,—by which simple means he keeps himself perpetually in their recollection, and brings himself to the notice of all other persons who are in the habit of peering at their fellow-passengers' trunks, to find out their names. I need not say what a large class this is.

Well; this fat lady had a courier, a tall whiskered man, who spoke all languages, looked like a field-marshal, went by the name of Donnerwetter, and rode on the box; a French maid, Mademoiselle Augustine; and a little black page, called Saladin, who rode in the rumble. Saladin's whole business was to attend a wheezy, fat, white poodle, who usually travelled inside with his mistress, and her fair *compagnon de voyage*, whose name was Miss Runt. She was evidently a person of distinction. This fat lady, during the first part of the voyage, on a windy, sunshiny April day, paced the deck stoutly, leaning on the arm of poor little Miss Runt; and after they had passed Gravesend, when the vessel began to pitch a good deal, retired to her citadel, the travelling chariot, to and from which the steward, the stewardess, and the whiskered courier were continually running with supplies, of sandwiches first, and afterwards of very hot brandy-and-water: for the truth must be told, it was rather a rough afternoon, and the poodle was sick; Saladin was as bad; the French maid, like all French maids, was outrageously ill; the lady herself was very unwell indeed; and poor, dear, sympathizing Runt was qualmish.

'Ah, Runt!' would the fat lady say in the intervals, 'what a thing this *malady de mare* is! *O mong jew!* O—O!'

'It is, indeed, dear madam,' said Runt, and went O—O—in chorus.

'Ask the steward if we are near Margate, Runt.' And Runt did, and asked this question every five minutes, as people do on these occasions.

'*Issy Monsieur Donnerwetter: ally dimandy ung pew d'o sho poor mwaw.*'

'*Et de l'eau de fie afec, n'est-ce-bas, Matame?*' said Mr. Donnerwetter.

'*Wee, wee, comme vous vouly.*'

And Donnerwetter knew very well what '*comme vous vouly*' meant, and brought the liquor exactly in the wished-for state.

'Ah, Runt, Runt! there's something even worse than sea-sickness. Heigh-ho!'

'Dear, dear Marianne, don't flutter yourself,' cries Runt, squeezing a fat paw of her friend and patroness between her own bony fingers. 'Don't agitate your nerves, dear. I know you're miserable; but haven't you got a friend in your faithful Runty?'

'You're a good creater, that you are,' said the fat lady, who seemed herself to be a good-humoured old soul; 'and

I don't know what I should have done without you. Heigh-ho!'

'Cheer up, dear! you'll be happier when you get to Margate: you know you will,' cried Runt, very knowingly.

'What do you mean, Elizabeth?'

'You know very well, dear Marianne. I mean that there's some one there will make you happy; though he's a nasty wretch, that he is, to have treated my darling, beautiful Marianne so.'

'Runt, Runt, don't abuse that best of men. Don't call me beautiful—I'm not, Runt; I have been, but I ain't now: and, oh! no woman in the world is *assy bong poor lui*.'

'But an angel is; and you are, as you always was, an angel,—as good as an angel, as kind as an angel, as beautiful as one.'

'*Ally dong*,' said her companion, giving her a push; 'you flatter me, Runt, you know you do.'

'May I be struck down dead if I don't say the truth; and if he refuses you, as he did at Rome,—that is, after all his attentions and vows, he's faithless to you, I say he's a wretch, that he is; and I *will* say he's a wretch, and he *is* a wretch—a nasty, wicked wretch!'

'Elizabeth, if you say that, you'll break my heart, you will! *Vous casserez mong pover cure*.' But Elizabeth swore, on the contrary, that she would die for her Marianne, which consoled the fat lady a little.

A great deal more of this kind of conversation took place during the voyage; but as it occurred inside a carriage, so that to hear it was very difficult, and as possibly it was not of that edifying nature which would induce the reader to relish many chapters of it, we shall give no further account of the ladies' talk: suffice it to say, that about half-past four o'clock the journey ended, by the vessel bringing up at Margate Pier. The passengers poured forth, and hied to their respective homes, or inns. My Lord Cinqbars and his companion (of whom we have said nothing, as they on their sides had scarcely spoken a word the whole way, except 'deuce-ace,' 'quater-tray,' 'sizes,' and so on,—being occupied ceaselessly in drinking bottled stout, and playing backgammon), ordered their luggage to be conveyed to Wright's Hotel, whither the fat lady and suite followed them. The house was vacant, and the best rooms in it were placed, of course, at the service of the new comers. The fat lady sailed out of her bedroom towards her saloon, just as Lord Cinqbars, cigar in mouth, was swaggering out of his parlour. They met in the passage; when, to the young lord's surprise, the fat lady dropped him a low curtsy, and said,—

'*Munseer le Vecomte de Cinqbars, sharmy de vous voir. Vousvous rappelez de mwaw, n'est-ce-pas? Je vous ai vew à Rome—shay l'ambassadure, vous savy.*'

Lord Cinqbars stared her in the face, and pushed by her without a word, leaving the fat lady rather disconcerted.

'Well, Runt, I'm sure,' said she, 'he need not be so proud; I've met him twenty times at Rome, when he was a young chap with his tutor.'

'Who the devil can that fat foreigner be?' mused Lord Cinqbars. 'Hang her, I've seen her somewhere; but I'm cursed if I understand a word of her jabber.' And so, dismissing the subject, he walked on to Brandon's.

'Dang it, it's a strange thing!' said the landlord of the hotel; 'but both my lord and the fat woman in number nine have asked their way to Mother Gann's lodging,'—for so did he dare to call that respectable woman!

It was true: as soon as number nine had eaten her dinner, she asked the question mentioned by the landlord; and, as this meal occupied a considerable time, the shades of evening had by this time fallen upon the quiet city; the silver moon lighted up the bay, and, supported by a numerous and well-appointed train of gas lamps, illuminated the streets of a town,—of autumn eves so crowded and so gay; of gusty April nights so desolate. At this still hour (it might be half-past seven), two ladies passed the gates of Wright's Hotel, 'in shrouding mantle wrapped, and velvet cap.' Up the deserted High Street toiled they, by gaping rows of empty bathing-houses, by melancholy Jolly's French bazaar, by mouldy pastry-cooks, blank reading-rooms, by fishmongers who never sold a fish, mercers who vended not a yard of riband—because, as yet, the season was not come,—and Jews and Cockneys still remained in town. At High Street's corner, near to Hawley Square, they passed the house of Mr. Fincham, chemist, who doth not only healthful drugs supply, but likewise sells cigars—the worst cigars that ever mortal man gave threepence for.[1]

Up to this point, I say, I have had a right to accompany the fat lady and Miss Runt; but whether, on arriving at Mr. Fincham's, they turned to the left, in the direction of the Royal Hotel, or to the right, by the beach, the bathing machines, and queer, rickety old row of houses, called Buenos Ayres, no power on earth shall induce me to say; suffice it, they went to Mrs. Gann's. Why should we set all the world gadding to a particular street, to know where that lady lives? They arrived before that lady's house at about eight o'clock. Every house in the street had bills on it except hers (bitter mockery, as if anybody came down at Easter)! and at Mrs. Gann's house there was a light in the garret, and another in the two-pair front. I believe I have not mentioned before, that all the front windows were bow or bay-windows; but so much the reader may know.

The two ladies, who had walked so far, examined wistfully the plate on the door, stood on the steps for a short time, retreated, and conversed with one another.

'Oh, Runty!' said the stouter of the two, 'he's here—I know he's here, *mong cure le dee*—my heart tells me so.' And she put a large hand upon a place on her left side, where there once had been a waist.

'Do you think he looks front or back, dear?' asked Runt. 'P'raps he's not at home.'

'That—that's his *croisy*,' said the stout person: 'I know it is;' and she pointed with instinctive justice to the two-pair. '*Ecouty!*' she added, 'he's coming; there's some one at that window. *O mong jew, mong jew! c'est André, c'est lui!*'

The moon was shining full on the face of the bow-windows of Mrs. Gann's house; and the two fair spies, who were watching on the other side, were, in consequence, completely in shadow. As the lady said, a dark form was seen in the two-pair front; it paced the room for a while, for no blinds were drawn. It then hung itself on a chair;

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[1] All these descriptions of Margate are strictly correct,—the author having visited that town, to our knowledge, three times, at different seasons of the year, in order to make himself master of the localities. It is a pity that Walter Scott, when he wrote *Quentin Durward*, etc., had not given himself the same pains.—O. Y.

its head on its hands; it then began to beat its brows wildly, and paced the room again. Ah! how the fat lady's heart throbbed as she looked at all this!

She gave a piercing shriek—almost fainted! and little Runt's knees trembled under her, as with all her might she supported, or rather pushed up, the falling figure of her stout patroness,—who saw at that instant Fitch come to the candle with an immense pistol in his hand, and give a most horrible grin as he looked at it, and clasped it to his breast.

'Unhand me, Runt; he's going to kill himself! It's for me! I know it is—I will go to him! Andrea, my Andrea!' And the fat lady was pushing for the opposite side of the way, when suddenly the second floor window went clattering up, and Fitch's pale head was thrust out.

He had heard a scream, and had possibly been induced to open the window in consequence; but by the time he had opened it he had forgotten everything, and put his head vacantly out of the window, and gazed, the moon shining cold on his pale features.

'Pallid horb!' said Fitch, 'shall I ever see thy light again? Will another night see me on this hearth, or view me, stark and cold, a lifeless corpse?' He took his pistol up, and slowly aimed it at a chimney-pot opposite. Fancy the fat lady's sensations, as she beheld her lover standing in the moonlight, and exercising this deadly weapon.

'Make ready—present—fire!' shouted Fitch, and did instantaneously, not fire off, but lower his weapon. 'The bolt of death is sped!' continued he, clapping his hand on his side. 'The poor painter's life is over! Caroline, Caroline, I die for thee!'

'Runt, Runt, I told you so!' shrieked the fat lady. 'He is dying for me, and Caroline's my second name.'

What the fat lady would have done more, I can't say; for Fitch, disturbed out of his reverie by her talking below, looked out, frowning vacantly, and saying, 'Ulloh! we've hinterlopers 'ere!' suddenly banged down the window, and pulled down the blinds.

This gave a check to the fat lady's projected rush, and disconcerted her a little. But she was consoled by Miss Runt, promised to return on the morrow, and went home happy in the idea that her Andrea was faithful to her.

Alas, poor fat lady! little did you know the truth. It was Caroline Gann Fitch was raving about; and it was a part of his last letter to her, to be delivered after his death, that he was spouting out of the window.

Was the crazy painter going to fight a duel, or was he going to kill himself? This will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

WHICH TREATS OF WAR AND LOVE, AND MANY THINGS THAT ARE NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN CHAPTER VII

FITCH'S verses, inserted in a previous chapter of this story (and of which lines, by the way, the printer managed to make still greater nonsense than the ingenious bard ever designed), had been composed many years before; and it was with no small trouble and thought that the young painter called the greater part of them to memory again, and furbished up a copy for Caroline's album. Unlike the love of most men, Andrea's passion was not characterized by jealousy and watchfulness, otherwise he would not have failed to perceive certain tokens of intelligence passing from time to time between Caroline and Brandon, and the lady's evident coldness to himself. The fact is, the painter was in love with being in love,—entirely absorbed in the consideration of the fact that he, Andrea Fitch, was at last enamoured; and he did not mind his mistress much more than Don Quixote did Dulcinea del Toboso.

Having rubbed up his verses, then, and designed a pretty emblematical outline which was to surround them, representing an arabesque of violets, dewdrops, fairies, and other objects, he came down one morning, drawing in hand; and having informed Caroline, who was sitting very melancholy in the parlour, preoccupied, with a pale face and red eyes, and not caring twopence for the finest drawing in the world,—having informed her that he was going to make in her halbum a humble hoffering of his hart, poor Fitch was just on the point of sticking in the drawing with gum, as painters know very well how to do, when his eye lighted upon a page of the album, in which nestled a few dried violets and—his own verses, signed with the name of George Brandon.

'Miss Caroline—Miss Gann, mam!' shrieked Fitch, in a tone of voice which made the young lady start out of a profound reverie, and cry, nervously,—'What, in Heaven is the matter?'

'These verses, madam—a faded violet—word for word, gracious Eavens! every word!' roared Fitch, advancing with the book.

She looked at him rather vacantly, and as the violets caught her eye, put out her hand, and took them. 'Do you know the hawthor, Miss Gann, of "The faded Violets?"'

'Author? Oh yes; they are—they are George's!' She burst into tears as she said that word; and, pulling the little faded flowers to pieces, went sobbing out of the room.

Dear, dear little Caroline! she has only been in love two months, and is already beginning to feel the woes of it!

It cannot be from want of experience—for I have felt the noble passion of love many times these forty years, since I was a boy of twelve (by which the reader may form a pretty good guess of my age),—it cannot be, I say, from want of experience that I am unable to describe, step by step, the progress of a love-affair; nay, I am perfectly certain that I could, if I chose, make a most astonishing and heart-rending *liber amoris*; but, nevertheless, I always feel a vast repugnance to the following out of a subject of this kind, which I attribute to a natural diffidence and sense of shame that prevent me from enlarging on a theme that has in it something sacred—certain arcana which an honest man, although initiated into them, should not divulge.

If such coy scruples and blushing delicacy prevent one from passing the threshold even of an honourable love, and setting down, at so many guineas or shillings per page, the pious emotions and tendernesses of two persons chastely and legally engaged in sighing, ogling, hand-squeezing, kissing, and so forth (for with such outward signs I believe that the passion of love is expressed),—if a man feel, I say, squeamish about describing an innocent love, he is doubly disinclined to describe a guilty one; and I have always felt a kind of loathing for the skill of such geniuses as Rousseau or Richardson, who could paint with such painful accuracy all the struggles and woes of Eloise and Clarissa,—all the wicked arts and triumphs of such scoundrels as Lovelace.

We have in this history a scoundrelly Lovelace in the person going by the name of George Brandon, and a dear, tender, innocent, yielding creature on whom he is practising his infernal skill; and whether the public feel any sympathy for her or not, the writer can only say, for his part, that he heartily loves and respects poor little Caroline, and is quite unwilling to enter into any of the slow, painful, wicked details of the courtship which passed between her and her lover.

Not that there was any wickedness on *her* side, poor girl! or that she did anything but follow the natural and beautiful impulses of an honest, little female heart, that leads it to trust and love, and worship a being of the other sex, whom the eager fancy invests with all sorts of attributes of superiority. There was no wild, conceited tale that Brandon told Caroline which she did not believe,—no virtue which she could conceive or had read of in novels with which she did not endow him. Many long talks had they, and many sweet, stolen interviews, during the periods in which Caroline's father and mother were away making merry at the house of their son-in-law, and while she was left under the care of her virtue and of Becky the maid. Indeed, it was a blessing that the latter was left in the joint guardianship. For Becky, who had such an absurd opinion of her young lady's merits as to fancy that she was a fit wife for any gentleman of the land, and that any gentleman might be charmed and fall in love with her, had some instinct, or possibly some experience, as to the passions and errors of youth, and warned Caroline accordingly. 'If he's really in love, Miss, and I think he be, he'll marry you; if he won't marry you, he's a rascal, and you're too good for him, and must have nothing to do with him.' To which Caroline replied, that she was sure Mr. Brandon was the most angelic, high-principled of human beings, and that she was sure his intentions were of the most honourable description.

We have before described what Mr. Brandon's character was. He was not a man of honourable intentions at all. But he was a gentleman of so excessively eager a temperament, that if properly resisted by a practised coquette, or by a woman of strong principles, he would sacrifice anything to obtain his ends,—nay, marry to obtain them; and, considering his disposition, it is only a wonder that he had not been married a great number of times already; for he had been in love perpetually since his seventeenth year. By which the reader may pretty well appreciate the virtue or the prudence of the ladies with whom hitherto our inflammable young gentleman had had to do.

The fruit, then, of all his stolen interviews, of all his prayers, vows, and protestations to Caroline, had been only this,—that she loved him; but loved him as an honest girl should, and was ready to go to the altar with him when he chose. He talked about his family, his peculiar circumstances, his proud father's curse. Little Caroline only sighed, and said her dearest George must wait until he could obtain his parent's consent. When pressed harder, she would burst into tears, and wonder how one so good and affectionate as he could propose to her anything unworthy of them both. It is clear to see that the young lady had read a vast number of novels, and knew something of the nature of love; and that she had a good principle and honesty of her own, which set her lover's schemes at naught: indeed, she had both these advantages,—her education, such as it was, having given her the one, and her honest nature having endowed her with the other.

On the day when Fitch came down to Caroline with his verses, Brandon had pressed these unworthy propositions upon her. She had torn herself violently away from him, and rushed to the door; but the poor little thing fell before she could reach it, screaming in a fit of hysterics, which brought Becky to her aid, and caused Brandon to leave her, abashed. He went out; she watched him go, and stole up into his room, and laid on his table the first letter she had ever written to him. It was written in pencil, in a trembling, school-girl hand, and contained simply the following words:—

> 'George, you have almost broken my heart. Leave me if you will, and if you dare not act like an honest man. If ever you speak to me so again as you did this morning, I declare solemnly before Heaven, I will take poison. C.'

Indeed, the poor thing had read romances to some purpose; without them, it is probable she never would have thought of such a means of escape from a lover's persecutions: and there was something in the girl's character that made Brandon feel sure that she would keep her promise. How the words agitated him! He felt a violent mixture of raging disappointment and admiration, and loved the girl ten thousand times more than ever.

Mr. Brandon had scarcely finished the reading of this document, and was yet agitated by the various passions which the perusal of it created, when the door of his apartment was violently flung open, and some one came in. Brandon started, and turned round, with a kind of dread that Caroline had already executed her threat, and that a messenger was come to inform him of her death. Mr. Andrea Fitch was the intruder. His hat was on—his eyes were glaring; and if the beards of men did stand on end anywhere but in poems and romances, his, no doubt, would have formed round his countenance a bristling auburn halo. As it was, Fitch only looked astonishingly fierce, as he stalked up to the table, his hands behind his back. When he had arrived at this barrier between himself and Mr. Brandon he stopped, and, speechless, stared that gentleman in the face.

'May I beg, Mr. Fitch, to know what has procured me the honour of this visit?' exclaimed Mr. Brandon, after a brief pause of wonder.

'Honour!—ha, ha, ha!' growled Mr. Fitch, in a most sardonic, discordant way—'*honour!*'

'Well, sir, honour or no honour, I can tell you, my good man, it certainly is no pleasure!' said Brandon, testily. 'In plain English, then, what the devil has brought you here?'

Fitch plumped the album down on the table close to Mr. Brandon's nose, and said, '*That* has brought me, sir—that halbum, sir; or, I ask your pardon, that a—album—ha, ha, ha!'

'Oh, I see!' said Mr. Brandon, who could not refrain from a smile. 'It was a cruel trick of mine, Fitch, to rob you of your verses; but all's fair in love.'

'Fitch, sir! don't Fitch me, sir! I wish to be hintimate honly with men of h-honour, not with forgers, sir; not with 'artless miscreants! Miscreants, sir, I repeat; vipers, sir; b—b—b—blackguards, sir!'

'Blackguards, sir!' roared Mr. Brandon, bouncing up;

'blackguards, you dirty Cockney mountebank! Quit the room, sir, or I'll fling you out of the window!'

'Will you, sir? try, sir; I wish you may get it, sir. I'm a hartist, sir, and as good a man as you. Miscreant, forger, traitor, come on!'

And Mr. Brandon *would* have come on, but for a circumstance that deterred him; and this was, that Mr. Fitch drew from his bosom a long, sharp, shining, waving poniard of the middle ages, that formed a part of his artistical properties, and with which he had armed himself for this encounter.

'Come on, sir!' shrieked Fitch, brandishing this fearful weapon. 'Lay a finger on me, and I bury this blade in your treacherous 'art. Ha! do you tremble?'

Indeed the aristocratic Mr. Brandon turned somewhat pale.

'Well, well,' said he, 'what do you want? Do you suppose I am to be bullied by your absurd melo-dramatic airs! It was, after all, but a joke, sir, and I am sorry that it has offended you. Can I say more?—what shall I do?'

'You shall hapologize; not only to me, sir, but you shall tell Miss Caroline, in my presence, that you stole those verses from me, and used them quite unauthorized by me.'

'Look you, Mr. Fitch, I will make you another set of verses quite as good, if you like; but what you ask is impossible.'

'I will 'asten myself, then, to Miss Caroline, and acquaint her with your dastardly forgery, sir. I will hopen her heyes, sir!'

'You may hopen her heyes, as you call them, if you please: but I tell you fairly, that the young lady will credit me rather than you; and if you swear ever so much that the verses are yours, I must say that——'

'Say what, sir?'

'Say that you *lie*, sir!' said Mr. Brandon, stamping on the ground. 'I'll make you other verses, I repeat; but this is all I can do, and now go about your business!'

'Curse your verses, sir! liar and forger yourself! Hare you a coward as well, sir? A coward! yes, I believe you are; or will you meet me to-morrow morning like a man, and give me satisfaction for this hinfamous hinsult?'

'Sir,' said Mr. Brandon, with the utmost stateliness and scorn, 'if you wish to murder me as you do the king's English, I won't balk you. Although a man of my rank is not called upon to meet a blackguard of your condition, I will, nevertheless, grant you your will. But have a care; by Heavens, I won't spare you, and I can hit an ace of hearts at twenty paces!'

'Two can play at that,' said Mr. Fitch, calmly; 'and if I can't hit a hace of 'arts at twenty paces, I can hit a man at twelve, and to-morrow I'll try;' with which, giving Mr. Brandon a look of the highest contempt, the young painter left the room.

What were Mr. Brandon's thoughts, as his antagonist left him? Strange to say, rather agreeable. He had much too great a contempt for Fitch to suppose that so low a fellow should ever think seriously of fighting him, and reasoned with himself thus:—

'This Fitch, I know, will go off to Caroline, tell her the whole transaction, frighten her with the tale of a duel, and then she and I shall have a scene. I will tell her the truth about those infernal verses, menace death, blood, and danger, and then——'

Here he fell back into a charming reverie; the wily fellow knew what power such a circumstance would give him over a poor weak girl, who would do anything rather than that her beloved should risk his life. And with this dastardly speculation as to the price he should ask for refraining from meeting Fitch, he was entertaining himself; when, much to his annoyance, that gentleman again came into the room.

'Mr. Brandon,' said he, 'you have insulted me in the grossest and cruellest way.'

'Well, sir, are you come to apologize?' said Brandon, sneeringly.

'No, I'm not come to apologize, Mr. Aristocrat: it's past that. I'm come to say this, sir, that I take you for a coward; and that, unless you will give me your solemn word of honour not to mention a word of this quarrel to Miss Gann, which might prevent our meeting, I will never leave you till we *do* fight!'

'This is outrageous, sir! Leave the room, or by Heavens I'll not meet you at all!'

'Heasy, sir; easy, I beg your pardon, I can force you to that!'

‘ And how, pray sir ? ’

‘ Why, in the first place, here’s a stick, and I’ll ’orsewhip you ; and here are a pair of pistols, and we can fight now ! ’

‘ Well, sir, I give you my honour,’ said Mr. Brandon, in a diabolical rage ; and added, ‘ I’ll meet you to-morrow, not now ; and you need not be afraid that I’ll miss you ! ’

‘ Hadew, sir,’ said the chivalrous little Fitch ; ‘ bon giorno, sir, as we used to say at Rome.’ And so, for the second time, he left Mr. Brandon, who did not like very well the extraordinary courage he had displayed.

‘ What the deuce has exasperated the fellow so ? ’ thought Brandon.

Why, in the first place, he had crossed Fitch in love ; and, in the second, he had sneered at his pronunciation and his gentility, and Fitch’s little soul was in a fury which nothing but blood would allay : he was determined, for the sake of his hart and his lady, to bring this proud champion down.

So Brandon was at last left to his cogitations ; when, confusion ! about five o’clock came another knock at his door.

‘ Come in ! ’ growled the owner of the lodgings.

A sallow, blear-eyed, rickety, undersized creature, tottering upon a pair of high-heeled lacquered boots, and supporting himself upon an immense gold-knobbed cane, entered the room with his hat on one side and a jaunty air. It was a white hat with a broad brim, and under it fell a great deal of greasy lank hair, that shrouded the cheekbones of the wearer. The little man had no beard to his chin, appeared about twenty years of age, and might weigh, stick and all, some seven stone. If you wish to know how this exquisite was dressed, I have the pleasure to inform you that he wore a great sky-blue embroidered satin stock, in the which figured a carbuncle that looked like a lambent gooseberry. He had a shawl-waistcoat of many colours ; a pair of loose, blue trowsers, neatly strapped to show his little feet : a brown cut-away coat with brass buttons, that fitted tight round a spider waist ; and over all a white or drab surtout, with a sable collar and cuffs, from which latter on each hand peeped five little fingers covered with lemon-coloured kid gloves. One of these hands he held constantly to his little chest : and, with a hoarse, thin voice, he piped out, 'George, my buck! how goes it?'

We have been thus particular in our description of the costume of this individual (whose inward man strongly corresponded with his manly and agreeable exterior), because he was the person whom Mr. Brandon most respected in the world.

'CINQBARS!' exclaimed our hero: 'why, what the deuce has brought you to Margate?'

'Fwendship, my old cock!' said the Honourable Augustus Frederick Ringwood, commonly called Viscount Cinqbars, for indeed it was he! 'fwendship and the City of Canterbuwy steamer!' and herewith his lordship held out his right-hand fore-finger to Brandon, who enclosed it most cordially in all his. 'Wathn't it good of me, now, George, to come down and conthole you in thith curthed, thtupid place—hay now?' said my lord, after these salutations.

Brandon swore he was very glad to see him, which was very true, for he had no sooner set his eyes upon his lordship, than he had determined to borrow as much money from him as ever he could induce the young nobleman to part with.

'I'll tell you how it wath, my boy; you thee I wath thtopping at Longth, when I found, by Jove, that the governor wath come to town! Cuth me if I didn't meet the infarnal old family dwag, with my mother, thithterth, and all, ath I wath dwiving a hack-cab with Polly Tomkinth in the Pawk! Tho when I got home, "Hang it!" thayth I to Tufthunt. "Tom, my boy," thaith I, "I've just theen the governor, and must be off!" "What, back to Ockthford?" thaith Tom. "No," thaith I, "that *won't* do. Abroad—to Jewicho—any where. Egad, I have it! I'll go down to Margate and thee old George, that I will." And tho off I came the very next day; and here I am, and thereth dinner waiting for uth at the hotel, and thixth bottleth of champagne in ithe, and thum thalmon: tho you mutht come.'

To this proposition Mr. Brandon readily agreed, being glad enough of the prospect of a good dinner and some jovial society, for he was low and disturbed in spirits, and so promised to dine with his friend at the Sun.

The two gentlemen conversed for some time longer. Mr. Brandon was a shrewd fellow, and knew perfectly well a fact of which, no doubt, the reader has a notion—namely, that Lord Cinqbars was a ninny; but, nevertheless, Brandon esteemed him highly as a lord. We pardon stupidity in lords; nature or instinct, however sarcastic a man may be among ordinary persons, renders him towards men of quality benevolently blind: a divinity hedges not only the king, but the whole peerage.

'That's the girl, I suppose,' said my lord, knowingly winking at Brandon: 'that little pale girl, who let me in, I mean. A nice little filly, upon my honour, Georgy, my buck!'

'Oh—that—yes—I wrote, I think, something about her,' said Brandon, blushing slightly; for, indeed, he now began to wish that his friend should make no comments upon a young lady with whom he was so much in love.

'I suppose it's all up now?' continued my lord, looking still more knowing. 'All over with her, hay? I saw it was by her looks, in a minute.'

'Indeed you do me a great deal too much honour. Miss —ah,—Miss Gann is a very respectable young person, and I would not for the world have you to suppose that I would do anything that should the least injure her character.'

At this speech, Lord Cinqbars was at first much puzzled; but, in considering it, was fully convinced that Brandon was a deeper dog than ever. Boiling with impatience to know the particulars of this delicate intrigue, this cunning diplomatist determined he would pump the whole story out of Brandon by degrees; and so, in the course of half an hour's conversation that the young men had together, Cinqbars did not make less than forty allusions to the subject that interested him. At last Brandon cut him short rather haughtily, by begging that he would make no further allusions to the subject, as it was one that was excessively disagreeable to him.

In fact, there was no mistake about it now. George Brandon was in love with Caroline. He felt that he was while he blushed at his friend's alluding to her, while he grew indignant at the young lord's coarse banter about her.

Turning the conversation to another point, he asked Cinqbars about his voyage, and whether he had brought any companion with him to Margate; whereupon my lord related all his feats in London, how he had been to the watchhouse, how many bottles of champagne he had drunk, how he had 'milled' a policeman, &c., &c.; and he concluded by saying that he had come down with Tom Tufthunt, who was at the inn at that very moment smoking a cigar.

This did not increase Brandon's good humour ; and when Cinqbars mentioned his friend's name, Brandon saluted it mentally with a hearty curse. These two gentlemen hated each other of old. Tufthunt was a small college man of no family, with a foundation fellowship ; and it used to be considered that a sporting fellow of a small college was a sad, raffish, disreputable character. Tufthunt, then, was a vulgar fellow, and Brandon a gentleman, so they hated each other. They were both toadies of the same nobleman, so they hated each other. They had had some quarrel at college about a disputed bet, which Brandon knew he owed, and so they hated each other; and in their words about it Brandon had threatened to horsewhip Tufthunt, and called him a ' sneaking, swindling, small college-snob ; ' and so little Tufthunt, who had not resented the words, hated Brandon far more than Brandon hated him. The latter only had a contempt for his rival, and voted him a profound bore and vulgarian.

So, although Mr. Tufthunt did not choose to frequent Mr. Brandon's rooms, he was very anxious that his friend, the young lord, should not fall into his old bear-leader's hands again, and came down to Margate to counteract any influence which the arts of Brandon might acquire.

' Curse the fellow ! ' thought Tufthunt in his heart (there was a fine reciprocity of curses between the two men); ' he has drawn Cinqbars already for fifty pounds this year, and will have some half of his last remittance, if I don't keep a look-out, the swindling thief ! '

And so frightened was Tufthunt at the notion of Brandon's return to power and dishonest use of it, that he was at the time on the point of writing to Lord Ringwood to tell him of his son's doings, only he wanted some money deucedly himself. Of Mr. Tufthunt's *physique* and history it is necessary merely to say, that he was the son of a country attorney who was agent to a lord ; he had been sent to a foundation-school, where he distinguished himself for ten years, by fighting and being flogged more than any boy of the five hundred. From the foundation-school he went to college with an exhibition, which was succeeded by a fellowship, which was to end in a living. In his person Mr. Tufthunt was short and bow-legged ; he wore a sort of clericosporting costume, consisting of a black straight-cut coat, and light drab breeches, with a vast number of buttons at the ankles; a sort of dress much affectioned by sporting gentlemen of the university in the author's time.

Well, Brandon said he had some letters to write, and promised to follow his friend, which he did; but, if the truth must be told, so infatuated was the young man become with his passion, with the resistance he had met with, and so nervous from the various occurrences of the morning, that he passed the half hour during which he was free from Cinqbars' society in kneeling, imploring, weeping at Caroline's little garret-door, which had remained pitilessly closed to him. He was wild with disappointment, mortification—mad, longing to see her. The cleverest coquette in Europe could not have so inflamed him. His first act on entering the dinner-room was to drink off a large tumbler of champagne; and when Cinqbars, in his elegant way, began to rally him upon his wildness, Mr. Brandon only growled and cursed with frightful vehemency, and applied again to the bottle. His face, which had been quite white, grew a bright red; his tongue, which had been tied, began to chatter vehemently; before the fish was off the table, Mr. Brandon showed strong symptoms of intoxication; before the dessert appeared, Mr. Tufthunt, winking knowingly to Lord Cinqbars, had begun to draw him out; and Brandon, with a number of shrieks and oaths, was narrating the history of his attachment.

'Look you, Tufthunt,' said he, wildly; 'hang you, I hate you, but I *must* talk! I've been, for two months now, in this cursed hole; in a rickety lodging, with a vulgar family; as vulgar, by Jove, as you are yourself!'

Mr. Tufthunt did not like this style of address half so much as Lord Cinqbars, who was laughing immoderately, and to whom Tufthunt whispered rather sheepishly, 'Pooh, pooh, he's drunk!'

'*Drunk!* no, sir,' yelled out Brandon; 'I'm mad, though, with the prudery of a little devil of fifteen, who has cost me more trouble that it would take me to seduce every one of your sisters—ha, ha! every one of the Miss Tufthunts, by Jove! Miss Suky Tufthunt, Miss Dolly Tufthunt, Miss Anna-Maria Tufthunt, and the whole bunch. Come, sir, don't sit scowling at *me*, or I'll brain you with the decanter.' (Tufthunt was down again on the sofa.) 'I've borne with the girl's mother, and her father, and her sisters, and a cook in the house, and a scoundrel of a painter, that I'm going to fight about her; and for what?—why, for a letter, which says, "George, I'll kill myself! George, I'll kill myself!"—ha, ha! a little devil like that *killing* herself——ha, ha! and I—I who—who adore her, who am mad for——'

'Mad, I believe he is,' said Tufthunt; and at this moment Mr. Brandon was giving the most unequivocal signs of madness; he plunged his head into the corner of the sofa, and was kicking his feet violently into the cushions.

'You don't understand him, Tufty, my boy,' said Lord Cinqbars, with a very superior air. 'You ain't up to these things, I tell you; and I suspect, by Jove, that you never were in love in your life. *I* know what it is, sir. And as for Brandon, Heaven bless you! I've often seen him in that way when we were abroad. When he has an intrigue, he's mad about it. Let me see, there was the Countess Fritzch, at Baden-Baden; there was the woman at Pau; and that girl—at Paris, was it?—no, at Vienna. He went on just so about them all; but I'll tell you what, when *we* do the thing, we do it easier, my boy, hay?'

And so saying, my lord cocked up his little, sallow, beardless face, into a grin, and then fell to eyeing a glass of execrable claret across a candle. *An intrigue*, as he called it, was the little creature's delight; and until the time should arrive when he could have one himself, he loved to talk of those of his friends.

As for Tufthunt, we may fancy how that gentleman's previous affection for Brandon was increased by the latter's brutal addresses to him. Brandon continued to drink and to talk, though not always in the sentimental way in which he had spoken about his loves and injuries. Growing presently madly jocose as he had before been madly melancholy, he narrated to the two gentlemen the particulars of his quarrel with Fitch, mimicking the little painter's manner in an excessively comic way, and giving the most ludicrous account of his person, kept his companions in a roar of laughter. Cinqbars swore that he would see the fun in the morning, and agreed that if the painter wanted a second, either he or Tufthunt would act for him.

Now my Lord Cinqbars had an excessively clever servant, a merry rogue, whom he had discovered in the humble capacity of scout's assistant at Christ Church, and raised to be his valet. The chief duties of the valet were to black his lord's beautiful boots, that we have admired so much, and put his lordship to bed when overtaken with liquor. He heard every word of the young men's talk (it being his habit, much encouraged by his master, to join occasionally in the conversation); and in the course of the night, when at supper with Monsieur Donnerwetter and Mdlle. Augustine, he related every word of the talk above-stairs, mimicking Brandon quite as cleverly as the latter had mimicked Fitch. When then, after making his company laugh by describing Brandon's love-agonies, Mr. Tom informed them how that gentleman had a rival, with whom he was going to fight a duel the next morning—an artist-fellow with an immense beard, whose name was Fitch, to his surprise Mdlle. Augustine burst into a scream of laughter, and exclaimed, '*Feesh, Feesh! c'est notre homme*;—it is our man, sare! Saladin, remember you Mr. Fish?'

Saladin said gravely, 'Missa Fis, Missa Fis! know um quite well, Missa Fis! Painter-man, big beard, gib Saladin bit injyrubby, Missis lub Missa Fis!'

It was too true, the fat lady was the famous MRS. CARRICKFERGUS, and she had come all the way from Rome in pursuit of her adored painter.

CHAPTER IX

WHICH THREATENS DEATH, BUT CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF MARRYING

As the morrow was to be an eventful day in the lives of all the heroes and heroines of this history, it will be as well to state how they passed the night previous. Brandon, like the English before the battle of Hastings, spent the evening in feasting and carousing; and Lord Cinqbars, at twelve o'clock, his usual time after his usual quantity of drink, was carried up to bed by the servant kept by his lordship for that purpose. Mr. Tufthunt took this as a hint to wish Brandon good-night, at the same time promising that he and Cinqbars would not fail him in the morning about the duel.

Shall we confess that Mr. Brandon, whose excitement now began to wear off, and who had a dreadful headache, did not at all relish the idea of the morrow's combat ?

'If,' said he, 'I shoot this crack-brained painter, all the world will cry out, "Murder!" If he shoot me, all the world will laugh at me! And yet, confound him! he seems so bent upon blood, that there is no escaping a meeting.'

At any rate, Brandon thought, there will be no harm in a letter to Caroline. So, on arriving at home, he sat down and wrote a very pathetic one ; saying, that he fought in her cause, and if he died, his last breath should be for her. So having written, he jumped into bed, and did not sleep one single wink all night.

As Brandon passed his night like the English, Fitch went through his like the Normans, in fasting, and mortification, and meditation. The poor fellow likewise indited a letter to Caroline ; a very long and strong one, interspersed with pieces of poetry, and containing the words we have just heard him utter out of the window. Then he thought about making his will : but he recollected, and, indeed, it was a bitter thought to the young man, that there was not one single soul in the wide world who cared for him—except, indeed, thought he, after a pause, that poor Mrs. Carrickfergus at Rome, who *did* like me, and was the only person who ever bought my drawings. So he made over all his sketches to her, regulated his little property, found that he had money enough to pay his washerwoman ; and so, having disposed of his worldly concerns, Mr. Fitch also jumped into bed, and speedily fell into a deep sleep. Brandon could hear him snoring all night, and did not feel a bit the more comfortable because his antagonist took matters so unconcernedly.

Indeed, our poor painter had no guilty thoughts in his breast, nor no particular revenge against Brandon, now that the first pangs of mortified vanity were over. But, with all his vagaries, he was a man of spirit ; and after what had passed in the morning, the treason that had been done him, and the insults heaped upon him, he felt that the duel was irrevocable. He had a misty notion, imbibed somewhere, that it was the part of a gentleman's duty to fight duels, and had long been seeking for an opportunity.

'Suppose I do die,' said he, 'what's the odds? Caroline doesn't care for me. Dr. Wackerbart's boys won't have their drawing-lesson next Wednesday; and no more will be said of poor Andrea.'

And now for the garret. Caroline was wrapped up in her own woes, poor little soul! and in the arms of the faithful Becky cried herself to sleep. But the slow hours passed on; and the tide, which had been out, now came in; and the lamps waxed fainter and fainter; and the watchman cried six o'clock; and the sun arose and gilded the minarets of Margate; and Becky got up and scoured the steps, and the kitchen, and made ready the lodgers' breakfasts; and at half-past eight there came a thundering rap at the door, and two gentlemen, one with a mahogany case under his arm, asked for Mr. Brandon, and were shown up to his room by the astonished Becky, who was bidden by Mr. Brandon to get breakfast for three.

The thundering rap awakened Mr. Fitch, who rose and dressed himself in his best clothes, gave a twist of the curling-tongs to his beard, and conducted himself throughout with perfect coolness. Nine o'clock struck, and he wrapped his cloak round him, and put under his cloak that pair of foils which we have said he possessed, and did not know in the least how to use. However, he had heard his *camarades d'atelier*, at Paris and Rome, say that they were the best weapons for duelling; and so forth he issued.

Becky was in the passage as he passed down; she was always scrubbing there. 'Becky,' said Fitch, in a hollow voice, 'here is a letter; if I should not return in half an hour, give it to Miss Gann, and promise on your honour that she shall not have it sooner.' Becky promised. She thought the painter was at some of his mad tricks. He went out of the door saluting her gravely.

But he went only a few steps and came back again. 'Becky,' said he, 'you—you've always been a good girl to me, and here's something for you; per'aps we shan't—we shan't see each other for some time.' The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he handed her over seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny, being every farthing he possessed in the world.

'Well, I'm sure!' said Becky; and that was all she said, for she pocketed the money, and fell to scrubbing again.

Presently the three gentlemen up-stairs came clattering down. ‘Lock bless you, don’t be in such a ’urry!’ exclaimed Becky; ‘it’s full herly yet, and the water’s not biling.’

‘We’ll come back to breakfast, my dear,’ said one, a little gentleman in high-heeled boots; ‘and, I thay, mind and have thum thoda-water;’ and he walked out, twirling his cane. His friend with the case followed him. Mr. Brandon came last.

He too turned back after he had gone a few paces. ‘Becky,’ said he, in a grave voice, ‘if I am not back in half an hour, give that to Miss Gann.’

Becky was fairly flustered by this; and after turning the letters round and round, and peeping into the sides, and looking at the seals very hard, she like a fool determined that she would not wait half an hour, but carry them up to Miss Caroline; and so up she mounted, finding pretty Caroline in the act of lacing her stays.

And the consequences of Becky’s conduct was that little Carry left off lacing her stays (a sweet little figure the poor thing looked in them; but that is neither here nor there), took the letters, looked at one which she threw down directly; at the other, which she eagerly opened, and having read a line or two, gave a loud scream, and fell down dead in a fainting fit!

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Waft us, O Muse, to Mr. Wright’s hotel, and quick narrate what chances there befell. Very early in the morning Mdlle. Augustine made her appearance in the apartment of Miss Runt, and with great glee informed that lady of the event which was about to take place. ‘*Figurez vous, mademoiselle, que notre homme va se battre*—oh, but it will be droll to see him sword in hand!’

‘Don’t plague me with your ojous servants’ quarrels, Augustine; that horrid courier is always quarrelling and tipsy.’

‘*Mon Dieu, qu’elle est bête!*’ exclaimed Augustine: ‘but I tell you it is not the courier; it is he, *l’objet, le peintre dont madame s’est amourachée, Monsieur Feesh*.’

‘Mr. Fitch!’ cried Runt, jumping up in bed, ‘Mr. Fitch going to fight! Augustine, my stockings—quick, my *robe-de-chambre*—tell me when, how, where?’

And so Augustine told her that the combat was to take place at nine that morning, behind the Windmill, and that the gentleman with whom Mr. Fitch was to go out, had been dining at the hotel the night previous, in company with the little milor, who was to be his second.

Quick as lightning flew Runt to the chamber of her patroness. That lady was in a profound sleep; and I leave you to imagine what were her sensations on awaking and hearing this dreadful tale.

Such is the force of love, that although, for many years, Mrs. Carrickfergus had never left her bed before noon, although in all her wild wanderings after the painter she, nevertheless, would have her tea and cutlet in bed, and her doze likewise, before she set forth on a journey, she now started up in an instant, forgetting her nap, mutton-chops, every thing, and began dressing with a promptitude which can only be equalled by Harlequin when disguising himself in a pantomime. She would have had an attack of nerves, only she knew there was no time for it; and I do believe that twenty minutes were scarcely over her head, as the saying is, when her bonnet and cloak were on, and with her whole suite, and an inn-waiter or two whom she pressed into her service, she was on full trot to the field of action. For twenty years before, and from that day to this, Marianne Carrickfergus never had or has walked so quickly.

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'Hullo, here'th a go!' exclaimed Lord Viscount Cinqbars, as they arrived on the ground behind the Windmill; 'cuth me, there'th only one man!'

This was indeed the case: Mr. Fitch, in his great cloak, was pacing slowly up and down the grass, his shadow stretching far in the sunshine. Mr. Fitch was alone too; for the fact is, he had never thought about a second. This he admitted frankly, bowing with much majesty to the company as they came up. 'But that, gents,' said he, 'will make no difference, I hope, nor prevent fair play from being done.' And, flinging off his cloak, he produced the foils, from which the buttons had been taken off. He went up to Brandon, and was for offering him one of the weapons, just as they do at the theatre. Brandon stepped back, rather abashed; Cinqbars looked posed; Tufthunt delighted: 'Ecod,' said he, 'I hope the bearded fellow will give it him.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Mr. Brandon, 'as the challenged party, I demand pistols.'

Mr. Fitch, with great presence of mind and gracefulness, stuck the swords into the grass.

'Oh, pithtolth of courth,' lisped my lord; and presently called aside Tufthunt, to whom he whispered something in great glee; to which Tufthunt objected at first, saying, 'No, d— him, let him fight.' 'And your fellowship and living, Tufty, my boy?' interposed my lord; and then they walked on. After a couple of minutes, during which Mr. Fitch was employed in examining Mr. Brandon from the toe upwards to the crown of his head, or hat, just as Mr. Widdicombe does Mr. Cartlich, before those two gentlemen proceed to join in combat on the boards of Astley's Amphitheatre (indeed, poor Fitch had no other standard of chivalry)—when Fitch had concluded this examination, of which Brandon did not know what the deuce to make, Lord Cinqbars came back to the painter, and gave him a nod.

'Sir,' said he, 'as you have come unprovided with a second, I, with your leave, will act as one. My name is Cinqbars—Lord Cinqbars; and though I had come to the ground to act as the friend of my friend here, Mr. Tufthunt will take that duty upon him; and as it appears to me that there can be no other end to this unhappy affair, we will proceed at once.'

It is a marvel how Lord Cinqbars ever made such a gentlemanly speech. When Fitch heard that he was to have a lord for a second, he laid his hand on his chest, and vowed it was the greatest h-honour of his life; and was turning round to walk towards his ground, when my lord, gracefully thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and bringing his thumb up to his nose, twiddled about his fingers for a moment, and said to Brandon, 'Gammon.'

Mr. Brandon smiled, and heaved a great, deep, refreshing sigh. The truth was, a load was taken off his mind, of which he was very glad to be rid; for there was something in the coolness of that crazy painter that our fashionable gentleman did not at all approve of.

'I think, Mr. Tufthunt,' said Lord Cinqbars, very loud, 'that considering the gravity of the case—threatening horsewhipping, you know, lie on both sides, and lady in the case—I think we must have the barrier-duel.'

'What's that?' said Fitch.

'The simplest thing in the world; and,' in a whisper, 'let me add, the best for you. Look here. We shall put you at twenty paces, and a hat between you. You walk forward and fire when you like. When you fire, you stop; and you both have the liberty of walking up to the hat. Nothing can be more fair than that.'

'Very well,' said Fitch; and, with a great deal of preparation, the pistols were loaded.

'I'll tell you what,' whispered Cinqbars to Fitch, 'if I hadn't chosen this way you were a dead man. If he fires, he hits you dead. You must not let him fire, but have him down first.'

'I'll try,' said Fitch, who was a little pale, and thanked his noble friend for his counsel. The hat was placed and the men took their places.

'Are you all ready?'

'Ready,' said Brandon.

'Advance when I drop my handkerchief.' And presently down it fell, Lord Cinqbars crying, 'Now!'

The combatants both advanced, each covering his man. When he had gone about six paces, Fitch stopped, fired, and—missed. He grasped his pistol tightly, for he was very near dropping it; and then stood biting his lips, and looking at Brandon, who grinned savagely, and walked up to the hat.

'Will you retract what you said of me yesterday, you villain?' said Brandon.

'I can't.'

'Will you beg for life?'

'No.'

'Then take a minute, and make your peace with God, for you are a dead man.'

Fitch dropped his pistol to the ground, shut his eyes for a moment, and flinging up his chest, and clenching his fists, said, '*Now I'm ready.*'

Brandon *fired*—and strange to say, Andrea Fitch, as he gasped and staggered backwards, saw, or thought he saw, Mr. Brandon's pistol flying up in the air, where it went off, and heard that gentleman yell out an immense oath in a very audible voice. When he came to himself, a thick stick was lying at Brandon's feet; Mr. Brandon was capering about the ground, and cursing and shaking a maimed elbow, and a whole posse of people were rushing upon them. The first was the great German courier, who rushed upon Brandon, and shook that gentleman, and shouting, 'Schelm! spitzbube! blagard! goward!' in his ear. 'If I had not drown my stick and brogen his damt arm, he wod have murdered dat boor young man.'

The German's speech contained two unfounded assertions; in the first place, Brandon would not have murdered Fitch; and, secondly, his arm was not broken—he had merely received a blow on that part which anatomists call the funny-bone; a severe blow, which sent the pistol spinning into the air, and caused the gentleman to scream with pain. Two waiters seized upon the murderer too: a baker, who had been brought from his rounds; a bellman; several boys,—were yelling round him, and shouting out, 'Pole-e-eace!'

Next to these came, panting and blowing, some women. Could Finch believe his eyes?—that fat woman in red satin!—yes—no—yes—he was, he was in the arms of Mrs. Carrickfergus!

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The particulars of this meeting are too delicate to relate. Suffice it to say that somehow matters were explained, Mr. Brandon was let loose, and a fly was presently seen to drive up, into which Mr. Fitch consented to enter with his new-found friend.

Brandon had some good movements in him. As Fitch was getting into the carriage, he walked up to him and held out his left hand: 'I can't offer you my right hand, Mr. Fitch, for that cursed courier's stick has maimed it; but I hope you will allow me to apologize for my shameful conduct to you, and to say that I never in my life met a more gallant fellow than yourself.'

'That he is, by Jove!' said my Lord Cinqbars.

Fitch blushed as red as a peony, and trembled very much. 'And yet,' said he, 'you would have murdered me just now, Mr. Brandon. I can't take your 'and, sir.'

'Why, you great flat,' said my lord, wisely, 'he couldn't have hurt you, nor you him. There wath no ballth in the pithtolth.'

'What,' said Fitch, starting back, 'do you gents call that *a joke?* Oh, my lord, my lord!' And here poor Fitch actually burst into tears on the red satin bosom of Mrs. Carrickfergus; she and Miss Runt were crying as hard as they could. And so, amidst much shouting and huzzaing, the fly drove away.

'What a blubbering, abthurd donkey!' said Cinqbars, with his usual judgement; 'aint he, Tufthunt?'

Tufthunt, of course, said yes; but Brandon was in a virtuous mood. 'By heavens! I think, his tears do the man honour. When I came out with him this morning, I intended to act fairly by him. And as for Mr. Tufthunt, who calls a man a coward because he cries—Mr. Tufthunt knows well what a pistol is, and that some men don't care to face it, brave as they are.'

Mr. Tufthunt understood the hint, and bit his lips and walked on. And as for that worthy moralist, Mr. Brandon, I am happy to say that there was some good fortune in store for him, which, though similar in kind to that bestowed lately upon Mr. Fitch, was superior in degree.

It was no other than this, that forgetting all maidenly decency and decorum, before Lord Viscount Cinqbars and his friend, that silly little creature, Caroline Gann, rushed out from the parlour into the passage—she had been at the window ever since she was rid of her fainting fit! and, ah! what agonies of fear had that little panting heart endured during the half-hour of her lover's absence!—Caroline Gann, I say, rushed into the passage, and leaped upon the neck of Brandon, and kissed him, and called him her dear, dear, dear, darling George, and sobbed, and laughed, until George, taking her round the waist gently, carried her into the little dingy parlour, and closed the door behind him.

'Egad,' cried Cinqbars, 'this is quite a *thene!* Hullo, Becky, Polly, what's your name?—bring uth up the breakfatht; and I hope you've remembered the thoda-water. Come along upthtairth, Tufty, my boy.'

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When Brandon came upstairs and joined them, which he did in a minute or two, consigning Caroline to Becky's care, his eyes were full of tears; and when Cinqbars began to rally him in his usual delicate way, Brandon said, gravely, 'No laughing, sir, if you please; for I swear that that lady before long shall be my wife.'

'Your wife!—and what will your father say, and what will your duns say, and what will Miss Goldmore say, with her hundred thousand pounds?' cried Cinqbars.

'Miss Goldmore be hanged,' said Brandon, 'and the duns too; and my father may reconcile it to himself as he can.' And here Brandon fell into a reverie.

'It's no use thinking,' he cried, after a pause. 'You see what a girl it is, Cinqbars. I love her—by heavens, I'm mad with love for her! She shall be mine, let what will come of it. And besides,' he added, in a lower tone of voice, 'why need, why need my father know anything about it?'

'O flames and furies, what a lover it is!' exclaimed his friend. 'But, by Jove, I like your spirit; and hang all governors say I. Stop—a bright thought! If you must marry, why, here's Tom Tufthunt, the very man to do your business.' Little Lord Cinqbars was delighted with the excitement of the affair, and thought to himself, 'By Jove, this *is* an intrigue!'

'What, is Tufthunt in orders?' said Brandon.

'Yes,' replied that reverend gentleman: 'don't you see my coat? I took orders six weeks ago, on my fellowship. Cinqbars' governor has promised me a living.'

'And you shall marry George here, so you shall.'

'What, without a licence?'

'Hang the licence!—we won't peach, will we, George?'

'Her family must know nothing of it,' said George, 'or *they* would.'

'Why should they? Why shouldn't Tom marry you in this very room, without any church or stuff at all?'

Tom said: 'You'll hold me out, my lord, if anything comes of it; and, if Brandon likes, why, I *will*. He's done for if he does,' muttered Tufthunt, 'and I have had my revenge on him, the bullying, supercilious blackleg.'

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And so on that very day, in Brandon's room, without a licence, and by that worthy clergyman the Rev. Thomas Tufthunt, with my Lord Cinqbars for the sole witness, poor Caroline Gann, who knew no better, who never heard of licences, and did not know what banns meant, was married in a manner to the person calling himself George Brandon; George Brandon not being his real name.

No writings at all were made, and the ceremony merely read through. Becky, Caroline's sole guardian, when the poor girl kissed her, and, blushing, showed her gold ring, thought all was in order: and the happy couple set off for Dover that day, with fifty pounds which Cinqbars lent the bridegroom.

Becky received a little letter from Caroline, which she promised to carry to her mamma at Swigby's: and it was agreed that she was to give warning, and come and live with her young lady. Next morning Lord Cinqbars and Tufthunt took the boat for London; the latter uneasy in mind, the former vowing that 'he'd never spent such an exciting day in his life, and loved an intrigue of all things.'

Next morning, too, the great travelling chariot of Mrs. Carrickfergus rolled away with a bearded gentleman inside. Poor Fitch had been back to his lodgings to try one more chance with Caroline, and he arrived in time—to see her get into a post-chaise alone with Brandon.

Six weeks afterwards *Galignani's Messenger* contained the following announcement:—

> 'Married, at the British embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, Andrew Fitch, Esq., to Marianne Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Antony Carrickfergus, of Lombard Street and Gloucester Place, Esquire. The happy pair, after a magnificent *déjeuner*, set off for the south in their splendid carriage-and-four. Miss Runt officiated as bride's-maid; and we remarked among the company Earl and Countess Crabs, General Sir Rice Curry, K.C.B., Colonel Wapshot, Sir Charles Swang, the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and his lady, Count Punter, and others of the *élite* of the fashionables now in Paris. The bridegroom was attended by his friend, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esquire; and the lady was given away by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs. On the departure of the bride and bridegroom the festivities were resumed, and many a sparkling bumper of Meurice's champagne was quaffed to the health of the hospitable and interesting couple.'

And with one more marriage this chapter shall conclude. About this time the British Auxiliary Legion came home from Spain; and Lieut.-General Swabber, a knight of San Fernando, of the order of Isabella the Catholic, of the Tower and Sword, &c., who, as plain Lieutenant Swabber, had loved Miss Isabella Macarty, as a general now actually married her. I leave you to suppose how glorious Mrs. Gann was, and how Gann got tipsy at the Bag of Nails; but as her daughters each insisted upon their £30 a year income, and Mrs. Gann had so only £60 left, she was obliged still to continue the lodging-house at Margate, in which have occurred the most interesting passages of this SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

Becky never went to her young mistress, who was not heard of after she wrote the letter to her parent, saying that she was married to Mr. Brandon; but, for *particular reasons*, her dear husband wished to keep his marriage secret, and for the present her beloved parents must be content to know she was happy. Gann missed his little Carry at first a good deal, but spent more and more of his time at the alehouse, as his house with only Mrs. Gann in it was too hot for him. Mrs. Gann talked unceasingly of her daughter the squire's lady, and her daughter the general's wife; but never once mentioned Caroline after the first burst of wonder and wrath at her departure.

God bless thee, poor Caroline! Thou art happy now, for some short space at least; and here, therefore, let us leave thee.

FIELDING'S WORKS[1]

[*The Times*, September 2, 1840]

Here, in a single handsome volume, and a clear distinct type, we have all the works of one of the greatest humourists in our language, and though there is, to be sure, a great deal of matter in the book that is not exactly so delicate as the last novel by the last female author of fashion; and though boys and virgins must read it with caution, we are very glad to see this great writer's works put forward in a popular form, and at a price exceedingly low. A man may be very much injured by perusing maudlin sentimental tales, but cannot be hurt, though he may be shocked every now and then, by reading works of sterling humour, like the greater part of these, full of benevolence, practical wisdom, and generous sympathy with mankind.

The work is prefaced by an able biography of Fielding by Mr. Roscoe, in which he does justice to the great satirist's memory, and rescues it from the attacks which rivals, poetasters, and fine gentlemen have made upon it. Great were his errors, doubtless, and low his tastes. We fear very much that he did even worse in the course of his hard life than what Walpole has described of him,—viz., banqueting with three Irishmen and a blind man on some cold mutton and a bone of ham in one plate; but this, as we take it, is the cause of quarrel with him,—that he ate mutton with three low Irishmen and a blind beggar; if he had eaten it off a clean cloth, with persons of quality, we should not have heard so much of his vices. It is that vulgar dirty cloth that shocks the world so much, and that horrid low company—not the mutton. The public of our day need scarcely be warned that if they are to pass an hour with Fielding they will find him continually in such low company; those, therefore, who are excessively squeamish and genteel will scornfully keep away from him; those who have a mind to forgive a little coarseness, for the sake of one of the honestest, manliest, kindest companions in the world, cannot, as we fancy, find a better than Fielding, or get so much true wit and shrewdness from any other writer of our language.

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[1] *The Works of Henry Fielding*, complete in one volume, with Memoir of the Author, by Thomas Roscoe. Portrait and Autograph. London: Washbourne, and others. 1840.

With regard to personal appearance, says his biographer, Fielding was strongly-built, robust, and in height rather exceeding six feet. He was possessed of rare conversational powers and wit; a nobleman who had known Pope, Swift, and the wits of that famous clique, declared that Harry Fielding surpassed them all. He loved all manly sports, kept horses and hounds in the brief days of his prosperity, and signalized himself by the driving of that coach to which he has attributed, in *Amelia*, so many of the misfortunes of poor Booth. At nineteen, with his annuity, 'that any one might pay who would,' he came upon the town, and lived jovially upon his wits. Now with lords and gentlemen of fashion over their wine—now with the Lady Bettys and Sir Harrys of Garrick's company, often with other inhabitants of Covent Garden, not even so reputable as the latter—we see in what a school the poor fellow was bred, and can account for many of the errors of his works and their author.

He and Hogarth between them have given us a strange notion of the society of those days. Walpole's letters for all their cold elegance are not a whit more moral than those rude, coarse pictures of the former artists. Lord Chesterfield's model of a man is more polite, but not so honest as Tom Jones, or as poor Will Booth, with his 'chairman's shoulders, and calves like a porter.' Little Walpole, with his thin shanks and weak stomach, who is always at his tea and panada, and flustered by a couple of glasses of burgundy, does not debauch like a stalwart sinner of six feet and as many bottles, who can drink anything from Clos Vougeot to Old Tom, and drink it in any company too; but he has his little genteel sins in his little genteel society, and he and his countesses can snigger over naughty stories, and cry 'fie' at George Selwyn's last, and be just as wicked as Harry Fielding in his tavern chair, carousing with Heaven knows whom.

The world does not tolerate now such satire as that of Hogarth and Fielding, and the world no doubt is right in a great part of its squeamishness ; for it is good to pretend to the virtue of chastity even though we do not possess it ; nay, the very restraint which the hypocrisy lays on a man is not unapt, in some instances, to profit him. But any man who has walked through Regent Street of a night, or has been behind the scenes of the Opera, or has even been to a theatre, and looked up to that delectable part of the house, the second tier of boxes, must know that the *Rake's* and *Harlot's Progress* is still by no means concluded, and will see the same parts acted by young swaggering dandies in mackintoshes or pilot-coats, and charming sirens in the last new mode from Paris, as were played a hundred years since by pretty fellows in laced hats and bob-wigs, and madams in stiff hoops and brocades. The same vice exists, only we don't speak about it ; the same things are done, but we don't call them by their names. Here lies the chief immorality of Fielding, as we take it. As for Hogarth, he has passed into a tradition ; we allow him and Shakespeare to take liberties in conversation that we would not permit to any other man. It is wise that the public modesty should be as prudish as it is ; that writers should be forced to chasten their humour, and when it would play with points of life and character which are essentially immoral, that they should be compelled, by the general outcry of incensed public propriety, to be silent altogether. But an impartial observer, who gets some little of his knowledge of men from books, and some more from personal examination of them, knows pretty well that Fielding's men and Hogarth's are Dickens's and Cruikshank's, drawn with ten times more skill and force, only the latter humourists dare not talk of what the elder discussed honestly.

Let us, then, not accuse Fielding of immorality, but simply admit that his age was more free-spoken than ours, and accuse it of the fault (such as it is) rather than him. But there is a great deal of good, on the other hand, which is to be found in the writings of this great man, of virtue so wise and practical, that the man of the world cannot read it and imitate it too much. He gives a strong, real picture of human life, and the virtues which he exhibits shine out by their contrasts with the vices which he paints so faithfully, as they never could have done if the latter had not been depicted as well as the former. He tries to give you, as far as he knows it, the whole truth about human nature: the good and the evil of his characters are both practical. Tom Jones sins, and his faults are described with a curious accuracy, but then follows the repentance which comes out of his very sins, and that surely is moral and touching. Booth goes astray (we do verily believe that many persons even in these days are not altogether pure), but how good his remorse is! Are persons who profess to take the likeness of human nature to make an accurate portrait? This is such a hard question, that, think as we will, we will not venture to say what we think. Perhaps it is better to do as Hannibal's painter did, and draw only that side of the face which has not the blind eye. Fielding attacked it in full. Let the reader, according to his taste, select the artist who shall give a likeness of him, or only half a likeness.

We have looked through many of the pieces of Mr. Roscoe's handsome volume. The dramatic works could not have been spared, possibly, but the reader will have no great pleasure, as we fancy, in looking at them more than once. They are not remarkable for wit, even, though they have a great deal of *spirits*: a great deal too much perhaps. Farquhar, at Fielding's age, put into his comedies wit and spirits too. The latter writes in a slovenly, dashing, swaggering way, and the pieces are, it must be confessed, irretrievably immoral. The heroes are Mohocks; and the ladies—we can't say what the ladies are at this present period of the world; Hogarth has drawn the progress of one of them who was by trade, that is to say, what these are by nature. Young Harry Fielding, six feet high and twenty years of age, ready for a row, or a bottle, or what else you please, was a young fellow upon town with very loose morals indeed, and never seems to have thought of anything beyond the pleasure of living and being jolly. A number of his errors must be attributed to his excessive and boisterous bodily health.

But he was an honest-hearted fellow, with affections as tender and simple as ever dwelt in the bosom of any man; and if, in the heyday of his spirits and the prodigal outpouring of his jovial good humour, he could give a hand to many 'a lad and lass,' whom the squeamish world would turn its back on (indeed, there was a virtue in his benevolence, but we dare not express our sympathies now for poor Doll Tearsheet and honest Mistress Quickly)—if he led a sad, riotous life, and mixed with many a bad woman in his time, his heart was pure, and he knew a good one when he found her. He married and (though Sir Walter Scott speaks rather slightingly of the novel in which Fielding has painted his first wife) the picture of Amelia, in the story of that name, is (in the writer's humble opinion) the most beautiful and delicious description of a character that is to be found in any writer, not excepting Shakespeare. It is a wonder how old Richardson, girded at as he had been by the reckless satirist—how Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, could have been so blinded by anger and pique as not to have seen the merits of his rival's exquisite performance.

Amelia was in her grave when poor Fielding drew this delightful portrait of her; but, with all his faults, and extravagances, and vagaries, it is not hard to see how such a gentle, generous, loving creature, as Fielding was, must have been loved and prized by her. She had a little fortune of her own, and he at this time inherited a small one from his mother. He carried her to the country, and like a wise, prudent Henry Fielding as he was, who having lived upon nothing very jovially for some years, thought £5,000 or £6,000 an endless wealth, he kept horses and hounds, flung his doors open, and lived with the best of his county. When he had spent his little fortune, and saw that there was nothing for it but to work, he came to London, applied himself fiercely to the law, seized upon his pen again, never lost heart for a moment, and, be sure, loved his poor Amelia as tenderly as ever he had done. It is a pity that he did not live on his income, that is certain; it is a pity that he had not been born a lord, or a thrifty stockbroker, at the very least; but we should not have had *Joseph Andrews* if this had been the case, and indeed it is probable that Amelia liked him quite as well after his ruin as she would have done had he been as rich as Rothschild.

The biographers agree that he would have been very successful at the bar, but for certain circumstances. These ugly circumstances always fall in the way of men of Fielding's genius; for, although he amassed a considerable quantity of law, was reputed to be a good speaker, and had a great wit and a knowledge of human nature which might serve him in excellent stead, it is to be remarked that those, without a certain degree of patience and conduct, will not insure a man's triumph at the bar, and so Fielding never rose to be a Lord Chancellor or even a judge. They say he used to come home from a supper party, and after tying a wet cloth round his head would begin to read as stoutly as the soberest man in either of the Temples. This is very probable, but there are still better ways of keeping the head cool, which the author of *Tom Jones* seems to have neglected. In short, he had ruined his constitution, had acquired habits that his resolution could not break through, and was paying with gout and a number of other ills the price of his debaucheries as a young adventurer on the town, and his dissipations as a country gentleman.

His days of trouble had now begun in earnest, and, indeed, he met them like a man. He wrote incessantly for the periodical works of the day, issued pamphlets, made translations, published journals and criticisms, turned his hand, in a word, to any work that offered, and lived as best he might. This indiscriminate literary labour, which obliges a man to scatter his intellects upon so many trifles, and to provide weekly varieties as sets-off against the inevitable butcher's bills, has been the ruin of many a man of talent since Fielding's time, and it was lucky for the world and for him that at a time of life when his powers were at the highest he procured a place which kept him beyond the reach of weekly want, and enabled him to gather his great intellects together and produce the greatest satire and two of the most complete romances in our language.

Let us remark, as a strong proof of the natural honesty of the man, the exquisite art of these performances, the care with which the situations are elaborated, and the noble, manly language corrected. When Harry Fielding was writing for the week's bread, we find style and sentiment both careless, and plots hastily worked off. How could he do otherwise ? Mr. Snap, the bailiff, was waiting with a writ without—his wife and little ones asking wistfully for bread within. Away, with all its imperfections on its head, the play or the pamphlet must go. Indeed, he would have been no honest man had he kept them longer on his hands, with such urgent demands upon him as he had.

But as soon as he is put out of the reach of this base kind of want, his whole style changes, and, instead of the reckless and slovenly hack-writer, we have one of the most minute and careful artists that ever lived. Dr. Beattie gave his testimony to the merits of *Tom Jones*. Moral or immoral, let any man examine this romance as a work of art merely, and it must strike him as the most astonishing production of human ingenuity. There is not an incident ever so trifling but advances the story, grows out of former incidents, and is connected with the whole. Such a literary *providence*, if we may use such a word, is not to be seen in any other work of fiction. You might cut out half of *Don Quixote*, or add, transpose, or alter any given romance of Walter Scott, and neither would suffer. Roderick Random and heroes of that sort run through a series of adventures, at the end of which the fiddles are brought, and there is a marriage. But the history of Tom Jones connects the very first page with the very last, and it is marvellous to think how the author could have built and carried all the structure in his brain, as he must have done, before he began to put it to paper.

And now a word or two about our darling *Amelia*, of which we have read through every single word in Mr. Roscoe's handsome edition. 'As for Captain Booth, madam,' writes old Richardson to one of his toadies, 'Captain Booth has done his business. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been written forty years ago'; indeed, human nature is not altered since Richardson's time; and if there are rakes, male and female, as there were a hundred years since, there are, in like manner, envious critics now as then. How eager they are to predict a man's fall, how unwilling to acknowledge his rise! If a man write a popular work, he is sure to be snarled at; if a literary man rise to eminence out of his profession, all his old comrades are against him. They can't pardon his success: would it not be wiser for gentlemen of the pen to do as they do in France, have an *esprit de corps*, declare that their body and calling is as honourable as any other, feel their own power, and, instead of crying down any member of their profession who happens to light on a prize, support him with all their strength? The condition of literary men might be very soon changed by a manly literary union of this kind; but this dissertation, we must acknowledge, is quite far from the purpose, nor have we any need to repeat the truism, that men of letters are envious, merely because it appears that Richardson bore a hearty ill will to Fielding.

Well, in spite of Richardson's prophecies, the piece which was dead at its birth is alive a hundred years after, and will live, as we fancy, as long as the English language shall endure. Fielding, in his own noble words, has given a key to the philosophy of the work. 'The nature of man,' cries honest Dr. Harrison, 'is far from being in itself evil; it abounds with benevolence and charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs debauch our nature, and drive it headlong into vice.' And the author's tale is an exemplification of this text. Poor Booth's habits and customs are bad indeed, but who can deny the benevolence, and charity, and pity, of this simple and kindly being? His vices, even, if we may say so, are those of a man; there is nothing morbid or mawkish in any of Fielding's heroes; no passionate pleas in extenuation, such as one finds in the pseudo-moral romances of the sentimental character; no flashy excuses like those which Sheridan puts forward (unconsciously, most likely) for those brilliant blackguards who are the chief characters of his comedies. Vice is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment. See the consequences of honesty! Many a squeamish lady of our time would fling down one of these romances with horror, but would go through every page of Mr. Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* with perfect comfort to herself. Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be; he must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote. *Jack Sheppard* is immoral actually because it is decorous. The Spartans, who used to show drunken slaves to their children, took care, no doubt, that the slaves should be really and truly drunk. Sham drunkenness, which never passed the limits of propriety, but only went so far as to be amusing, would be rather an object to excite a youth to intoxication than to deter him from it, and some late novels have always struck us in the same light.

Besides the matchless character of Amelia, whose beauty and charming innocent consciousness of it (so delicately described by the novelist), whose tenderness and purity are such that they endear her to a reader as much as if she were actually alive, his own wife or mother, and make him consider her as some dear relative and companion of his own, about whose charms and virtues it is scarcely modest to talk in public: besides Amelia, there are other characters not so beautiful, but not less admirably true to nature. The Matthews is a wonderful portrait, and the vanity which inspires every one of the actions of that passionate, unscrupulous lady, the colour as it were which runs through the whole of the picture, is touched with a master's hand. Mrs. James, the indifferent woman, is not less skilful. 'Can this be my Jenny?' cries poor Amelia, who runs forward to meet her old friend, and finds a pompous, frigid-looking personage, in an enormous hoop, the very pink of the fashion; to which Mrs. James answers, 'Madam, I believe I have done what was genteel,' and wonders how any mortal can live up three pair of stairs. 'Is there,' says the enthusiast for the first time in her life, 'so delightful a sight in the world as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be the three natural aces at brag?' Can comedy be finer than this? Has not every person some Matthews and James in their acquaintance—one all passion, the other all indifference and vapid self-complacency? James the good-natured fellow, with passions, and without principles; Bath with his magnificent notions of throat-cutting and the Christian religion,—what admirable knowledge of the world do all these characters display; what good moral may be drawn from them by those who will take the trouble to think! This, however, is not a task that the generality of novel-readers are disposed to take upon them, and prefer that their favourite works should contain as little reflection as possible; indeed, it is very probable that Mrs. James or Mrs. Matthews might read their own characters as here described, and pronounce such writing vastly low and unnatural.

But what is especially worthy of remark is the masterly manner in which the author paints the good part of those equivocal characters that he brings upon his stage: James has his generosity, and his silly wife her good nature; Matthews her starts of kindness; and old Bath, in his sister's dressing-gown, cooking possets for her, is really an amiable object, whom we like while we laugh at him. A great deal of tenderness and love goes along with this kind of laughter, and it was this mixed feeling that our author liked so to indulge himself, and knew so well how to excite in others. Whenever he has to relate an action of benevolence, honest Fielding kindles as he writes it: some writers of fiction have been accused of falling in a passion with their bad characters; these our author treats with a philosophic calmness; it is when he comes to the good that he grows enthusiastic; you fancy that you see the tears in his manly eyes, nor does he care to disguise any of the affectionate sympathies of his great simple heart. This is a defect in art, perhaps, but a very charming one.

For further particulars of Fielding's life we recommend the reader to consult Mr. Roscoe's biography. Indeed, as much as any of his romances, his own history illustrates the maxim we have just quoted from *Amelia*. For his vices and imprudence no man paid more dearly: ruined fortune, and all the shifts and meannesses consequent upon extravagance, ruined health and the miseries attendant on it, were the punishment that he paid for his errors: they dogged his whole life, and hunted him in the prime of years to his grave. Want, sorrow, and pain subdued his body at last, but his great and noble humour rode buoyant over them all, and his frank and manly philosophy overcame them. His generous attachment to his family comforted him to the last, and though all the labours of the poor fellow were only sufficient to keep him and them in a bare competence, yet it must be remembered, to his credit, that he left behind him a friend who valued him so much as to provide for the family he had left destitute, and to place them beyond the reach of want. It is some credit to a man to have been the friend of Ralph Allen; and Fielding before his death raised a monument to his friend, a great deal more lasting than bronze or marble, placing his figure in the romance of *Tom Jones* under the name of Alworthy. 'There is a day, sir,' says Fielding in one of his dedications to Mr. Allen, 'which no man in the kingdom can think of without fear, but yourself—the day of your death.' Can there be a finer compliment ? nor was Fielding the man to pay it to one who he thought was undeserving of it.

Never do Fielding's courage, cheerfulness, and affection forsake him ; up to the last days of his life he is labouring still for his children. He dies, and is beholden to the admiration of a foreigner, Monsieur de Meyrionnet, French consul at Lisbon, for a decent grave and tombstone. There he lies sleeping after life's fitful fever. No more care, no more duns, no more racking pains, no more wild midnight orgies and jovial laughter. Of the women who are weeping for him a pious friend takes care. Here, indeed, it seems as if his sorrows ended ; and one hopes and fancies that the poor but noble fellow's spirit is at last pure and serene.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON

IN THREE LETTERS TO MISS SMITH, OF LONDON

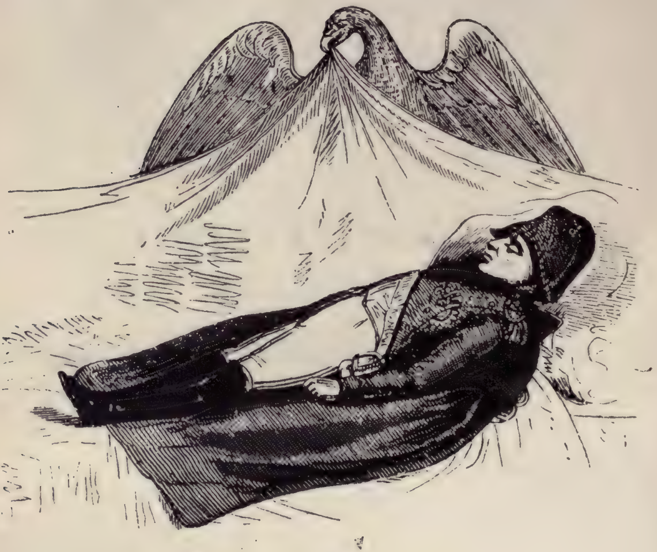
BY

MR. M. A. TITMARSH

[1841]

THE SECOND FUNERAL

OF



AND

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.

LONDON:—HUGH CUNNINGHAM, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

[Facsimile of the Pictorial Cover to the First Edition, 1841.]

MR. TITMARSH TO MISS SMITH

ON

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON

LETTER I

THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

PARIS, December 16, 1840.

MY DEAR,

It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it, and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading history (or the works of fiction which go by that name), to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it can do one no earthly good to remember.

It is more than probable, my love, that you are acquainted with what is called Grecian and Roman history, chiefly from perusing, in very early youth, the little sheepskin-bound volumes of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, and have been indebted for your knowledge of our English annals to a subsequent study of the more voluminous works of Hume and Smollett. The first and the last named authors, dear Miss Smith, have written each an admirable history, that of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield, and that of Mr. Robert Bramble, of Bramble Hall, in both of which works you will find true and instructive pictures of human life, and which you may always think over with advantage. But let me caution you against putting any considerable trust in the other works of these authors, which were placed in your hands at school and afterwards, and in which you were taught to believe. Madam, historians for the most part know very little; and secondly, only tell a little of what they know.

As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in sheepskin, were you to know really what those monsters were, you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history-book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the Borough, from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said, 'Ho! François, a glass of champagne for Miss Smith;' Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would; you would never have known that there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of grocer and footman. This, madam, is history, in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power, or the leisure, or perhaps is too high and mighty to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like, on the contrary—nay, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked deceiving bodies, and turned out stark naked as they were before they were born, what a strange startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure shall some of us cut! Fancy how we shall see Pride with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish. Fancy some angelic virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, showing us cloven feet and a tail! Fancy humility, eased of its sad load of cares, and want, and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it! Fancy—but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbours? No, certainly; and as we can't be virtuous, let us be decent. Fig-leaves are a very decent becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so my dear, history is written on fig-leaves: would you have anything further? Oh fie!

Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was planted. At their very first lie, our first parents made for it, and there it is still, the great HUMBUG-PLANT, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leaves, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinating sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading, modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as 'salvage men,' and make us believe that they are warriors; fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages; and many a man sets a great wreath about his pate, and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at, could we but remove the ornament, and see his numskull bare.

And such (excuse my sermonizing), such is the constitution of mankind, that men have, as it were, entered into a compact among themselves to pursue the fig-leaf system *à l'outrance*, and to cry down all who oppose it. Humbug they will have; humbugs themselves, they will respect humbugs; their daily victuals of life must be seasoned with humbug. Certain things are there in the world that they will not allow to be called by their right names, and will insist upon our admiring whether we will or no. Woe be to the man who would enter too far into the recesses of that magnificent temple where our goddess is enshrined, peep through the vast embroidered curtains indiscreetly, penetrate the secret of secrets, and expose the gammon of gammons! And as you must not peer too curiously within, so neither must you remain scornfully without. Humbug-worshippers, let us come into our great temple regularly and decently, take our seats and settle our clothes decently, open our books and go through the service with decent gravity, listen and be decently affected by the expositions of the decent priest of the place; and if by chance some straggling vagabond, loitering in the sunshine, out of doors, dares to laugh or to sing, and disturb the sanctified dullness of the faithful, quick ! a couple of big beadles rush out and belabour the wretch, and his yells make our devotions more comfortable.

Some magnificent religious ceremonies of this nature are at present taking place in France, and thinking that you might, perhaps, while away some long winter's evening with an account of them, I have compiled the following pages for your use. Newspapers have been filled for some days past with details regarding the St. Helena expedition ; many pamphlets have been published ; men go about crying little books and broad-sheets filled with real and sham particulars, and from these scarce and valuable documents the following pages are chiefly compiled.

We must begin at the beginning, premising, in the first place, that M. Guizot, when French Ambassador at London, waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation, in order that it might find a final resting-place in French earth. To this demand the English Government gave a ready assent, nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment upon either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual goodwill. Orders were sent out to St. Helena that the corpse should be disinterred in due time when the French expedition had arrived in search of it, and that every respect and attention should be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign.

This matter being arranged in very few words (as in England, upon most points, is the laudable fashion), the French Chambers began to debate about the place in which they should bury the body when they got it, and numberless pamphlets and newspapers out of doors joined in the talk. Some people there were who had fought and conquered and been beaten with the great Napoleon, and loved him and his memory ; many more were there who, because of his great genius and valour, felt excessively proud in their own particular persons, and clamoured for the return of their hero ; and if there were some few individuals in this great, hot-headed, gallant, boasting, sublime, absurd French nation who had taken a cool view of the dead Emperor's character—if perhaps such men as Louis

Philippe, and Monsieur A. Thiers, minister and deputy, and Monsieur François Guizot, deputy and excellency, had from interest or conviction opinions at all differing from those of the majority, why, they knew what was what, and kept their opinions to themselves, coming with a tolerably good grace, and flinging a few handfuls of incense upon the altar of the popular idol.

In the succeeding debates, then, various opinions were given with regard to the place to be selected for the Emperor's sepulchre. 'Some demanded,' says an eloquent anonymous captain in the navy, who has written an *Itinerary from Toulon to St. Helena*, 'that the coffin should be deposited under the bronze taken from the enemy by the French army—under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one. This is the most glorious monument that was ever raised in a conqueror's honour. This column has been melted out of foreign cannon. These same cannons have furrowed the bosoms of our braves with noble cicatrices; and this metal, conquered by the soldier first, by the artist afterwards, has allowed to be imprinted on its front, its own defeat and our glory. Napoleon might sleep in peace under this audacious trophy. But would his ashes find a shelter sufficiently vast beneath this pedestal? And his puissant statue, dominating Paris, beams with sufficient grandeur on this place. Whereas the wheels of carriages, and the feet of passengers, would profane the funereal sanctity of the spot, in trampling on the soil so near his head.'

You must not take this description, dearest Amelia, 'at the foot of the letter,' as the French phrase it, but you will here have a masterly exposition of the arguments for and against the burial of the Emperor under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one; granted; but, like all other ideas, it was open to objections. You must not fancy that the cannon, or rather the cannon-balls, were in the habit of furrowing the bosoms of French braves, or any other braves, with cicatrices; on the contrary, it is a known fact that cannon-balls make wounds and not cicatrices (which, my dear, are wounds partially healed). Nay, that a man generally dies after receiving one such projectile on his chest, much more after having his bosom furrowed by a score of them. No, my love, no bosom, however heroic, can stand such applications; and the author only means that the French soldiers faced the cannon, and took them. Nor, my love, must you suppose that the column was melted; it was the cannon was melted, not the column; but such phrases are often used by orators when they wish to give a particular force and emphasis to their opinion.

Well, again, although Napoleon might have slept in peace under this audacious trophy, how could he do so, and carriages go rattling by all night, and people with great iron heels to their boots pass clattering over the stones? Nor, indeed, could it be expected that a man whose reputation stretches from the Pyramids to the Kremlin should find a column, of which the base is only five-and-twenty feet square, a shelter vast enough for his bones. In a word, then, although the proposal to bury Napoleon under the column was ingenious, it was found not to suit; whereupon somebody else proposed the Madeleine.

'It was proposed,' says the before-quoted author, with his usual felicity, 'to consecrate the Madeleine to his exiled manes;' that is, to his bones when they were not in exile any longer. 'He ought to have,' it was said, 'a temple entire. His glory fills the world. His bones could not contain themselves in the coffin of a man, in the tomb of a king!' In this case what was Mary Magdalen to do? This proposition, I am happy to say, was rejected, and a new one, that of the President of the Council, adopted. 'Napoleon and his braves ought not to quit each other. Under the immense gilded dome of the Invalides he would find a sanctuary worthy of himself. A dome imitates the vault of heaven, and that vault alone' (meaning, of course, the other vault) 'should dominate above his head. His old mutilated guard shall watch around him: the last veteran, as he has shed his blood in his combats, shall breathe his last sigh near his tomb. And all these tombs shall sleep under the tattered standards that have been won from all the nations of Europe.'

The original words are, '*sous les lambeaux criblés des drapeaux cueillis chez toutes les nations*'; in English, under the riddled rags of the flags that have been culled or plucked (like roses or buttercups) in all the nations. Sweet innocent flowers of victory! There they are, my dear, sure enough, and a pretty considerable *hortus siccus* may any man examine who chooses to walk to the Invalides.

The burial-place being thus agreed on, the expedition was prepared, and on the 7th of July, the *Belle Poule* frigate, in company with *La Favorite* corvette, quitted Toulon harbour. A couple of steamers, the *Trident* and the *Ocean*, escorted the ships as far as Gibraltar, and then left them to pursue their voyage.

The two ships quitted the harbour in the sight of a vast concourse of people, and in the midst of a great roaring of cannon. Previous to the departure of the *Belle Poule*, the Bishop of Fréjus went on board, and gave to the cenotaph in which the emperor's remains were to be deposited his episcopal benediction. Napoleon's old friends and followers, the two Bertrands, Gourgaud, Emanuel Las Cases (' companions in exile, or sons of the companions in exile, of the prisoner of the *infâme* Hudson,' says a French writer), were passengers on board the frigate. Marchand, Denis, Pierret, Novaret, his old and faithful servants, were likewise in the vessel. It was commanded by His Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand Philip Louis Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, a young prince two-and-twenty years of age, who has already distinguished himself in the service of his country and king.

On the 8th of October, after a voyage of six-and-sixty days, the *Belle Poule* arrived in James Town harbour; and on its arrival, as on its departure from France, a great firing of guns took place. First, the *Oreste*, French brig-of-war, began roaring out a salutation to the frigate; then the *Dolphin*, English schooner, gave her one-and-twenty guns; then the frigate returned the compliment of the *Dolphin* schooner; then she blazed out with one-and-twenty guns more, as a mark of particular politeness to the shore, which kindness the forts acknowledged by similar detonations.

These little compliments concluded on both sides, Lieutenant Middlemore, son and aide de camp of the governor of St. Helena, came on board the French frigate, and brought his father's best respects to His Royal Highness. The governor was at home ill, and forced to keep his room; but he had made his house at James Town ready for Captain Joinville and his suite, and begged that they would make use of it during their stay.

On the 9th, H.R.H. the Prince of Joinville put on his full uniform, and landed, in company with Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Messrs. Las Cases and Marchand,

M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, and M. de Rohan Chabot, who acted as chief mourner. All the garrison was under arms to receive the illustrious prince and the other members of the expedition, who forthwith repaired to Plantation House, and had a conference with the governor regarding their mission.

On the 10th, 11th, and 12th these conferences continued: the crews of the French ships were permitted to come on shore and see the tomb of Napoleon. Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases, wandered about the island and revisited the spots to which they had been partial in the lifetime of the Emperor.

The 15th of October was fixed on for the day of the exhumation: that day five-and-twenty years the Emperor Napoleon first set his foot upon the island.

On the day previous all things had been made ready, the grand coffins and ornaments brought from France, and the articles necessary for the operation were carried to the valley of the tomb.

The operations commenced at midnight; the well-known friends of Napoleon before named, and some other attendants of his, the chaplain and his acolytes, the doctor of the *Belle Poule*, the captains of the French ships, and Captain Alexander, of the Engineers, the English Commissioner, attended the disinterment. His Royal Highness Prince de Joinville could not be present, because the workmen were under English command.

The men worked for nine hours incessantly, when at length the earth was entirely removed from the vault, all the horizontal strata of masonry demolished, and the large slab, which covered the place where the stone sarcophagus lay, removed by a crane. This outer coffin of stone was perfect, and could scarcely be said to be damp.

'As soon as the Abbé Coquereau had recited the prayers, the coffin was removed with the greatest care, and carried by the engineer-soldiers, bare-headed, into a tent that had been prepared for the purpose. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened; the outermost coffin was slightly injured; then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others, one of tin and one of wood;—the last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

'It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The Emperor was himself before their eyes!—the features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognized—the hands extremely beautiful—his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colours were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease; and but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon before us, lying on his bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were both present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and which had remained in the precise position in which they had previously described them to be.

'The two inner coffins were carefully closed again; the old leaden coffin was strongly blocked up with wedges of wood, and both were once more soldered up with the most minute precautions, under the direction of Dr. Guillard. These different operations being terminated, the ebony sarcophagus was closed as well as its oak case. On delivering the key of the ebony sarcophagus to Count de Chabot, the King's commissioner, Captain Alexander declared to him, in the name of the governor, that this coffin, containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, was considered as at the disposal of the French Government, from that day and from the moment at which it should arrive at the place of embarkation, towards which it was about to be sent under the orders of General Middlemore. The King's commissioner replied, that he was charged by his Government, and in its name, to accept the coffin from the hands of the British authorities, and that he and the other persons composing the French mission were ready to follow it to James Town, where the Prince de Joinville, superior commandant of the expedition, would be ready to receive it and conduct it on board his frigate. A car drawn by four horses, decked with funeral emblems, had been prepared before the arrival of the expedition, to receive the coffin, as well as a pall, and all the other suitable trappings of mourning. When the sarcophagus was placed on the car, the whole was covered with a magnificent imperial mantle brought from Paris, the four corners of which were borne by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases and M. Marchand. At half-past three o'clock, the funeral car began to move, preceded by a chorister bearing the cross, and by the Abbé Coquereau. M. de Chabot acted as chief mourner. All the authorities of the island, all the principal inhabitants, and the whole of the garrison, followed in procession from the tomb to the quay. But with the exception of the artillerymen necessary to lead the horses, and occasionally support the car when descending some steep parts of the way, the places nearest the coffin were reserved for the French mission. General Middlemore, although in a weak state of health, persisted in following the whole way on foot, together with General Churchill, chief of the staff in India, who had arrived only two days before from Bombay. The immense weight of the coffins, and the unevenness of the road, rendered the utmost carefulness necessary throughout the whole distance. Colonel Trelawney commanded in person the small detachment of artillerymen who conducted the car, and, thanks to his great care, not the slightest accident took place. From the moment of departure to the arrival at the quay, the cannons of the forts and the *Belle Poule* fired minute-guns. After an hour's march the rain ceased for the first time since the commencement of the operations, and on arriving in sight of the town, we found a brilliant sky and beautiful weather. From the morning the three French vessels-of-war had assumed the usual signs of deep mourning, their yards crossed and their flags lowered. Two French merchantmen, *Bonne Amie* and *Indien*, which had been in the roads for two days, had put themselves under the prince's orders, and followed during the ceremony all the manœuvres of the *Belle Poule*. The forts of the town and the houses of the consuls had also their flags half-mast high.

'On arriving at the entrance of the town, the troops of the garrison and the militia formed in two lines as far as the extremity of the quay. According to the order for mourning prescribed for the English army, the men had their arms reversed, and the officers had crape on their arms with their swords reversed. All the inhabitants had been kept away from the line of march, but they lined the terraces commanding the town, and the streets were occupied only by the troops, the 91st Regiment being on the right and the militia on the left. The *cortège* advanced slowly between two ranks of soldiers to the sound of a funeral march, while the cannons of the forts were fired, as well as those from the *Belle Poule* and the *Dolphin*, the echoes being repeated a thousand times by the rocks above James Town. After two hours' march the *cortège* stopped at the end of the quay, where the Prince de Joinville had stationed himself at the head of the officers of the three French ships-of-war. The greatest official honours had been rendered by the English authorities to the memory of the Emperor—the most striking testimonials of respect had marked the adieu given by St. Helena to his coffin; and from this moment the mortal remains of the Emperor were about to belong to France. When the funeral-car stopped, the Prince de Joinville advanced alone, and in presence of all around, who stood with their heads uncovered, received in a solemn manner the imperial coffin from the hands of General Middlemore. His Royal Highness then thanked the governor in the name of France, for all the testimonials of sympathy and respect with which the authorities and inhabitants of St. Helena had surrounded the memorable ceremonial. A cutter had been expressly prepared to receive the coffin. During the embarkation, which the prince directed himself, the bands played funeral airs, and all the boats were stationed round with their oars shipped. The moment the sarcophagus touched the cutter, a magnificent royal flag, which the ladies of James Town had embroidered for the occasion, was unfurled, and the *Belle Poule* immediately squared her masts and unfurled her colours. All the manœuvres of the frigate were immediately followed by the other vessels. Our mourning had ceased with the exile of Napoleon, and the French naval division dressed itself out in all its festal ornaments to receive the imperial coffin under the French flag. The sarcophagus was covered in the cutter with the imperial mantle. The Prince de Joinville placed himself at the rudder, Commander Guyet at the head of the boat; Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron de Las Cases, M. Marchand, and the Abbé Coquereau occupied the same places as during the march. Count Chabot and Commandant Hernoux were astern, a little in advance of the prince. As soon as the cutter had pushed off from the quay, the batteries ashore fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and our ships returned the salute with all their artillery. Two other salutes were fired during the passage from the quay to the frigate, the cutter advancing very slowly, and surrounded by the other boats. At half-past six o'clock it reached the *Belle Poule*, all the men being on the yards with their hats in their hands. The prince had had arranged on the deck a chapel, decked with flags and trophies of arms, the altar being placed at the foot of the mizen-mast. The coffin, carried by our sailors, passed between two ranks of officers with drawn swords, and was placed on the quarter-deck. The absolution was pronounced by the Abbé Coquereau the same evening. Next day, at ten o'clock, a solemn mass was celebrated on the deck, in presence of the officers and part of the crews of the ships. His Royal Highness stood at the foot of the coffin. The cannon of the *Favorite* and *Oreste* fired minute-guns during this ceremony, which terminated by a solemn absolution; and the Prince de Joinville, the gentlemen of the mission, the officers, and the *premiers maîtres* of the ship sprinkled holy water on the coffin. At eleven all the ceremonies of the Church were accomplished, all the honours done to a sovereign had been paid to the mortal remains of Napoleon. The coffin was carefully lowered between decks, and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared at Toulon for its reception. At this moment the vessels fired a last salute with all their artillery; and the frigate took in her flags, keeping up only her flag at the stern and the royal standard at the maintop-gallant mast. On Sunday, the 18th, at eight in the morning, the *Belle Poule* quitted St. Helena with her precious deposit on board.

'During the whole time that the mission remained at James Town, the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French.

The Prince de Joinville and his companions met in all quarters and at all times with the greatest goodwill and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated ; but they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honour to the frankness of their character.'

LETTER II

THE VOYAGE FROM ST. HELENA TO PARIS

On the 18th of October, the French frigate quitted the island, with its precious burden on board.

His Royal Highness the Captain acknowledged cordially the kindness and attention which he and his crew had received from the English authorities and the inhabitants of the island of St. Helena ; nay, promised a pension to an old soldier who had been for many years the guardian of the imperial tomb, and went so far as to take into consideration the petition of a certain lodging-house keeper, who prayed for a compensation for the loss which the removal of the Emperor's body would occasion to her. And although it was not to be expected that the great French nation should forgo its natural desire of recovering the remains of a hero so fully dear to it for the sake of the individual interest of the landlady in question, it must have been satisfactory to her to find that the peculiarity of her position was so delicately appreciated by the august prince who commanded the expedition, and carried away with him, *animae dimidium suae*, the half of the genteel independence which she derived from the situation of her hotel.

In a word, politeness and friendship could not be carried further,—the prince's realm and the landlady's were bound together by the closest ties of amity. M. Thiers was minister of France, the great patron of the English alliance. At London, M. Guizot was the worthy representative of the French goodwill towards the British people: and the remark frequently made by our orators at public dinners, that 'France and England, while united, might defy the world,' was considered as likely to hold good for many years to come ;—the union that is ; as for defying the world, that was neither here nor there, nor did English politicians ever dream of doing any such thing, except, perhaps, at the tenth glass of port at Freemasons' Tavern.

Little, however, did Mrs. Corbett, the St. Helena landlady,—little did His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Philip Marie de Joinville know what was going on in Europe all this time (when I say in Europe, I mean in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt),—how clouds, in fact, were gathering upon what you call the political horizon,—and how tempests were rising that were to blow to pieces our Anglo-Gallic temple of friendship. Oh, but it is sad to think that a single wicked old Turk should be the means of setting our two Christian nations by the ears !

Yes, my love, this disreputable old man had been for some time past the object of the disinterested attention of the great sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Nicholas (a moral character, though following the Greek superstition, and adored for his mildness and benevolence of disposition), the Emperor Ferdinand, the King of Prussia, and our own gracious Queen, had taken such just offence at his conduct and disobedience towards a young and interesting sovereign,—whose authority he had disregarded, whose fleet he had kidnapped, whose fair provinces he had pounced upon,—that they determined to come to the aid of Abdul Medjid the First, Emperor of the Turks, and bring his rebellious vassal to reason. In this project the French nation was invited to join, but they refused the invitation, saying that it was necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, that His Highness Mehemet Ali should keep possession of what, by hook or by crook, he had gotten, and that they would have no hand in injuring him. But why continue this argument, which you have read in the newspapers for many months past ? You, my dear, must know as well as I, that the balance of power in Europe could not possibly be maintained in any such way ; and though, to be sure, for the last fifteen years, the progress of the old robber has not made much difference to us in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, and the battle of Nezib did not in the least affect our taxes, our homes, our institutions, or the price of butcher's-meat, yet there is no knowing what *might* have happened, had Mehemet Ali been allowed to remain quietly as he was ;

and the balance of power in Europe might have been —the deuce knows where.

Here, then, in a nutshell, you have the whole matter in dispute. While Mrs. Corbett and the Prince de Joinville were innocently interchanging compliments at St. Helena, bang! bang! Commodore Napier was pouring broadsides into Tyre and Sidon,—our gallant navy was storming breaches, and routing armies,—Colonel Hodges had seized upon the green standard of Ibrahim Pasha, and the powder-magazine of St. John of Acre was blown up sky-high, with eighteen hundred Egyptian soldiers in company with it. The French said that *l'or Anglais* had achieved all these successes, and no doubt believed that the poor fellows at Acre were bribed to a man.

It must have been particularly unpleasant to a high-minded nation like the French—at the very moment when the Egyptian affair and the balance of Europe had been settled in this abrupt way—to find out, all of a sudden, that the Pasha of Egypt was their dearest friend and ally. They had suffered in the person of their friend; and though, seeing that the dispute was ended and the territory out of his hand, they could not hope to get it back for him, or to aid him in any substantial way, yet Monsieur Thiers determined, just as a mark of politeness to the Pasha, to fight all Europe for maltreating him—all Europe, England included. He was bent on war, and an immense majority of the nation went with him. He called for a million of soldiers, and would have had them too, had not the King been against the project, and delayed the completion of it, at least for a time.

Of these great European disputes, Captain Joinville received a notification while he was at sea on board his frigate, as we find by the official account which has been published of his mission.

'Some days after quitting St. Helena,' says that document, 'the expedition fell in with a ship coming from Europe; and was thus made acquainted with the warlike rumours then afloat, by which a collision with the English marine was rendered possible. The Prince de Joinville immediately assembled the officers of the *Belle Poule* to deliberate on an event so unexpected and important.

'The council of war having expressed its opinion that it was necessary, at all events, to prepare for an energetic defence, preparations were made to place in battery all the guns that the frigate could bring to bear against the enemy. The provisional cabins that had been fitted up in the battery were demolished, the partitions removed, and with all the elegant furniture of the cabins, flung into the sea. The Prince de Joinville was the first "to execute himself," and the frigate soon found itself armed with six or eight more guns.

'That part of the ship where these cabins had previously been went by the name of Lacedaemon, everything luxurious being banished to make way for what was useful.

'Indeed, all persons who were on board agree in saying that Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville most worthily acquitted himself of the great and honourable mission which had been confided to him. All affirm, not only that the commandant of the expedition did everything at St. Helena which, as a Frenchman, he was bound to do, in order that the remains of the Emperor should receive all the honours due to them, but moreover that he accomplished his mission with all the measured solemnity, all the pious and severe dignity that the son of the Emperor himself would have shown upon a like occasion. The commandant had also comprehended that the remains of the Emperor must never fall into the hands of the stranger; and being himself decided rather to sink his ship than to give up his precious deposit, he had inspired every one about him with the same energetic resolution that he had himself taken "*against an extreme eventuality*."'

Monseigneur, my dear, is really one of the finest young fellows it is possible to see. A tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted, brown-faced, dark-eyed young prince, with a great beard (and other martial qualities, no doubt) beyond his years. As he strode into the Chapel of the Invalides on Tuesday, at the head of his men, he made no small impression, I can tell you, upon the ladies assembled to witness the ceremony. Nor are the crew of the *Belle Poule* less agreeable to look at than their commander. A more clean, smart, active, well-limbed set of lads never 'did dance' upon the deck of the famed *Belle Poule* in the days of her memorable combat with the *Saucy Arethusa*. 'These five hundred sailors,' says a French newspaper, speaking of them in the proper French way, 'sword in hand, in the severe costume of board-ship (*la sévère tenue du bord*), seemed proud of the mission that they had just accomplished. Their blue jackets, their red cravats, the turned-down collars of blue shirts edged with white, *above all* their resolute appearance and martial air, gave a favourable specimen of the present state of our marine—a marine of which so much might be expected, and from which so little has been required.' (*Le Commerce*, 16th December.)

There they were, sure enough, a cutlass upon one hip, a pistol on the other—a gallant set of young men, indeed. I doubt, to be sure, whether the *sévère tenue du bord* requires that the seaman should be always furnished with these ferocious weapons, which would be somewhat in his way in sundry maritime manœuvres—such as going to sleep in your hammock, for instance, or twinkling a binnacle, or luffing a marlinspike, or keel-hauling a main-topgallant (all naval operations, my dear, which any seafaring novelist will explain to you). I doubt, I say, whether these weapons are *always* worn by sailors; and have heard that they are commonly, and very sensibly too, locked up until they are wanted. Take another example: suppose artillerymen were incessantly compelled to walk about with a pyramid of twenty-four pound shot in one pocket, and a lighted fuse and a few barrels of gunpowder in the other, these objects would, as you may imagine, greatly inconvenience the artilleryman in his peaceful state.

The newspaper writer is therefore most likely mistaken in saying that the seamen were in the *sévère tenue du bord*, or by '*bord*' means '*abordage*,' which operation they were not—in a harmless church hung round with velvet and wax candles, and filled with ladies—surely called upon to perform. Nor, indeed, can it be reasonably supposed that the picked men of the crack frigate of the French navy are 'a good specimen' of the rest of the French marine, any more than a cuirassed colossus at the gate of the Horse Guards can be considered a fair sample of the British soldiers of the line. The sword and pistol, however, had no doubt their effect,—the former was in its sheath, the latter not loaded; and I hear that the French ladies are quite in raptures with these charming *loups de mer*.

Let the warlike accoutrements then pass; it was necessary, perhaps, to strike the Parisians with awe, and therefore the crew was armed in this fierce fashion; but why should the captain begin to swagger as well as his men? and why did the Prince de Joinville lug out sword and pistol so early? or why, if he thought fit to make preparations, should the official journals brag of these afterwards as proofs of his extraordinary courage?

Here is the case. The English Government makes him a present of the bones of Napoleon; English workmen work for nine hours without ceasing, and dig the coffin out of the ground; the English commissioner hands over the key of the box to the French representative, Monsieur Chabot; English horses carry the funeral car down to the seashore, accompanied by the English governor, who has actually left his bed to walk in the procession and to do the French nation honour.

After receiving and acknowledging these politenesses, the French captain takes his charge on board; and the first thing we afterwards hear of him is the determination '*qu'il a su faire passer*' into all his crew to sink rather than yield up the body of the Emperor *aux mains de l'étranger*—into the hands of the foreigner. My dear Monseigneur, is not this *par trop fort?* Suppose 'the foreigner' had wanted the coffin, could he not have kept it? Why show this uncalled-for valour, this extraordinary alacrity at sinking? Sink or blow yourself up as much as you please, but your royal highness must see that the genteel thing would have been to wait until you were asked to do so, before you offended good-natured, honest people, who, Heaven help them, have never shown themselves at all murderously inclined towards you. A man knocks up his cabins forsooth, throws his tables and chairs overboard, runs guns into the port-holes, and calls *le quartier du bord où existaient ces chambres*, Lacedaemon. Lacedaemon!—There is a province, O prince, in your royal father's dominions—a fruitful parent of heroes in its time—which would have given a much better nickname to your *quartier du bord:* you should have called it Gascony!

Sooner than strike we'll all ex-pi-er
On board of the *Bell-e Pou-le.*

Such fanfaronading is very well on the part of Tom Dibdin, but a person of your royal highness's 'pious and severe dignity' should have been above it. If you entertained an idea that war was imminent, would it not have been far better to have made your preparations in quiet; and when you found the war-rumour blown over, to have said nothing about what you intended to do? Fie upon such cheap Lacedaemonianism! There is no poltroon in the world but can brag about what he *would* have done. However, to do your Royal Highness's nation justice, they brag and fight too.

This narrative, my dear Miss Smith, as you will have remarked, is not a simple tale merely, but is accompanied by many moral and pithy remarks, which form its chief value, in the writer's eyes at least; and the above account of the Sham Lacedaemon on board the *Belle Poule* has a double-barrelled morality, as I conceive. Besides justly reprehending the French propensity towards braggadocio, it proves very strongly a point on which I am the only statesman in Europe who has strongly insisted. In the *Paris Sketch Book* (*one* copy, I believe, is still to be had at the publisher's)—in the *Paris Sketch Book* it was stated that *the French hate us*. They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately; and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong opposition (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side) they appeal to the people, and have their hold on the people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story; and the hatred may be accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill-will has been going on, and has been transmitted, on the French side, from father to son: on the French side, not on ours; we have had no (or few) defeats to complain of,—no invasions to make us angry. But you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages; and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question.

But they hate us,—that is the long and short of it; and you see how this hatred has exploded just now, not upon a serious cause of difference, but upon an argument; for what is the Pasha of Egypt to us or them but a mere abstract opinion? For the same reason the Little-endians in Lilliput abhorred the Bigendians; and I beg you to remark how his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Mary, upon hearing that this argument was in the course of debate between us, straightway flung his furniture overboard, and expressed a preference for sinking his ship rather than yielding to the *étranger*. Nothing came of this wish of his, to be sure; but the intention is everything. Unlucky circumstances denied him the power; but he had the will.

Well, beyond this disappointment, the Prince de Joinville had nothing to complain of during the voyage, which terminated happily by the arrival of the *Belle Poule* at Cherbourg, on the 30th of November, at five o'clock in the morning. A telegraph made the glad news known at Paris, where the Minister of the Interior, Tannéguy-Duchâtel (you will read the name, madam, in the old Anglo-French wars), had already made 'immense preparations' for receiving the body of Napoleon.

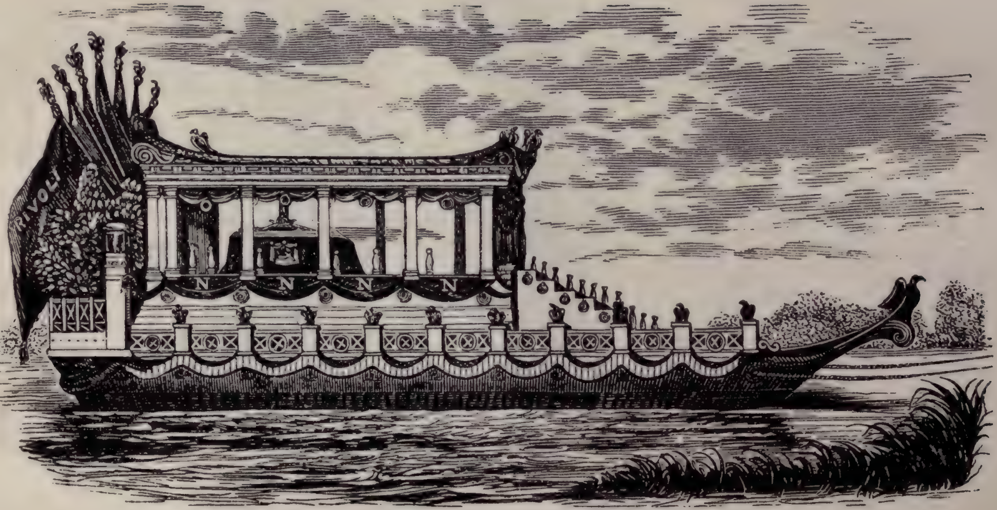
The entry was fixed for the 15th of December.

On the 8th of December, at Cherbourg, the body was transferred from the *Belle Poule* frigate to the *Normandie* steamer; on which occasion, the Mayor of Cherbourg deposited, in the name of his town, a gold laurel branch upon the coffin, which was saluted by the forts and dikes of the place with ONE THOUSAND GUNS!—there was a treat for the inhabitants!

There was on board the steamer a splendid receptacle for the coffin. 'A temple with twelve pillars, and a dome to cover it from the wet and moisture, surrounded with velvet hangings and silver fringes. At the head was a gold cross, at the foot a gold lamp, other lamps were kept constantly burning within, and vases of burning incense were hung around. An altar hung with velvet and silver was at the mizen-mast of the vessel, *and four silver eagles at each corner of the altar*.' It was a compliment at once to Napoleon and—excuse me for saying so, but so the facts are—to Napoleon and to God Almighty.

Three steamers, the *Normandie*, the *Véloce*, and the *Courrier*, formed the expedition from Cherbourg to Havre; at which place they arrived on the evening of the 9th of December, and where the *Véloce* was replaced by the Seine steamer, having in tow one of the state coasters, which was to fire the salute at the moment when the body was transferred into one of the vessels belonging to the Seine.

The expedition passed Havre the same night, and came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THE FUNERAL BARGE

to anchor at Val de la Haye on the Seine, three leagues below Rouen.

Here, the next morning (10th), it was met by the flotilla of steamboats of the Upper Seine, consisting of the three *Dorades*, the three *Étoiles*, the *Elbeuvien*, the *Parisien*, the *Parisienne*, and the *Zampa*. The Prince de Joinville and the persons of the expedition embarked immediately in the flotilla, which arrived the same day at Rouen.

At Rouen salutes were fired, the National Guard on both sides of the river paid military honours to the body, and over the middle of the suspension-bridge a magnificent cenotaph was erected, decorated with flags, fasces, violet hangings, and the imperial arms. Before the cenotaph the expedition stopped, and the absolution was given by the archbishop and the clergy. After a couple of hours' stay, the expedition proceeded to Pont de l'Arche. On the 11th it reached Vernon; on the 12th, Mantes; on the 13th, Maisons-sur-Seine.

'Everywhere,' says the official account from which the above particulars are borrowed, 'the authorities, the National Guard, and the people, flocked to the passage of the flotilla, desirous to render the honours due to his glory, which is the glory of France. On seeing its hero return, the nation seemed to have found its palladium again,—the sainted relics of victory.'

At length, on the 14th, the coffin was transferred from the *Dorade* steamer on board the imperial vessel arrived from Paris. In the evening the imperial vessel arrived at Courbevoie, which was the last stage of the journey.

Here it was that M. Guizot went to examine the vessel, and was very nearly flung into the Seine, as report goes, by the patriots assembled there. It is now lying on the river, near the Invalides, amidst the drifting ice, whither the people of Paris are flocking out to see it.

The vessel is of a very elegant antique form, and I can give you on the Thames no better idea of it than by requesting you to fancy an immense wherry of which the stern has been cut straight off, and on which a temple on steps has been elevated. At the figure-head is an immense gold eagle, and at the stern is a little terrace, filled with evergreens, and a profusion of banners upon pedestals. Along the sides of the vessel are tripods, in which incense was burned, and underneath them are garlands of flowers, called here immortals. Four eagles surmount the temple, and a great scroll or garland, held in their beaks, surrounds it. It is hung with velvet and gold; four gold caryatides support the entry of it, and in the midst, upon a large platform, hung with velvet and bearing the imperial arms, stood the coffin.

A steamboat, carrying two hundred musicians playing funereal marches and military symphonies, preceded this magnificent vessel to Courbevoie, where a funereal temple was erected, and 'a statue of Notre Dame de Grâce, before which the seamen of the *Belle Poule* inclined themselves, in order to thank her for having granted them a noble and glorious voyage.'

Early on the morning of the 15th December, amidst clouds of incense and thunder of cannon, and innumerable shouts of people, the coffin was transferred from the barge, and carried by the seamen of the *Belle Poule* to the imperial car.

And now having conducted our hero almost to the gates of Paris, I must tell you what preparations were made in the capital to receive him.

Ten days before the arrival of the body, as you walked across the Deputies' Bridge, or over the Esplanade of the Invalides, you saw on the bridge eight, on the esplanade thirty-two mysterious boxes erected, wherein a couple of score of sculptors were at work night and day.

In the middle of the Invalides Avenue, there used to stand on a kind of shabby fountain or pump a bust of Lafayette, crowned with some dirty wreaths of immortals, and looking down at the little streamlet which occasionally dribbled below him. The spot of ground was now clear, and Lafayette and the pump had been consigned to some cellar, to make way for the mighty procession that was to pass over the place of their habitation.

Strange coincidence! If I had been Mr. Victor Hugo, my dear, or a poet of any note, I would, in a few hours, have made an impromptu concerning that Lafayette-crowned pump; and compared its lot now to the fortune of its patron some fifty years back. From him then issued, as from his fountain now, a feeble dribble of pure words; then, as now, some faint circle of disciples were willing to admire him. Calmly, in the midst of the war and storm without, this pure fount of eloquence went dribbling,

dribbling on—till of a sudden the revolutionary workmen knocked down statue and fountain, and the gorgeous imperial cavalcade trampled over the spot where they stood.

As for the Champs Élysées, there was no end to the preparations. The first day, you saw a couple of hundred scaffoldings erected at intervals between the handsome gilded gas-lamps that at present ornament that avenue; next day, all these scaffoldings were filled with brick and mortar; presently, over the bricks and mortar rose pediments of statues, legs of urns, legs of goddesses,—legs and bodies of goddesses,—legs, bodies and busts of goddesses,—finally, on the 13th of December, goddesses complete; on the 14th they were painted marble colour, and the basements of wood and canvas on which they stood were made to resemble the same costly material. The funereal urns were ready to receive the frankincense and precious odours which were to burn in them. A vast number of white columns stretched down the avenue, each bearing a bronze buckler, on which was written in gold letters one of the victories of the Emperor, and each decorated with enormous imperial flags. On these columns golden eagles were placed, and the newspapers did not fail to remark the ingenious position in which the royal birds had been set; for while those on the right-hand side of the way had their heads turned *towards* the procession, as if to watch its coming, those on the left were looking exactly the other way, as if to regard its progress. Do not fancy I am joking: this point was gravely and emphatically urged in many newspapers, and I do believe no mortal Frenchman ever thought it anything but sublime.

Do not interrupt me, sweet Miss Smith. I feel that you are angry. I can see from here the pouting of your lips, and know what you are going to say. You are going to say, 'I will read no more of this Mr. Titmarsh; there is no subject, however solemn, but he treats it with flippant irreverence, and no character, however great, at whom he does not sneer.'

Ah, my dear! you are young now, and enthusiastic; and your Titmarsh is old, very old, sad, and grey-headed. I have seen a poor mother buy a halfpenny wreath at the gate of Montmartre burying-ground, and go with it to her little child's grave, and hang it there over the little humble stone; and if ever you saw me scorn the mean offering of the poor shabby creature, I will give you leave to be as angry as you will. They say that on the passage of Napoleon's coffin down the Seine, old soldiers and country people walked miles from their villages just to catch a sight of the boat which carried his body, and to kneel down on the shore, and pray for him. God forbid that we should quarrel with such prayers and sorrow, or question their sincerity. Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.

But, madam, one may respect the dead without feeling awe-stricken at the plumes of the hearse, and I see no reason why one should sympathize with the train of mutes and undertakers, however deep may be their mourning. Look, I pray you, at the manner in which the French nation has performed Napoleon's funeral. Time out of mind, nations have raised in memory of their heroes august mausoleums, grand pyramids, splendid statues of gold or marble, sacrificing whatever they had that was most costly and rare, or that was most beautiful in art, as tokens of their respect and love for the dead person. What a fine example of this sort of sacrifice is that (recorded in a book of which simplicity is the great characteristic) of the poor woman who brought her pot of precious ointment, her all, and laid it at the feet of the object which upon earth she most loved and respected. 'Economists and calculators' there were even in those days who quarrelled with the manner in which the poor woman lavished so much 'capital'; but you will remember how nobly and generously the sacrifice was appreciated, and how the economists were put to shame.

With regard to the funeral ceremony that has just been performed here, it is said that a famous public personage and statesman, Monsieur Thiers indeed, spoke with the bitterest indignation of the general style of the preparations, and of their mean and tawdry character. He would have had a pomp as magnificent, he said, as that of Rome at the triumph of Aurelian; he would have decorated the bridges and avenues through which the procession was to pass with the costliest marbles and the finest works of art, and have had them to remain there for ever, as monuments of the great funeral.

The economists and calculators might here interpose, with a great deal of reason (for indeed there was no reason why a nation should impoverish itself to do honour to the memory of an individual for whom, after all, it can feel but a qualified enthusiasm); but it surely might have employed the large sum voted for the purpose more wisely and generously, and recorded its respect for Napoleon by some worthy and lasting memorial, rather than have erected yonder thousand vain heaps of tinsel, paint, and plaster, that are already cracking and crumbling in the frost, at three days old.

Scarcely one of the statues, indeed, deserves to last a month; some are odious distortions and caricatures, which never should have been allowed to stand for a moment. On the very day of the fête, the wind was shaking the canvas pedestals, and the flimsy woodwork had begun to gape and give way. At a little distance, to be sure, you could not see the cracks, and pedestals and statues *looked* like marble. At some distance you could not tell but that the wreaths and eagles were gold embroidery, and not gilt paper; the great tricoloured flags damask, and not striped calico. One would think that these sham splendours betokened sham respect, if one had not known that the name of Napoleon is held in real reverence, and observed somewhat of the character of the nation. Real feelings they have, but they distort them by exaggeration; real courage, which they render ludicrous by intolerable braggadocio; and I think the above official account of the Prince de Joinville's proceedings, of the manner in which the Emperor's remains have been treated in their voyage to the capital, and of the preparations made to receive him in it, will give my dear Miss Smith some means of understanding the social and moral condition of this worthy people of France.

LETTER III

THE FUNERAL CEREMONY

SHALL I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise woke me, at a very early hour on this eventful morning, while the keen stars were still glittering overhead, a half-moon as sharp as a razor beaming in the frosty sky, and a wicked north wind blowing, that blew the blood out of one's fingers, and froze your leg as you put it out of bed;—shall I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise called me, and said, '*V'là vot' café, Monsieur Titemasse; buvez-le, tiens, il est tout chaud,*' I felt myself, after imbibing the hot breakfast, so comfortable under three blankets and a mackintosh, that for at least a quarter of an hour no man in Europe could say whether Titmarsh would or would not be present at the burial of the Emperor Napoleon.

Besides, my dear, the cold, there was another reason for doubting. Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave; and were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had dispatched circulars to all the English residents in Paris, begging them to keep their houses. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written?—certainly not to me: or had he written to all *except me?* and was I *the victim?*—the doomed one?—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Élysées, and torn in pieces by French patriotism, to the frantic chorus of the 'Marseillaise'? Depend on it, madam, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremor; and be sure of this, that as His Majesty Louis Philippe took his nightcap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might at night put it on in safety.

Well, as my companion and I came out of doors, being bound for the church of the Invalides, for which a deputy had kindly furnished us with tickets, we saw the very prettiest sight of the whole day, and I can't refrain from mentioning it to my dear, tender-hearted Miss Smith.

In the same house where I live (but about five stories nearer the ground) lodges an English family, consisting of, 1. a great-grandmother, a hale, handsome old lady of seventy, the very best dressed and neatest old lady in Paris; 2. a grandfather and grandmother, tolerably young to bear that title; 3. a daughter; and 4. two little great-grand, or grandchildren, that may be of the age of three and one, and belong to a son and daughter who are in India.

The grandfather, who is as proud of his wife as he was thirty years ago when he married, and pays her compliments still twice or thrice in a day, and when he leads her into a room, looks round at the persons assembled, and says in his heart, 'Here, gentlemen, here is my wife; show me such another woman in England!' this gentleman had hired a room on the Champs Élysées, for he would not have his wife catch cold by exposing her to the balconies in the open air.

When I came to the street I found the family assembled in the following order of march:—

No. 1. The great-grandmother, walking daintily along, supported by No. 3, her granddaughter.

A nurse, carrying No. 4, junior, who was sound asleep; and a huge basket, containing saucepans, bottles of milk, parcels of infant's food, certain dimity napkins, &c., a child's coral, and a little horse belonging to No. 4, senior.

A servant, bearing a basket of condiments.

No. 2. Grandfather, spick and span, clean shaved, hat brushed, white-buckskin gloves, bamboo cane, brown greatcoat, walking as upright and solemn as may be, having his lady on his arm.

No. 4, senior, with mottled legs and a tartan costume, who was frisking about between his grandfather's legs, who heartily wished him at home.

'My dear,' his face seemed to say to his lady, 'I think you might have left the little things in the nursery, for we shall have to squeeze through a terrible crowd in the Champs Élysées.'

The lady was going out for a day's pleasure, and her face was full of care: she had to look first after her old mother, who was walking ahead, then after No. 4, junior, with the nurse,—he might fall into all sorts of danger, wake up, cry, catch cold, nurse might slip down, or Heaven knows what; then she had to look her husband in the face, who had gone to such expense and been so kind for her sake, and make that gentleman believe she was thoroughly happy; and finally, she had to keep an eye upon No. 4, senior, who, as she was perfectly certain, was about in two minutes to be lost for ever, or trampled to pieces in the crowd.

These events took place in a quiet little street leading into the Champs Élysées, the entry of which we had almost reached by this time. The four detachments above described, which had been straggling a little in their passage down the street, closed up at the end of it, and stood for a moment huddled together. No. 3, Miss X——, began speaking to her companion the great-grandmother.

'Hush, my dear,' said that old lady, looking round alarmed at her daughter; '*speak French!*'—and she straightway began nervously to make a speech which she supposed to be in that language, but which was as much like French as Iroquois. The whole secret was out; you could read it in the grandmother's face, who was doing all she could to keep from crying, and looked as frightened as she dared to look. The two elder ladies had settled between them that there was going to be a general English slaughter that day, and had brought the children with them, so that they might all be murdered in company.

God bless you, O women, moist-eyed and tender-hearted! In those gentle, silly tears of yours, there is something touches one, be they never so foolish. I don't think there were many such natural drops shed that day as those which just made their appearance in the grandmother's eyes, and then went back again as if they had been ashamed of themselves, while the good lady and her little troop walked across the road. Think how happy she will be when night comes, and there has been no murder of English, and the brood is all nestled under her wings sound asleep, and she is lying awake, thanking God that the day and its pleasures and pains are over. Whilst we were considering these things, the grandfather had suddenly elevated No. 4, senior, upon his left shoulder, and I saw the tartan hat of that young gentleman and the bamboo cane which had been transferred to him, high over the heads of the crowd on the opposite side, through which the party moved.

After this little procession had passed away—you may laugh at it, but upon my word and conscience, Miss Smith, I saw nothing in the course of the day which affected me more,—after this little procession had passed away, the other came, accompanied by gun-banging, flag-waving, incense-burning, trumpets pealing, drums rolling, and at the close, received by the voice of six hundred choristers sweetly modulated to the tones of fifteen score of fiddlers. Then you saw horse and foot, jack-boots and bearskin, cuirass and bayonet, National Guards and line, marshals and generals all over gold, smart aides de camp galloping about like mad, and high in the midst of all, riding on his golden buckler, Solomon in all his glory forsooth, imperial Caesar, with his crown over his head, laurels and standards waving about his gorgeous chariot, and a million of people looking on in wonder and awe.

His Majesty the Emperor and King reclined on his shield, with his head a little elevated. His Majesty's skull is voluminous[1]—his forehead broad and large.

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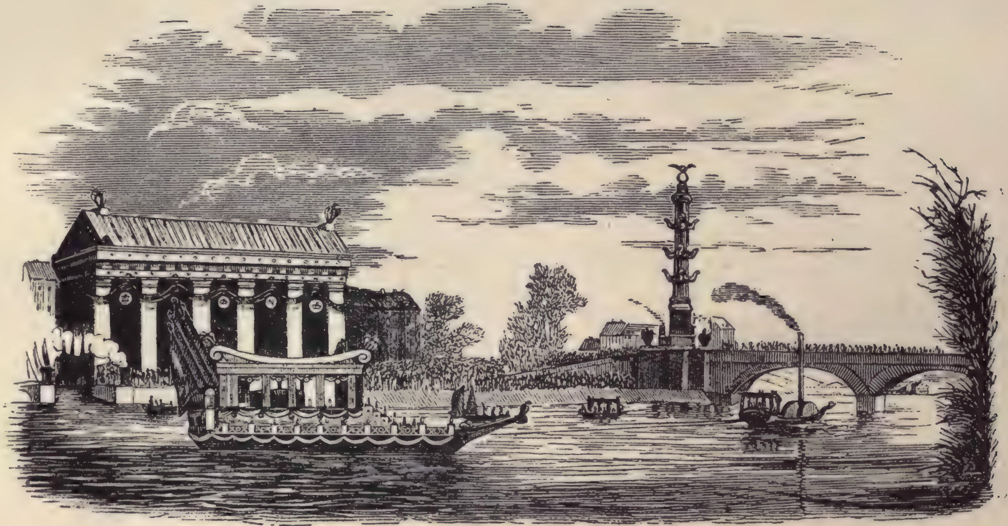
[1] La tête, un peu élevée, reposait sur un coussin; le crâne volumineux, le front haut et large, se présentaient couverts de téguments jaunâtres, durs et très-adhérents. Tel paraissait aussi le contour des orbites, dont le bord supérieur était garni de sourcils. Sous les paupières se dessinaient les globes oculaires, qui avaient perdu peu de chose de leur volume et de leur forme. Ces paupières, complètement fermées, adhéraient aux parties sous-jacentes, et se présentaient dures sous la pression des doigts; quelques cils se voyaient encore à leur bord libre. Les os propres du nez et les téguments qui les couvrent étaient bien conservés, le tube et les ailes seuls avaient souffert. Les joues étaient bouffies; les téguments de cette partie de la face se faisaient remarquer par leur toucher doux, souple et leur couleur blanche; ceux du menton étaient légèrement bleuâtres: ils empruntaient cette teinte à la barbe qui semblait avoir poussé après la mort. Quant au menton lui-même, il n'offrait point d'altération et conservait encore ce type propre à la figure de Napoléon. Les lèvres amincies étaient écartées; trois dents incisives extrêmement blanches se voyaient sous la lèvre supérieure, qui était un peu relevée à gauche. Les mains ne laissaient rien à désirer; nulle part la plus légère altération. Si les articulations avaient perdu leurs mouvements, la peau semblait avoir conservé cette couleur particulière qui n'appartient qu'à ce qui a vie. Les doigts portaient des ongles longs, adhérents et très-blancs. Les jambes étaient renfermées dans les bottes, mais, par suite de la rupture des fils, les quatre derniers orteils dépassaient de chaque côté. La peau de ces orteils était d'un blanc mat et garnie d'ongles. La région antérieure du thorax était fortement déprimée dans la partie moyenne, les parois du ventre dures et affaissées. Les membres paraissaient avoir con-

We remarked that His Imperial Majesty's brow was of a yellowish colour, which appearance was also visible about the orbits of the eyes. He kept his eyelids constantly closed, by which we had the opportunity of observing that the upper lids were garnished with eyelashes. Years and climate have effected upon the face of this great monarch only a trifling alteration,—we may say, indeed, that time has touched His Imperial and Royal Majesty with the lightest feather in his wing. In the nose of the Conqueror of Austerlitz we remarked very little alteration, —it is of the beautiful shape which we remember it possessed five-and-twenty years since, ere unfortunate circumstances induced him to leave us for a while. The nostril and the tube of the nose appear to have undergone some slight alteration; but in examining a beloved object, the eye of affection is perhaps too critical. *Vive l'Empereur!* the soldier of Marengo is among us again. His lips are thinner perhaps than they were before;—how white his teeth are!—you can just see three of them pressing his under lip, and pray remark the fullness of his cheeks, and the round contour of his chin. Oh, those beautiful white hands! Many a time have they patted the cheek of poor Josephine, and played with the black ringlets of her hair. She is dead now and cold, poor creature; and so are Hortense and bold Eugène—'than whom the world ne'er saw a curtier knight,' as was said of King Arthur's Sir Lancelot. What a day would it have been for those three, could they but have lived until now, and seen their hero returning! Where's Ney? His wife sits looking out from M. Flahaut's window yonder, but the bravest of the brave is not with her. Murat, too, is absent: honest Joachim loves the Emperor at heart, and repents that he

servé leurs formes sous les vêtements, qui les couvraient; j'ai pressé le bras gauche, il était dur et avait diminué de volume. Quant aux vêtements, ils se présentaient avec leurs couleurs: ainsi on reconnaissait parfaitement l'uniforme des chasseurs à cheval de la vieille garde au vert foncé de l'habit, au rouge vif des parements; le grand cordon de la Légion d'honneur se dessinant sur le gilet, et la culotte blanche cachée en partie par le petit chapeau qui reposait sur les cuisses. Les épaulettes, la plaque et les deux décorations attachées sur la poitrine n'avaient plus leur brillant: elles étaient noircies; la couronne d'or de la croix d'officier de la Légion d'honneur seule avait conservé son éclat.—*Dr. Guillard's Account of the Exhumation.*



GRECIAN TEMPLE AND BRIDGE OF NEUILLY

was not at Waterloo. Who knows but that at the sight of the handsome swordsman those stubborn English '*canaille*' would have given way ?—a king, Sire, is, you know, the greatest of slaves—state affairs of consequence—His Majesty the King of Naples is detained, no doubt. When we last saw the King, however, and His Highness the Prince of Elchingen, they looked to have as good health as ever they had in their lives ; and we heard each of them calmly calling out '*Fire !*' as they have done in numberless battles before.

Is it possible ? Can the Emperor forget ? We don't like to break it to him ; but has he forgotten all about the farm at Pizzo, and the garden of the Observatory ? Yes, truly ; there he lies on his golden shield, never stirring, never so much as lifting his eyelids, or opening his lips any wider.

O vanitas vanitatum ! Here is our sovereign in all his glory ; and they fired a thousand guns at Cherbourg, and never awoke him !

However, we are advancing matters by several hours, and you must give just as much credence as you please to the subjoined remarks concerning the procession,—seeing that your humble servant could not possibly be present at it, being bound for the church elsewhere.

Programmes, however, have been published of the affair ; and your vivid fancy will not fail to give life to them, and the whole magnificent train will pass before you.

Fancy, then, that the guns are fired at Neuilly, the body landed at daybreak from the funereal barge, and transferred to the car ; and fancy the car, a huge Juggernaut of a machine, rolling on four wheels of an antique shape, which supported a basement adorned with golden eagles, banners, laurels, and velvet hangings ; above the hangings stand twelve golden statues, with raised arms supporting a huge shield on which the coffin lay. On the coffin was the imperial crown, covered with violet velvet crape ; and the whole vast machine was drawn by horses in superb housings, led by valets in the imperial livery.

Fancy, at the head of the procession, first of all,

The Gendarmerie of the Seine, with their trumpets and colonel.
The Municipal Guard (horse), with their trumpets, standard, and colonel.

Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with colonel, standard, and music.

The Commandant of Paris and his staff.

A battalion of infantry of the line, with their flag, sappers, drums, music, and colonel.

The Municipal Guard (foot), with flag, drums, and colonel.

The Sapper-pumpers, with ditto.

Then picture to yourself more squadrons of lancers and cuirassiers, the General of the Division and his staff, all officers of all arms, employed at Paris, and unattached, the Military School of St. Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the School of the État-Major, and the professors and staff of each. Go on imagining more battalions of infantry, of artillery, companies of engineers, squadrons of cuirassiers, ditto of the cavalry of the National Guard, and the first and second legions of ditto.

Fancy a carriage containing the chaplain of the St. Helena Expedition—the only clerical gentleman that formed a part of the procession.

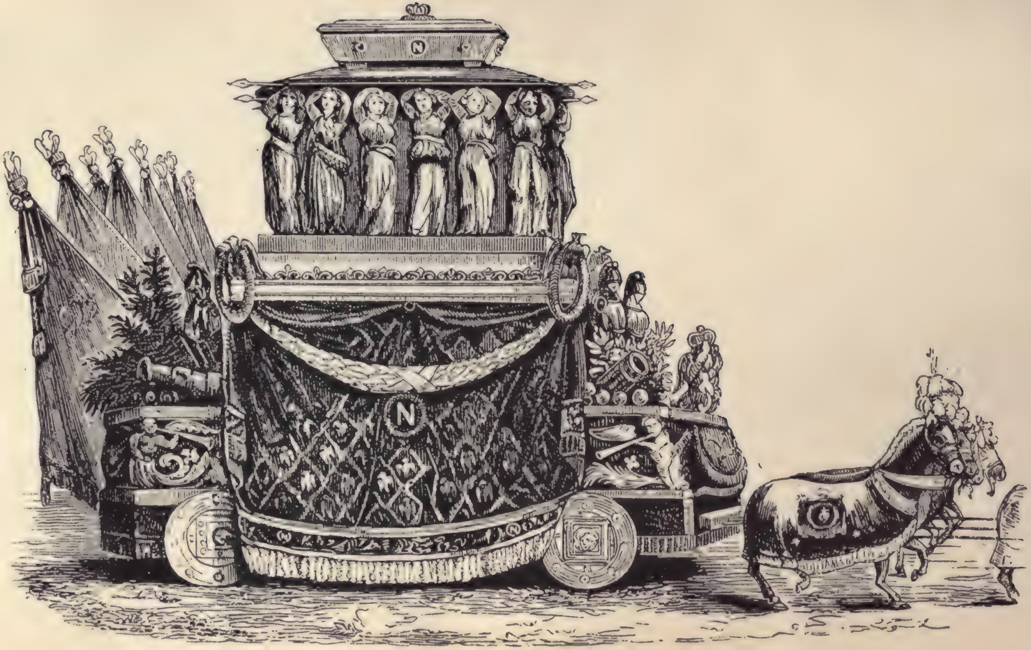
Fancy you hear the funereal music, and then figure in your mind's eye

THE EMPEROR'S CHARGER,

that is, Napoleon's own saddle and bridle (when First Consul) upon a white horse. The saddle (which has been kept ever since in the Garde Meuble of the Crown) is of amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold; the holsters and housings are of the same rich material. On them you remark the attributes of war, commerce, science, and art. The bit and stirrups are silver-gilt chased; over the stirrups two eagles were placed at the time of the Empire. The horse was covered with a violet crape, embroidered with golden bees.

After this came more soldiers, general officers, sub-officers, marshals, and, what was said to be the prettiest sight almost of the whole, the banners of the eighty-six departments of France. These are due to the invention of M. Thiers, and were to have been accompanied by federates from each department. But the Government very wisely mistrusted this and some other projects of Monsieur Thiers; and as for a federation, my dear, *it has been tried*. Next comes

His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.



THE FUNERAL CAR

The 500 sailors of the *Belle Poule* marching in double files on each side of

THE CAR.

Hush! the enormous crowd thrills as it passes, and only some few voices cry, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Shining golden in the frosty sun, with hundreds of thousands of eyes upon it, from houses and house-tops, from balconies black, purple, and tricolour, from tops of leafless trees, from behind long lines of glittering bayonets, under shakos and bearskin caps, from behind the line of the National Guards again, pushing, struggling, heaving, panting, eager, the heads of an enormous multitude stretching out to meet and follow it.

Amidst long avenues of columns and statues gleaming white, of standards rainbow-coloured, of golden eagles, of pale funereal urns, of discharging odours, amidst huge volumes of pitch-black smoke,

THE GREAT IMPERIAL CHARIOT
rolls majestically on.

The cords of the pall are held by two Marshals,
an Admiral, and General Bertrand,
who are followed by

The Prefects of the Seine and Police, &c.

The Mayors of Paris, &c.

The Members of the Old Guard, &c.

A squadron of light dragoons, &c.

Lieutenant-General Schneider, &c.

More cavalry, more infantry, more artillery, more everybody; and as the procession passes, the Line and the National Guard, forming line on each side of the road, fall in and follow it, until it arrives at the Church of the Invalides, where the last honours are to be paid to it.

Among the company assembled under the dome of that edifice, the casual observer would not, perhaps, have remarked a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who, nevertheless, was there. But as, my dear Miss Smith, the descriptions in this letter, from the words in page 426, line 42, '*After this little procession had passed away*,' up to the words '*paid to it*,' in the last period, have purely emanated from your obedient servant's fancy, and not from his personal observation (for no being on earth, except a newspaper reporter, can be in two places at once), permit me now to communicate to you what little circumstances fell under my own particular view on the day of the 15th of December.

As we came out, the air and the buildings round about were tinged with purple, and the clear sharp half-moon before mentioned was still in the sky, where it seemed to be lingering as if it would catch a peep of the commencement of the famous procession.

The Arc de Triomphe was shining in a keen frosty sunshine, and looking as clean and rosy as if it had just made its toilette; the canvas or pasteboard image of Napoleon, of which only the gilded legs had been ended the night previous, was now visible, body, head, crown, sceptre, and all, and made an imposing show. Long gilt banners were flaunting about with the imperial ciphers and eagle, and the names of the battles and victories glittering in gold. The long avenues of the Champs Élysées had been covered with sand, for the convenience of the great procession that was to tramp across it that day. Hundreds of people were marching to and fro, laughing, chattering, singing, gesticulating, as happy Frenchmen do—there is no pleasanter sight than a French crowd on the alert for a festival, and nothing more catching than their good humour. As for the notion which has been put forward by some of the opposition newspapers, that the populace were on this occasion unusually solemn or sentimental, it would be paying a bad compliment to the natural gaiety of the nation to say that it was, on the morning, at least, of the 15th of December, affected in any such absurd way. Itinerant merchants were shouting out lustily their commodities of cigars and brandy, and the weather was so bitter cold that they could not fail to find plenty of customers. Carpenters and workmen were still making a huge banging and clattering among the sheds which were built for the accommodation of the visitors; some of these sheds were hung with black, such as one sees before churches in funerals; some were robed in violet, in compliment to the Emperor, whose mourning they put on; most of them had fine tricolour hangings, with appropriate inscriptions to the glory of the French arms.

All along the Champs Élysées were urns of plaster of Paris, destined to contain funeral incense and flames; columns decorated with huge flags of blue, red, and white, embroidered with shining crowns, eagles, and N's, in gilt paper; and statues of plaster representing nymphs, triumphs, victories, and other female personages painted in oil so as to represent marble; real marble could have had no better effect, and the appearance of the whole was lively and picturesque in the extreme. On each pillar was a buckler of the colour of bronze, bearing the name and date of a battle in gilt letters; you had to walk through a mile-long avenue of these glorious reminiscences, telling of spots where, in the great imperial days, throats had been victoriously cut.

As we passed down the avenue, several troops of soldiers met us,—the *garde municipale à cheval*, in brass helmets, and shining jack-boots, noble-looking men, large on large horses, the pick of the whole army, as I have heard, and armed for the special occupation of peace-keeping,—not the most glorious, but the best part of the soldier's duty, as I fancy. Then came a regiment of carabineers, one of infantry, little, alert, brown-faced, good-humoured men, their band, at their head, playing sounding marches; these were followed by a regiment, a detachment of the municipals, on foot, two or three inches taller than the men of the line, and conspicuous for their neatness and discipline. By and by came a squadron or so of dragoons of the National Guards; they are covered with straps, buckles, aiguillettes, and cartouche-boxes, and made, under their tricolour cock's-plumes, a show sufficiently warlike. The point which chiefly struck me on beholding these military men of the National Guard and the line was, the admirable manner in which they bore a cold that seemed to me as sharp as the weather in the Russian retreat, through which cold the troops were trotting without trembling, and in the utmost cheerfulness and good humour. An aide de camp galloped past in white pantaloons,—by heavens, it made me shudder to look at him!

With this profound reflection, we turned away to the right, across the hanging-bridge (where we met a detachment of young men of the École de l'État-Major, fine-looking lads, but sadly disfigured by the wearing of stays or belts, that make the waists of the French dandies of a most absurd tenuity), and speedily passed into the avenue of statues leading up to the Invalides. All these were statues of warriors from Ney to Charlemagne, modelled in clay for the nonce, and placed here to meet the corpse of the greatest warrior of all. Passing these, we had to walk to a little door at the back of the Invalides, where was a crowd of persons plunged in the deepest mourning, and pushing for places in the chapel within.

The chapel is spacious, and of no great architectural pretensions, but was, on this occasion, gorgeously decorated in honour of the great person to whose body it was about to give shelter.

We had arrived at nine; the ceremony was not to begin, they said, till two; we had five hours before us to see all that from our places could be seen.

We saw that the roof, up to the first lines of architecture, was hung with violet; beyond this with black. We saw N's, eagles, bees, laurel wreaths, and other such imperial emblems, adorning every nook and corner of the edifice. Between the arches on each side of the aisle were painted trophies, on which were written the names of some of Napoleon's generals, and of their principal deeds of arms, —and not their deeds of arms alone, *pardi*, but their coats of arms too. O stars and garters, but this is too much! what was Ney's paternal coat, prithee? or honest Junot's quarterings, or the venerable escutcheon of King Joachim's father the innkeeper?

You and I, dear Miss Smith, know the exact value of heraldic bearings,—we know that, though the greatest pleasure of all is to *act* like a gentleman, it is a pleasure, nay, a merit, to *be* one; to come of an old stock, to have an honourable pedigree, to be able to say centuries back our fathers had gentle blood, and to us transmitted the same. There *is* a good in gentility; the man who questions it is envious, or a coarse dullard not able to perceive the difference between high breeding and low; one has in the same way heard a man brag that he did not know the difference between wines, not he,—give him a good glass of port, and he would pitch all your claret to the deuce. My love, men often brag about their own dullness in this way.

In the matter of gentlemen, democrats cry, 'Pshaw!

Give us one of nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats.' And so, indeed, nature does make *some* gentlemen—a few here and there. But art makes most. Good birth, that is, good, handsome, well-formed fathers and mothers, nice cleanly nursery maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining,—a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentleman-makers in the world, and beat nature hollow.

If, respected madam, you say that there is something *better* than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knights' spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh, for one, is never going to say you nay. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections and honest harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it can possibly do good by its example,—perhaps, madam, you speak with some sort of reason. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and (not liking him over well) the best tending ; but I can't help acknowledging that nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

Or say, we are so many cocks and hens, my dear (*sans arrière pensée*), with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard, and tolerable snug roosting in the barn. Yonder, on the terrace, in the sun, walks peacock, stretching his proud neck, squealing every now and then in the most pert, fashionable voice, and flaunting his great, supercilious, dandified tail. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature because he despises us. *Something* is there about peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so, you can't make it as long or as blue as his ; cock your tail as much as you please, and it will never be half so fine to look at. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would you and I be, leaving the barn-door for my lady's flower-garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel, rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant, lusty cockadoodledooing.

Do you take the allegory ? I love to speak in such ; and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimcrack coat of arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's generals.

Ventrebleu, madam ! what need have *they* of coats of arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded, aristocratic gewgaws, that they had flung out of the country, with the heads of the owners in them sometimes,—for, indeed, they were not particular,—a score of years before ? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be ? A clever young man (who was not of a high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university), young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French Revolution, sneered at 'Roland the Just with ribbons in his shoes' ; and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly, smart *parvenu*, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him (God bless him ! in later years they taught him what they were !), and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous, and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoe-buckles ? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe !

How fatal to the *parvenu* throughout history has been this respect for shoe-buckles ! Where, for instance, would the empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat of arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder ?—the bold Republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the Holy Roman Empire to the right-about, before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born that was to prove so fatal to the father of it. It has always been so ; they won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other ; but give in a republic an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works, and plots, and sneaks, and bullies, and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph ? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste ; and, permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact : he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all ; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions,—and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves ?), the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy,—namely, to stick by one's party.

While these thoughts (and sundry others relative to the horrible cold of the place, the intense dullness of delay, the stupidity of leaving a warm bed and a breakfast in order to witness a procession that is much better performed at a theatre)—while these thoughts were passing in the mind, the church began to fill apace, and you saw that the hour of the ceremony was drawing near.

Imprimis, came men with lighted staves, and set fire to at least ten thousand of wax-candles that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illuminations were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which sparkling lamps were set that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why not ? Who is god here but Napoleon ? and in him the sceptics have already ceased to believe, but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV divide the worship of the place between them.

As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for it is that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions, military and funereal; a great eagle, of course, tops the whole; tripods burning spirits of wine stand round this kind of dead-man's throne, and, as we saw it (by peering over the heads of our neighbours in the front rank), it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half a thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however (to speak the jargon of the painting-room), was spoiled by being *cut up;* there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon. The ten thousand wax-candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colours of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems, dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling, or rather *bothering*, the beholder.

High overhead, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their original colours worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim, ghostly-looking standards captured in old days from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show.

To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during this ceremony is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another: in the course of the last few years I have seen three; that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled for hours together are jocular rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment—one particular moment—when the universal people feels a shock, and is for that second serious.

But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness here beyond that of ennui. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First, opposite our seats, came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscots, until the arrival of the procession.

For seven hours these men formed the object of the most anxious solicitude of all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches. They began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sat. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers, one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather: the individual jumps repeatedly upon one leg and kicks out the other violently, meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and from them drew eatables of various kinds. You can't think how curious we were to know the qualities of the same. '*Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!*'—'*Il a du jambon, celui-là.*' 'I should like some too,' growls an Englishman, 'for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast,' and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried.

Did you ever see a chicken escape from clown, in a pantomime, and hop over into the pit, or amongst the fiddlers? and have you not heard the shrieks of enthusiastic laughter that the wondrous incident occasions? We had our chicken, of course; there never was a public crowd without one. A poor unhappy woman, in a greasy plaid-cloak, with a battered, rose-coloured plush bonnet, was seen taking her place among the stalls allotted to the grandees. '*Voyez donc l'Anglaise*,' said everybody, and it was too true. You could swear that the wretch was an Englishwoman,—a bonnet was never made or worn so in any other country. Half an hour's delightful amusement did this lady give us all: she was whisked from seat to seat by the *huissiers*, and at every change of place woke a peal of laughter. I was glad, however, at the end of the day, to see the old pink bonnet over a very comfortable seat, which somebody had not claimed, and she had kept.

Are not these remarkable incidents? The next wonder we saw was the arrival of a set of tottering old invalids, who took their places under us, with drawn sabres. Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome, smiling, good-humoured giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed. 'The little darlings!' all the ladies cried out in a breath: they were, indeed, pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us; the huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours, in the most perfect contentment, twiddled his moustachios, and played with the tassels of his cane.

Now the company began to arrive thicker and thicker. A whole covey of *conseillers d'état* came in, in blue coats, embroidered with blue silk; then came a crowd of lawyers, in toques and caps, among whom were sundry venerable judges, in scarlet, purple velvet, and ermine—a kind of Bajazet costume. Look there! there is the Turkish Ambassador, in his red cap, turning his solemn brown face about, and looking preternaturally wise. The Deputies walk in in a body. Guizot is not there; he passed by just now, in full ministerial costume. Presently, little Thiers saunters back. What a clear, broad, sharp-eyed face the fellow has, with his grey hair cut down so demure! A servant passes, pushing through the crowd a shabby wheel-chair. It has just brought old Monçey, the Governor of the Invalides, the honest old man who defended Paris so stoutly in 1814. He has been very ill, and is worn down almost by infirmities; but in his illness he was perpetually asking—'Doctor, shall I live till the 15th? Give me till then, and I die contented.' One can't help believing that the old man's wish is honest, however one may doubt the piety of another illustrious marshal who once carried a candle before Charles X in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon's coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure; but don't let us ask too much; that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman's characteristic.

Bang, bang! At about half-past two a dull sound of cannonading was heard without the church, and signals took place between the commandant of the Invalides, of the National Guards, and the big drum-major. Looking to their troop (the fat nationals were shuffling into line again), the two commandants uttered, as nearly as I could catch them, the following words:—

'Harrum—Hump!'

At once all the national bayonets were on the present, and the sabres of the old invalids up. The big drum-major looked round at the children, who began very slowly and solemnly on their drums, rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—(count two between each)—rub-dub-dub; and a great procession of priests came down from the altar.

First, there was a tall, handsome cross-bearer, bearing a long gold cross, of which the front was turned towards his grace the archbishop. Then came a double row of about sixteen incense-boys, dressed in white surplices: the first boy about six years old, the last with whiskers and of the height of man. Then followed a regiment of priests, in black tippets and white gowns; they had black hoods, like the moon when she is at her third quarter, wherewith those who were bald (many were, and fat too) covered themselves. All the reverend men held their heads meekly down, and affected to be reading in their breviaries.

After the priests came some bishops of the neighbouring districts, in purple, with crosses sparkling on their episcopal bosoms.

Then came, after more priests, a set of men whom I have never seen before—a kind of ghostly heralds, young and handsome men some of them, in stiff tabards of black and silver, their eyes to the ground, their hands placed at right angles with their chests.

Then came two gentlemen bearing remarkably tall candlesticks with candles of corresponding size. One was burning brightly, but the wind (that chartered libertine) had blown out the other, which nevertheless kept its place in the procession. I wondered to myself whether the rev. gent. who carried the extinguished candle felt disgusted, humiliated, mortified, perfectly conscious that the eyes of many thousands of people were bent upon that bit of refractory wax. We all of us looked at it with intense interest.

Another cross-bearer, behind whom came a gentleman carrying an instrument like a bedroom candlestick.

His Grandeur Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris—he was in black and white, his eyes were cast to the earth, his hands were together at right angles on his chest, on his hands were black gloves, on the black gloves sparkled the sacred episcopal—what do I say?—archiepiscopal ring. On his head was the mitre. It is unlike the godly coronet that figures upon the coach-panels of our own right reverend bench. The archbishop's mitre may be about a yard high; formed within probably of consecrated pasteboard; it is without covered by a sort of watered silk of white and silver. On the two peaks at the top of the mitre are two very little spangled tassels that frisk and twinkle about in a very agreeable manner.

Monseigneur stood opposite to us for some time, when I had the opportunity to note the above remarkable phenomena. He stood opposite me for some time, keeping his eyes steadily on the ground, his hands before him, a small clerical train following after. Why didn't they move? There was the National Guard keeping on presenting arms, the little drummers going on rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—in the same steady, slow way, and the procession never moved an inch—there was evidently, to use an elegant phrase, a hitch somewhere.

(Enter a fat priest, who bustles up to the drum-major.)

FAT PRIEST.—Taisez-vous.

LITTLE DRUMMERS. — Rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub, &c.

DRUM-MAJOR.—Qu'est-ce donc ?

FAT PRIEST.—Taisez-vous, vous dis-je, ce n'est pas le corps. Il n'arrivera pas pour une heure.

The little drums were instantly hushed, the procession turned to the right-about, and walked back to the altar again, the blown-out candle that had been on the near side of us before was now on the off side, the National Guards set down their muskets and began at the sandwiches again. We had to wait an hour and a half at least before the great procession arrived. The guns without went on booming all the while at intervals; and as we heard each, the audience gave a kind of '*ah-ah-ah!*' such as you hear when the rockets go up at Vauxhall.

At last the real procession came.

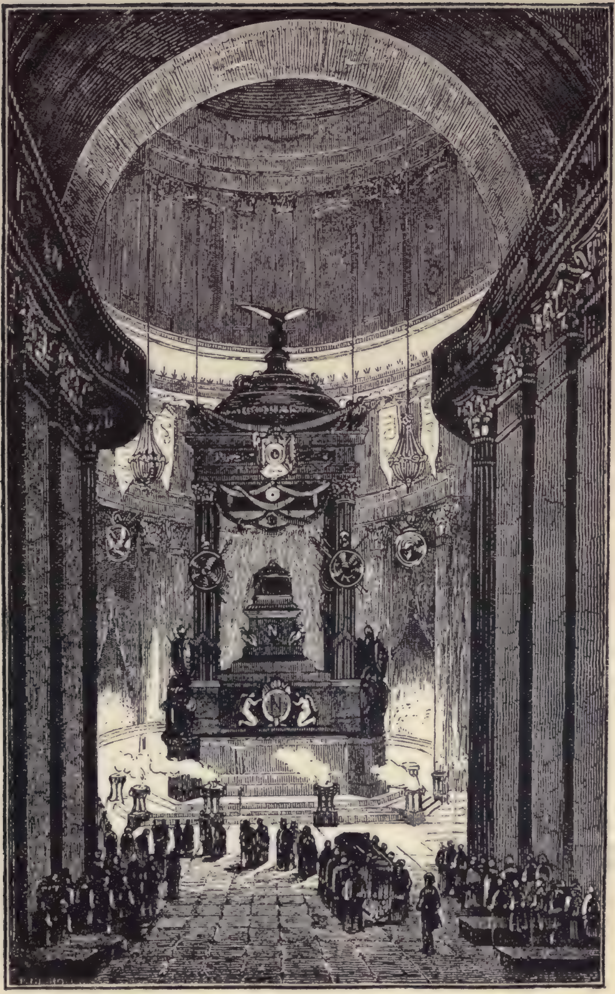
Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the nationals to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for, and went, and presently—yes, there was the tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came *back!*

They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent.

Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild shrill march, which stopped the reverend gentlemen; and in the midst of this music,

And of a great trampling of feet and clattering,

And of a great crowd of generals and officers in fine clothes,



TOMB IN THE CHAPEL OF THE INVALIDES

With the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession,

And while everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible,

Napoleon's coffin passed.

It was done in an instant. A box, covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—seamen on one side, and invalids on the other; they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

A faint snuffling sound as before was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced, and said, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.'

Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Bertrand put on the body the most glorious, victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The six hundred singers and the fiddlers now commenced the playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the *Belle Poule* skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps on altars went out.

When we arrived in the open air, we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place: the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honour of the King, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hotel had gone away too. The imperial barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore.

It was five o'clock when we reached home; the stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and Françoise told me that dinner was just ready.

In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried. Farewell.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURG, ETC.

By the Author of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence,' 'The Memoirs of Major Gahagan,' Etc.

A LETTER FROM PARIS

[*The Corsair* (New York), October 26, 1839]

A lady who takes lessons of the famous Italian singing-master, Monsieur M——, invited us to be present at a concert or oratorio given by a hundred of his pupils, whom he has instructed for the last three months, and who live together at a place where I fancy pious hymns have not been often sung since the monks inhabited it—the woman's prison of Saint-Lazare, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis. Mass is performed here at eight o'clock in the morning, and we found the clock striking, and the *maître de chapelle* at the gate just as we for a wonder reached it. 'This is one of my *bonnes œuvres*,' said Monsieur M—— (who does not receive precisely a napoleon a lesson from each of his *élèves* in this establishment), a *bonne œuvre* which very few were willing to imitate, or even come and see: for our guide told us that he had expected *une société*, of which, however, none made their appearance but ourselves. We may set it down as a rule that good works in Paris do not begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and before breakfast.

We went through three or four little quadrangles, clean, dismal and deserted, with a very bright sky lighting them up, and making the thousand little ghastly barred windows look only more dark; and, passing through an anteroom, where, on a great board of five feet by seven, was chalked the music which Monsieur M——'s poor scholars had been practising, and were about to sing, went into the gallery of the chapel, and took our places alongside a number of the inhabitants of the place. The service had begun; the candles were lighted over the shabby little altar, and shone upon a few pictures which were hung about it—a crucifix, two Magdalens, and an odious head of Saint Vincent de Paul, before which an old priest was quavering out the service, followed hither and thither by a little boy in white, walking up the altar-steps, and down again, and round about them ; and kneeling down, and bobbing his little shorn head, and swinging to and fro a clattering gilt incense-pot as his Church ordains. An old, shrivelled, bustling lady, with a bunch of proper prison-like keys at her waist, made way for us, and gave us seats, and robbing another, I suppose inferior, turnkey of a wicker chair at which she was kneeling, handed it over to one of the ladies of our party, who was very much puzzled to know what to do with more than one ; so, as soon as the head-jaileress had retreated to her seat, we gave back the chair to its former possessor, who did not seem to know how to pursue her devotions without it.

It was the first time that I had ever been in such distinguished female society, and I looked at the faces of the poor girls about me with no ordinary curiosity. On a former occasion at Bicêtre, I saw the mad-hospital there, and marvelled how sober all the people looked, and visiting afterwards the convicts' prison (which then formed part of the establishment[1]), I thought that the men who came out to undergo the now abolished operation of the *ferrement* seemed an honest, hearty, jovial-looking set ; but at Saint-Lazare the ladies looked certainly as wretched as you could expect or desire :—among the two or three hundred whom I could see, there were not above four that were tolerably good-looking. One was regularly beautiful, with a tremendous development of the back head, which would frighten a phrenologist ; some were so characteristically hideous that Hogarth or Cruikshank could wish no better model ; and whether by mere chance I know not, but I remarked that a very small portion of the women—not half a dozen, perhaps—were *fair-haired*. I do not recollect to have seen in the common population of the town and streets this vast majority of the dark over the fair, and must leave to physiologists to determine if there be not any special virtue in the skin.

Monsieur M—— declared that his pupils were among the best subjects of the prison, and as far as outward appearance went, his words were certainly borne out; there was a decided superiority in the looks and expression of the women and children gathered round his instrument to those who were seated near us. As the music went on (a smart young lady from the town, in white and red ribands, singing much out of tune, sang the solo), we observed a little girl close to us, who seemed affected by it, and began to weep. Her two companions would not allow her to remain in any such fit of repentance, and speedily sneered her out of it. The mirth of these women was not a little curious to behold: they were perpetually nodding, smiling, winking to other comrades in distant parts of the chapel—you saw all sorts of wild signs going on amongst them, and mysterious communications made with the finger, and hurried off as one has seen the deaf-and-dumb pupils perform them. What a strange activity is this of a prison! what a dreadful merriment! what a wild, reckless, glancing, uneasy spirit seems to urge them on—a perpetual gnawing of the chain and dashing against the bars! The musicians, however, appeared to be pretty tranquil—they pursue their study with vast industry, we were told, and give up the two hours of sunshine and exercise allotted to them in order to practise these hymns and choruses. I think the prettiest sight I saw in the place was a pair of prisoners, a grown woman with a placid face, who had her arm round the neck of a young girl; they were both singing together off the same music-book, and in the intervals seemed to be fond and affectionate towards each other.—Poor things, poor things! what was their history? I wonder whether you or I, madam, are a whit better than this couple of choristers in their dingy prison-dresses; or whether, when we, at church, out of gilt prayer-books with gold clasps, follow the clerk and sing the Old Hundredth very gingerly and genteelly——I wonder, I say, whose music is, in reality, the best?—But the music has stopped: hark! there is a great jangling of a bell, and straightway all the prisoners fall on their knees, and you see of a sudden five hundred heads bow down, and as many hands make the sign of the cross—presently afterwards the old priest, followed by the dapper little boy in white, ascends the stairs—the boy swings about the shabby incense-pot,—his reverence marches in front, holding, and waving, right and left, a very old brush that seems worn down to the stumps—seeing us in purple and fine linen, he makes for us and offers the brush, from which, being Protestants, and dreadfully frightened at being obliged to show that we don't know what to do with the brush when we get it, we shrinkingly withdraw—some of the prisoners begin to giggle, the old woman who yielded up her praying-chair reaches forward and clutches hold, for an instant, of the blessed brush—down below at the altar you see a dirty extinguisher on a pole, rising, quivering for a moment over each of the lights, and popping them out one by one; his reverence gives his blessings, the active old turnkeys bustle about, and mustering their bands of prisoners into squads, march with them out of the building—the smart little incense-boy has put away his white surplice and pot, and comes out of the chapel pulling up his shirt-collar: he has brushed some hair over the little bald place on his head, and tries to look like a man of the world. We pass through the quadrangles again:—all the prisoners have been consigned to their respective quarters by this time, and the courts are as deserted as before.

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[1] It is now transferred to Rue de la Roquette.

Half an hour spent in this prison has made us weary of it: and the motion and gaiety of the street strikes one most welcomely, as the porter closes the *guichet* behind us, and shuts in the five hundred poor women whom we have just seen, to work out their term of slavery, and fulfil their bargain with the State. A short time afterwards, and at the proper orthodox hour, we went to an exhibition somewhat different in its details, but similar in its purpose, and took our places along with a crowd of fashionable miserable sinners at the Episcopal Church, near the British Embassy, where we had no mummery of clanking incense-pots, and meagre consumption of wax-candles; but a bishop with a plenty of white sleeves, and a portly beadle with a silver-knobbed stick, as the Christian religion ordains. We all agreed in pitying the poor benighted Catholic creatures, whose strange rites we had just witnessed—and as for the organ, it beat Monsieur M——'s cracked harmonicon, or whatever the instrument may be called (it sounds like the music which we perform in childhood by the aid of a piece of paper and a comb); as for the organ, I say, it beat Monsieur M——'s harmonicon out of the field: and as for the company, it was the very pink of the fashion in

Paris, I can assure you. Well, let us be thankful that we have been brought up not as our neighbours are: miserable sinners we are, it is true, but then there are sinners and sinners, degrees, look you, and differences. I wonder what the differences are, and whether, with her ease, her comforts, her education, such as it is, her freedom from temptation, her ladyship in satin will weigh much lighter than yonder poor girl, whose birthright has been want and crime; and who so far as regards the breakage of the eighth and one or two other Commandments, has never known the meaning of repentance. There are those poor devils—the grown sinner and the little one—embracing each other, smiling on each other, and singing hymns out of the same book. I don't know where I have seen anything more touching or beautiful; there is a sort of homely sublimity about them: it is more beautiful, yea, than my Lady Ambassadress in her pew surrounded by a whole body of diplomatists; more sublime than the bishop himself and the beadle stalking before him.

I have been to Paris once a year for these last ten years, but was never inveigled into sight-seeing until the other day, with a party of newly-arrived English, who issued out of Maurice's into a glass coach, and took several hours of intolerable pleasure. We went to the Madeleine (the walk round it under the magnificent Corinthian columns is one of the noblest things possible) and entered the gorgeous hall of white marble and gold, with its inner roof of three circular domes ranging the length of the building, with a semi-dome covering the northern end over the altar, and a circular vault covering the vestibule. Galignani's guide-book (one of the best, most learned, and most amusing books of the kind that have been published) will give you full account of the place, as of all others that sight-seers frequent. It is as fine, certainly, as fine can be, in its details, and vast and liberal in its proportions. Well! fancy a beautiful, gorgeous, elegant, Brobdingnag café, or banqueting-room, and the Madeleine will answer completely. It does not seem to contain a single spark of religion—no edifice built in the Greek fashion ever did. Why should we be prejudiced in favour of the Gothic? Why should pointed arches, and tall steeples, and grey-buttressed walls built cross-wise, seem to express—to be, as it were, the *translation into architecture* of our religion?

Is it true, or is it only an association of ideas? You, in America, who have been born since Gothic Architecture was dead, can best answer the query. I suspect the voluntary system would be puzzled to redeem itself into a regular formula of brick and mortar, as the Catholic Church did of old.

From the Madeleine we were carried to the Bibliothèque du Roi, where it was a show-day, and where we saw long tables, with gentlemen reading at them: some very fine prints in the little print-room, if one had but the time to examine them; and some extraordinary knick-knacks in the shape of canoes, guns, and medals. There was Clovis's arm-chair, and one of the chessmen sent by Haroun al-Raschid to Charlemagne!—What a relic!—It is about the size of half a tea-caddy—a royal chessman truly! Think of Charlemagne solemnly lifting it and crying 'Check!' to Orlando—think of the Palace of pictures—Zobeide has just been making a sherbet—Haroun and the Grand Vizier are at tables there by the fountain—the Commander of the Faithful looks thoughtful, and shakes his mighty beard—Giaffir looks pleased although he is losing. 'Your Majesty *always* wins,' says he, as he allows his last piece to be taken: and lo! yonder comes Mesnour, chief of the eunuchs: he has a bundle under his arm; 'Sire,' pipes he, in a cracked voice, 'it is sunset, here are the disguises, your Majesty is to go to the rope-maker's to-night,—if Sindbad should call, I will get him a jar of wine, and place him in the pavilion yonder by the Tigris.'

Of the rest of the collection it is best to say nothing: there is a most beautiful, tender, innocent-looking head of young—*Nero!*—a pretty parcel of trinkets that belonged to Louis XV's Sultanas (they may have been wicked, but they were mighty agreeable surely)—a picture of Louis Quatorze, all wig and red-heeled pumps, another of Louis XVIII, who, in the midst of his fat, looks like a gentleman and a man of sense, and that odious, inevitable, sickening, smirking countenance of Louis Philippe, which stares at you wherever you turn. At Bicêtre, for instance, there was a bust of the King, with an inscription: AU ROI LES DETENUS RECONNOISSANS—'to the King the rogues' remembrance.' At Versailles, in the picture-gallery, there is King Charles reviewing his troops, near the King a stout dragoon in white looks over his shoulder, and grins at the spectator: it is Louis Philippe; there again is King Charles crowned at Rheims—by his side stands the first Prince of the blood, looking over his shoulder, and smirking as ever—Louis Philippe of course—I wonder the man, considering the circumstances, has let these pictures remain.

Talking of Versailles and the King, let me tell you a story. Last year was published a book on Versailles with numerous engravings in the *Keepsake* fashion. Mr. Leitch Ritchie did the book in English, a very clever writer as you know, and an admirer, it appears, of the French, whom in his work he took occasion to compliment warmly. The French version, or rather the French original, was by M. Hippolite Fortoul, who had no such admiration for the King, and scarcely mentioned his existence. Well, Fortoul was this year to write a description of Fontainebleau as he had done of Versailles; the King on hearing this actually sent down to the bookseller and offered him a book *gratis* if he would give up Fortoul. Is not this a fine homage to the Press, and is it not a fine action for a King?

From the Bibliothèque we rattled off to the Gobelins, at which the ladies were highly amused. You have seen ladies at work at a frame in the midst of a great skurry and labyrinth of worsted balls, making slipper-tops, kettle-holders, footstool covers, wall-carpets and other nonsense. Fancy one of these frames six feet high by seven, and when you have fancied this, fancy several long rooms full of them, and fancy the stitches infinitely smaller and neater, the needles, shuttles, worsteds, and other traps more curiously arranged, men with whiskers and moustachios seated behind the frames, instead of idle ladies in caps and morning dresses, and you have a pretty good idea of the Gobelins. It is all very pretty, but tailoring is a far more noble, useful, ornamental, and agreeable profession, to my mind.

Hence with inconceivable swiftness we were transported to the Musée d'Artillerie, and for a description of this again you must be referred to your guide-book—what can one say of the immense figure of Francis the First, but wonder that a man six feet six inches in height should have such spindle shanks? They are a miracle of thinness. What can one say of Joan of Arc's armour, but that it is an evident imposture? There is Ravellais's dagger, and yonder Henry IV's embossed and ornamented suit of steel. There is Francis's sword which he lost (with everything except honour) at the fight of Pavia. Yonder are a couple of the absurd, hideous, useless weapons, covered with red baize and ornamented with paltry tin, which David the painter invented at the time of the classical rage, and on the Roman model. If you choose to examine further, every variety of weapon, from to-day to the time of the Crusades, is exhibited for your notice.—There are models of all sorts of guns, possible and impossible; and the impression of the whole upon the ignorant spectator who has been to this and the half-dozen other sights above named, and has come home after walking over some miles of wooden planks—the impression, I think, is rather a humiliating one. You have spent a guinea in coach hire; you did not have your breakfast comfortably; you have been whirling from gallery to gallery, your eyes weak, your brain is mystified, your back and limbs ache, and you are *thoroughly bored*. No reasonable man should see more than one or two sights in a month—the digestion won't stand it; and to have the *mens sana* you know the *corpus sanum* is absolutely requisite. My dear sir, I once went up the Drachenfels before breakfast, and descended a wiser and a better man. I arrived at the top and could only see clouds; I came down and brought back with me a headache and a fever, and I vowed never to go up a mountain again, of my own free will, that is. In like manner with sights: to a well-regulated, easy-going, comfort-loving man, what sight after all is equal to a pretty white table-cloth, in a cabinet at the Trois-Frères, or the Rocher—a bottle of champagne (*vides ut alta stet nive candidum!*) is on the side-table, and yonder comes François the waiter with two plates containing just four dozen Ostenders, to give an appetite for dinner! Cry out as you will, and swear that such vulgar tastes degrade humanity—fiddlestick! I say that Shakespeare or Raphael never invented anything that on a hot day at half-past five o'clock is equal to Ay and oysters; to enjoy *them* you can't enjoy many other sights in the day, and must come to them as you would to every other sensual enjoyment (*all* enjoyments are sensual enjoyments, the Pons Asinorum, the Greek Masters, Dr. Snorter's sermon, Taglioni dancing the mazurka—κ. τ. λ.),—you must come to them as to every other sensual enjoyment, calm, cool, quiet, the mind at ease. Now I will give you a proof of this—after I had gone to see all these sights, I went to Vérey's to dine; there appeared, as if dropped from the clouds, that celebrated wandering philosopher Father Prout. We dined; he had been quiet all day, and what was the consequence? *he beat your humble servant by twelve oysters and a beefsteak au beurre d'anchois.* This remarkable fact (connected with the literature of our country) will show you what it is to hurry too much over sightseeing, and to disturb the powers of that *magistro artis, ingenique largitor*, which in American society I fancy is never mentioned.

I am keeping a little note of dinners, which when they are swelled out to a sufficient length, shall be sent to you. Of theatres the same thing.—There are no actors of very particular note now in Paris, except Mademoiselle Rachel, whom it is almost impossible to see, so much do the people flock after her. There is a charming Englishwoman, Madame Thillon, singing at the Renaissance, the best actress and the best-educated English singer now on the stage; but the comedians are absent, chiefly the immortal Arnal, that sublime buffoon, Bouffé, that wonderful actor, Vernet, Lepeintre, impudent little Déjazet and the rest who make a French farce the most sparkling, joyous, delightful thing in the world. How I love the old airs and the new jokes to them, and the fat old *propriétaires*, who marry the young people at the end, and the saucy soubrettes, and the *niais*, on whom all the tricks are played, and the heroine, and the little insignificant hero himself—a lad of eighteen generally, with a pinched waist and budding moustaches, who has his hair curled at the expense of the theatre, and a salary of thirty pounds a year, maybe. All these one must love, with their merriment, and their wit, and their follies, and their delightful absurd affectation; whereas, Déjazet is only a bawling bore (let it be said in confidence), Athalia a great imperious spouting Mademoiselle Georges of a woman—the Cid himself, the largest and noblest figure of French tragedy, would talk more nobly still, if he would but talk in prose, and get rid of that odious jingling rhyme.

31st August. T. T.

LOOSE SKETCHES

BY MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

(Written for *The Britannia*)

I

READING A POEM

In Two Parts—PART I

[*The Britannia*, May 1, 1841]

LORD DAUDLEY, the Earl of Bagwig's eldest son, a worshipper of the Muses; in a dressing-gown, with his shirt collars turned down.
MR. BOGLE, the celebrated publisher; in a publisher's costume of deep black.
MR. BLUDYER, an English gentleman of the Press, editor of the *Weekly Bravo;* green coat, red velvet waistcoat, dirty blue satin cravat, dirty trousers, dirty boots.[1]
MR. DISHWASH, an English gentleman of the Press, editor of the *Castalian Magazine;* very neat, in black, and a diamond pin.
MR. YELLOWPLUSH, my lord's body-servant; in an elegant livery.
Voices without. The Door-bell. NICHOLAS, my lord's tiger.

The scene is Lord Daudley's drawing-room in the Albany.

THE DOOR-BELL (*timidly*). Ting, ting.

YELLOWPLUSH (*in an arm-chair before the fire, reading the 'Morning Post'*). 'Yesterday, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Lord Bishop of Lawn, the Lord John Fitzwhiskers, to Amelia Frances Annabel, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Samuel Botts, Esq., of Portland Place. After an elegant *déjeuner* at Lord Tufton's mansion, in Cavendish Square, the happy pair set off——'

THE DOOR-BELL. Ring, ting, ting.

YELLOWPLUSH. Where's that hidle Nicholas? The bell's been going it these ten minutes, and distubbing me at my studies.—'The happy pair set off for a tour on the Continent, and intend, we hear, to pass the carivan—no, the carnival at Naples.' And a pretty junny they'll have of it! Winter—iniondations at Lyons; four mortial days on board the steamboat! *I've* been the trip myself, and was half froze on the rumble. Luckily, Mademsell Léocadie, my lady's maid, was with me, and so we kep warm, but——

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[1] This actor should smell very much of stale smoke, and need not shave for two or three days before performing the part.

THE DOOR-BELL. Ring-aring-ring-ring.

YELLOWPLUSH (*in a voice of thunder*). NICHOLAS, you lazy young raggymuffian! do you hear the bell? Do you want to wake my lord?

NICHOLAS (*without*). This way, sir, *if* you please.

DISHWASH (*entering*). Thank you, Nicholas; I am afraid I disturbed you. Never mind, I've not been there long. Thank you. Just put my galoshes to the fire, will you, like a good lad? for it's bad wet weather.

YELLOWPLUSH. Oh, it's only one of them lettery chaps; I wonder how my lord can have to do with such. Let us go on with the news.—'On Thursday, Mr. F. Hogawn, of Peckham Rye, to Mary Jane, daughter of John Rudge, Esq., of the same place.' Why can they put such stuff in a genteel newspaper?—Is that you, Mr. Dishwash? Pray, do you come by appintment? My lord ain't up yet, but you may as well set down. There's yesterday's paper somewhere about.

DISHWASH. Thank you, Yellowplush: and how goes it, my fine fellow; any more memoirs, eh? Send me the proofs, my boy, and you shan't want for a good word, you know.

YELLOWPLUSH (*pacified*). Thank you, in return; and here's to-day's *Post*. I've quite done with it; indeed my lord has kep me here this half-hour a-poring over it. I took him his pens, ink, and chocklate at eleven; and I b'lieve he's cumposing something in his warm bath.

DISHWASH. Up late, I suppose? There were three great parties, I know, last night.

YELLOWPLUSH (*aside*). How the juice should *he* know?

DISHWASH. Where was he, now? Come, tell me. Was it at Lord Doldrum's, or at the Duke's? Lady Smigsmag had a small conversazione, and very select, too, where I had the honour to pass the evening, and all the world was on the look-out for the famous Lord Daudley, who had promised to come and read us some of his poems.

YELLOWPLUSH. His poems!—his gammin. Since Lord Byrom's time, cuss me if the whole aristoxy has not gone poetry-mad, and writes away like so many common Press men. What the juice *do* they write for?—they can't do it half so well as the reglar hacks at the business.

DISHWASH. Oh, you flatter us, Yellowplush, that you do.

YELLOWPLUSH. I say they *can't* do it as well; and why do they go on? *They* don't want money, as you and I do, Mr. Whatsyourname—Mr. Dishwash. I suppose you only write for money, do you? If you were a gentleman, now—confess, would you ever put pen to paper? I wouldn't, I know;—but there's my lord's bell, and so you can just look over the junnal till I return. We made a pretty good speech in the House of Commins, last night, as you will see. [*Exit.*

DISHWASH. Vulgar, low-bred upstart! That creature now has all the vices of the aristocracy, without their virtues. He has no idea of the merit, the dignity of a man of letters, and talks of our divine calling as a trade, and dares to treat me, a poet and a man of letters, on a footing of equality. Ah, for the time when men of our profession shall take their rank with the foremost in the land, and the great republic of genius shall be established. I feel it in my heart—the world demands a republic;—genius will never prosper without it! All men are equal,—and we, above all, ought to be the equals of the highest; and here am I spoken to, familiarly, by a lackey! I, who am——

BLUDYER (*who has entered with his hat on during* DISHWASH'S *speech, and slaps the latter on the shoulder*). You are very little better. Confess, now, old buck, wasn't your father a washerwoman, and your mother a linen-draper's clerk?

DISHWASH. No! It's a calumny, Bludyer,—a base falsehood.

BLUDYER. Well, then, what are they?

DISHWASH (*sulkily*). What's that to you?

BLUDYER. There, now, you great noodle, you. You calumniate your own parents more than any one else does, by being ashamed of their calling, whatever it may be. Be a man, now, and don't affect this extra gentility, which all the world laughs at. Be a man, and act like me!

Do you suppose *I* care who knows my birth and parentage? No, hang it; anybody may have the history of Jack Bludyer. *He* doesn't go sneaking and cringing to tea-parties;—*he's* no milksop. Jack Bludyer, I tell you, can drink seven bottles of claret at a sitting, and twice as many glasses of whisky-and-water. I've no pride, and no humility, neither—I don't care to own it. I back myself, look you, Dishwash, and don't give the wall to the first man in Europe.

DISHWASH. I wonder what brings you here, then, my good fellow?

BLUDYER. The same thing that brings you—interest, my fine fellow, and worthy Dishwash: not friendship. I don't care a straw for any man alive; no more do you, although you are so sentimental. I think you a fool about many matters—don't think you such a fool as to admire Daudley's poems.

DISHWASH (*looking round timidly*). He, he, he! Why, between ourselves, they are not first-rate; and *entre nous*, I know who wrote the best part of them. There's not a single passage in *The Death-knell; or*, *The Lay to Laura*, that's worth reading; but, between ourselves, I wrote it. Don't peach, now;—don't betray me.

BLUDYER. Betray *you?* 'There's not a single passage in *The Death-knell; or*, *The Lay to Laura*, that's worth twopence;—but *I* wrote it.' *You*—you've as much strength as milk-and-water, and as much originality as a looking-glass. You write poetry, indeed! You don't drink a bottle of wine in a year. Hang me if I believe you were ever drunk in your life!

DISHWASH. I don't profess to believe, my good sir, that drunkenness is an essential poetic qualification, or that Helicon is gin-and-water—he, he! and if ever you read my little book of *Violets*, you might have found that out.

BLUDYER. Violets be hanged! I say juniper berries. Give me a good, vigorous style, and none of your namby-pamby milk-and-water. Do you ever read my paper? If you want to see what power is, look at that.

DISHWASH. Indeed. The fact is, I never *do* read it.

BLUDYER. Well, you're right, you're right. I never read anything but what I am forced to read, especially if it's written by my friends. I like to think well of them, Dishwash, and always considered you a clever fellow, till I read that absurd ode of yours about a heliotrope.

DISHWASH. It's quite as good as your ballad in last Sunday's *Bravo;* and my poor article in the *Castalian* is, I am sure, as strong as yours.

BLUDYER. Oh, you *have* read the *Bravo*, have you? What a fool I am, Dishwash,—a great, raw, silly fool. Upon my word and honour, I believed you what you said; but it will be a lesson to me, and I won't, my boy, do so again.

DISHWASH. Insufferable coarseness! How goes the *Bravo*, Bludyer?

BLUDYER. We're at 3,500. I don't ask you to credit my word, but look at the stamps.

DISHWASH. Your advertisements pretty good?

BLUDYER. For six months they made a conspiracy against us in the Row; but we beat 'em. You of the *Castalian*, I know, go on the puffing plan: we are a new paper, and take the tomahawking line. I tell you, sir, we've beat the booksellers, and they are all flocking to us. Last week I attacked a new book of Fogle's so severely—a very good book, too, it was—very well and carefully done, by a scholar and clever man. Well, sir, I belaboured the book so, that Fogle came down to our place with tears in his eyes, and a whole bundle of advertisements, and cried '*Peccavi.*' The abuse of that book will be worth £300 a year to the *Bravo*. But what is gratitude? If I, who have done our proprietors that service, get a five-pound-note for my share, it is all I can look for. What rascals publishers are, hey, Dishwash? Are we to be kept here for ever? How long have you been waiting?

DISHWASH. Why, a quarter of an hour, or maybe longer.

BLUDYER. That's the way with you all. You cringe to these aristocrats. Curse them; take them by the horns, and be a man. You have waited an hour: see, now, how Daudley will admit *me*. (Mr. BLUDYER *kicks against the panels of* LORD DAUDLEY'S *bedroom, and shouts*)—Hallo! Daudley—Lord Daudley, don't keep me here all day! I've got some proofs of the *Bravo* to read to you, and can't wait.

YELLOWPLUSH (*putting his nose out*). You can't come in, my lord's in his bath.

BLUDYER (*through the door*). Well, I'm off, then; and by Jupiter, my lord, look to yourself.

YELLOWPLUSH. My lord says that, if you don't mind seeing him in his dishybeel, you may come in to him, Mr. Bludyer.

BLUDYER (*to* DISHWASH). There, spoony! didn't I tell you so?

DISHWASH. Use a little more gentlemanly language, Mr. Bludyer, if you please.

BLUDYER. Gentlemanly language? Hang it, sir, do you mean I'm no gentleman? Say so again, and I'll pull your nose.

YELLOWPLUSH. My lord's waiting, Mr. Bludyer.

[*They go in.*]

DISHWASH. I wonder whether he *would* pull my nose, now—the great coarse, vulgar, gin-drinking monster! It is those men who are a disgrace to our profession; and, with all his affectation of independence and bluntness, I know that man to be as servile a sycophant as crawls. Oh, for a little honesty in this world; and oh that the man of letters would understand the dignity of his pro——

NICHOLAS (*without*). Mr. Bogle!

Enter MR. BOGLE.

BOGLE. My appointment's at eleven, and tell his lordship I must see his lordship soon, if he can make it convenient. I've fourteen other calls to make on the tip-top people of the town. Ha! Dish., how are you? I've fourteen other calls—fourteen volumes of poems, by fourteen dukes, duchesses, and so on, down to baronets; but they're common now, Dish., quite common. Why, sir, a few years ago I could sell an edition with a baronet's name to it; and now the public won't have anything under an earl. Fact, upon honour!—And how goes on the *Castilian*, hey, Dishwash?

DISHWASH. *Castalian*, Mr. Bogle—he, he! You sell books, but you don't *read* them, I fancy?

BOGLE. No more I do, my boy—no such fool; I keep a man to read them, one of you fellows.

DISHWASH (*sneeringly*). Oh, yes—Diddle; I know your man well enough.

BOGLE. Well, sir! I pay Mr. Diddle three hundred a year, and you don't fancy I would be such a flat as to read my books when I have a man of his experience in my establishment. Have you anything to say against Mr. Diddle, sir?

Dishwash. Not a syllable; he is not exactly a *genius*—he, he!—but I believe he is a very estimable man.

Bogle. Well, I tell you, then, that he has a great deal to say against *you*. Your magazine is not strong enough in its language, sir. Our books have not their fair chance, sir. You gave Fogle's house three columns last week, and us only two. I'll withdraw my advertisements if this kind of game continues, and carry them over to the *Aperian*.

Dishwash. The *Pierian!* why, our sale is double theirs.

Bogle. I don't care! I'll have my books properly reviewed; or else, I'll withdraw my ads. Four hundred a year, Mr. Dishwash; take 'em or leave 'em, as you like, sir. But my house is not going to be sacrificed for Fogle's. No, no.

Dishwash. My dear good sir, what in conscience can you want now? I said that Lady Laura Lippet's *Gleanings of Fantasy* were gorgeous lucubrations of divine intellect, and that the young poetess had decked her brow with that immortal wreath which Sappho bore of yore. I said that no novelist since the days of Walter Scott had ever produced so divine a composition as Countess Swanquil's *Amarantha*. I said that Lord Cutthrust's account of the military operations at Wormwood Scrubs was written with the iron pen of a Tacitus.

Bogle. I believe you, it *was* written well. Diddle himself wrote the whole book.

Dishwash. And because Fogle's house published a remarkable work, really now a remarkable history, that must have taken the author ten years of labour——

Bogle. Don't remarkable history me, sir. You praise *all* Fogle's books. Hark ye, Dishwash, you praise so much and so profusely, that no one cares a straw for your opinions. You must abuse, sir; look at Bludyer, now—the *Bravo's* the paper for my money. See what *he* says about that famous history that you talk of—(*takes out a paper and reads*). 'Senseless trash; stupid donkey; absurd ignoramus; disgusting twaddle!' and disposes of the whole in a few lines—that's the way to crush a book, sir.

Dishwash. Well, well, I will abuse some poor devil, to please you. But you know if I am severe on one house, I must be so on another. I can't praise all your books and abuse all Fogle's.

BOGLE. Of course not, of course not; fair's the word, and I'll give you a list now of some of my books which you may attack to your heart's content. Here—here's a history, two poems, a volume of travels, and an Essay on Population.

DISHWASH. He, he, he! I suppose you publish these books *on the author's account*, hey?

BOGLE. Get along, you sly dog. What! you know *that*, do you? You don't suppose I am such a fool as to cry out against my own property. No, no, leave Tom Bogle alone.

DISHWASH. Well, I suppose you are here about Lord Daudley's new volume.

BOGLE. *Passion-Flowers!* there's a title! there's no man in England can invent a title like my friend Diddle. '*Passion-Flowers*, by the Lord Daudley, with twenty illustrations on steel;' let my lord put his name to it, and I'd make my fortune, sir. It's nothing; he can get anybody to do the book; you could knock it off yourself, Mr. Dishwash, in a month, for I've heard Diddle say that you've a real talent that way.

DISHWASH. Did he now, really? that Diddle's a clever fellow.

BOGLE. (*musing*). Twenty plates—red velvet binding—four thousand. Yes, I could give my lord eight hundred pounds for that book. I'll give it him for his name; I don't want him to write a word of it.

DISHWASH. No, no, of course; you and I know that it must be done by one of *us*. Well, now, suppose, under the rose, that I undertake the work?

BOGLE. Well, I have no objection; I told you what Diddle said.

DISHWASH. And about the terms, eh, Bogle?

BOGLE. Why, though there are half a dozen men about my place who could turn out the work famously, yet I should like to employ you, as Diddle says you are a clever man. My terms shall be liberal. Yes—let me see, I'll give you, for seventy short poems, mere trifles, you know——

DISHWASH. A short poem often requires a deal of labour, Mr. Bogle. Look at my *Violets;* now, there's a sonnet in that book dedicated to Lady Titterton, whom Sultan Mahmoud fell in love with, which took me six weeks' time. You *must* remember it; it runs so:—

As 'tis his usage in the summer daily,
Impelled by fifty Moslemitish oars,
With crescent banners floating at the mast,
And loyal cannon shouting from the shores,
The great Commander of the Faithful passed
Towards his pleasure-house at Soujout Kalé.
Why turns the imperial cheek so ashy paly? . . .

BOGLE. Oh, never mind your verses. You literary men are always talking of your shop; nothing is so vulgar, my good fellow, and so listen to me. Will you write the *Passion-Flowers*, or will you not? If you choose to do me seventy-two sets of verses (the time is *your* look-out, you know, not mine), I'll give six-and-thirty guineas.

DISHWASH. Six-and-thirty guineas!

BOGLE. In bills at one, two, and three years. There are my terms,—take 'em or leave 'em.

YELLOWPLUSH (*entering*). Gentlemen, MY LORD!

LORD DAUDLEY *and* BLUDYER *enter.*

DAUDLEY. Charles, get some soda-water for Mr. Bludyer.

BLUDYER. And some sherry, Charles. I was as drunk as a lord last night.

DAUDLEY. Bludyer, you compliment the aristocracy.

DISHWASH. Ha, ha, ha! Very good, isn't it, Bogle?

BOGLE. Is it? Oh, yes! ha, ha, ha! capital!

BLUDYER. Not so bad, Daudley: for a lord you are really a clever fellow. I don't say it to flatter you—no, hang me! I flatter nobody, and hate the aristocracy; but you are a clever fellow.

DISHWASH. It is a comfort to have Mr. Bludyer's word for it, at any rate; he, he!

BLUDYER. Well, sir, are you going to doubt Mr. Bludyer's word? Give me leave to tell you that your remark is confoundedly impertinent!

YELLOWPLUSH (*going out*). Oh, these lettery people! What infurnal corseness and wulgarity!

DAUDLEY. Come, come—no quarrelling. You fellows of the what's-his-name, you know—what we used to say at Oxon, you know, of the *genus irritabile*, hay ? Bludy, you must be a little more placable ; and, Washy, your language was a little too strong. Hay, Bogle, you understand ? I call these two fellows Bludy and Washy ; and as for Dishwash, if I don't call him Washy, I'll call him Dishy, hay ?

BOGLE. Capital ! capital ! You'll kill me with laughing ;—and I want to talk to your lordship about the *Passion-Flower* business.

DAUDLEY. Your rival bookseller, Mr. Fogle, has been with me already about the book.

BOGLE. What ! with my title ? The scoundrel ! My lord, it's a felony. You are not going to lend yourself to such a transaction, I am sure. Fogle publish the *Passion-Flowers !* I'll prosecute the unprincipled ruffian ; I will, as sure as my name's Bo——

DAUDLEY. To a goose. Fogle is not going to publish a book called *Passion-Flowers ;* but he has a project of a little work, bound in blue velvet, containing twenty-two illustrations on steel, written by the Lord D'Audley, and called *The Primavera.*

BOGLE. The what ? It's a forgery all the same. I'll prosecute him—by all the gods, I will !

DAUDLEY. Well, well, we have come to no bargains. *Entre nous*, you publishers are deuced stingy fellows.

DISHWASH. He, he, he !

BLUDYER. Haw, haw, haw ! Had you there, old Bogle !

DAUDLEY. And that rascal only offers me six hundred pounds.

BOGLE. I'll give six-and-fifty.

DAUDLEY. No go.

BOGLE. Seven hundred, then ?

DAUDLEY. Won't do.

BOGLE. Well, make it eight hundred, and ruin me at once.

DAUDLEY. Mr. Bogle, my worthy man, my terms are a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds, look you, or curse me if you get a single *Passion-Flower* out of George Daudley.

YELLOWPLUSH (*entering*). Mr. FOGLE, my lord, the publisher.

BOGLE. What ?

Yellowplush. Mr. Fogle, my lord, according to appointment, he says. Shall I show him in ?

Daudley. Yes, you may as well. Yes, certainly.—(*Aside.*)—Egad, he's come just at the proper moment !

Bogle. Stop, my lord ; pray, stop one minute. That ruffian follows me like my shadow. Show him into the study. For heaven's sake, let me say a word.

Daudley. Show Mr. Fogle into the study, Charles. (*Exit* Yellowplush.) Well, now, my worthy man, what have you to say ?

Bogle. Well, then, my lord, just to keep your name upon my lists, I'll make the money nine hundred.

Daudley. Sir, give me leave to tell you that your offer is impertinent.—Charles !

Bogle (*drawing out a paper*). Very good, then ; here's the agreement. Sign this : a thousand pounds ; the MSS. to be delivered in three months ; half the money on delivery : the rest in bills, at three and six months. Will that suit you ?—No ? Say two hundred pounds down. Here's the money.

Daudley. Egad, this will do ! Here, I'll sign it, and let our two friends here be witnesses.

Bogle. But, my lord, a word with you—about—about the writing of the poems. Will you do them, or shall we ? There is a capital hand in our house, who could knock them off in a month.

Daudley. Upon my word, this surpasses everything I ever knew. Do you suppose I am an impostor, Mr. Bogle ? Take your money, and your infernal agreement, and your impertinent self, out of the room.

Bogle. A million of pardons, my dear, dear, dear, *dear* lord ; I wouldn't offend your lordship for the world. Come, come, let us sign. You will sign ? Here, where the wafer is. I've made my clerk copy out the agreement ; one copy for me and one for your lordship. There, there's my name—'Henry Bogle.' And here are the notes, of which your lordship will just acknowledge the receipt. Please, gents, to witness this here understanding between his lordship and me.

Dishwash (*signs*). '*Percy Dishwash.*' } Of course you give
Bludyer. '*John Bludyer.*' } us a dinner, Bogle?

Bogle. Oh, certainly, some day. Bless my soul ! twelve o'clock, and I have an appointment with Lady

Mantrap at half-past eleven! Good-bye, my lord, my *dear* lord.—Good-bye, Dish.—Bludyer, you owe me ten pounds, remember, and our magazine wants your article very much. Good-bye, good-bye, good-b——(*Here the door shuts upon* MR. BOGLE.)

DISHWASH. Well, the bargain is not a bad one. Do you know, my lord, that Bogle had the conscience to offer me six-and-thirty guineas for the book which will bring you a thousand?

DAUDLEY. Very possibly, my good fellow; but the name's everything. I have not the vanity to suppose that I can write much better than you, or Bludyer, here.

DISHWASH. Oh, my lord! my lord!

DAUDLEY. No, indeed; really, now, I don't think so. But if the public chooses to buy Lord Daudley's verses, and not to care——

DISHWASH. For poor, humble Percy Dishwash, heigho! you were in the right to make the best bargain you can, as I should be the last to deny.

(MR. YELLOWPLUSH *here enters with* MR. BLUDYER'S *soda-water.*)

SODA-WATER. P-f-f-f-f-f-f—op whizz! (MR. BLUDYER *drinks.*)

DISHWASH. But where is Fogle all this while? you should have had him in and pitted him against his rival.

DAUDLEY (*archly*). Ask Charles.—Charles, you rogue, why do you keep Mr. Fogle waiting?

YELLOWPLUSH. Mr. Fogle's *non inwentus*, my lord.—He never was there at all, gentlemen; it was only a *de ruse* of mine, which I hope your lordship will igscuse, but happening to be at the door——

BLUDYER. And happening to be listening!

YELLOWPLUSH. Well, sir! I confess I *was* listening—in my lord's interest, in course; and I am sure my stepping in at that moment caused Mr. Bogle to sign the agreement. My lord won't forget it, I trust, and cumsider that, without that sackimstans, he mightn't have made near such a good barging.—

[*Exit* YELLOWPLUSH.

DAUDLEY. No, I won't forget it, you may be sure, Master Charles. And, egad! as soon as I have paid the fellow his wages, I'll send him off. He's a great deal too clever for me; the rogue writes, gentlemen, would you believe it ? and has just had the impudence to republish his works.

DISHWASH. Never mind him, my dear lord ; but do now let us hear some of yours. What were you meditating this morning ? Confess now—some delightful poem, I am sure.

PART II

[*The Britannia*, May 8, 1841]

DAUDLEY. Well, then, if you must know the truth, I was scribbling a little something ; just a trifling thought that came into my brain this morning, as I was looking out at the mignonette-pot in my bedroom window. You know it was Lady Blanche Bluenose that gave it me, and I promised her a little copy of verses in return. 'Well,' says I, thinking over my bargain with that fellow Bogle, 'as I have agreed to write something about flowers, my little poem for Lady Blanche's album will answer for my volume too, and so I shall kill two birds with one stone.' That's the very thing I said ; not bad, was it ?

BLUDYER. Not bad ? devilish good, by the immortal Jove. Hang me, my lord, but you're a regular Joe Miller.

DISHWASH. Really now, Lord Daudley, you should write a comic novel. Something in the Dickens style.

DAUDLEY. I shouldn't wonder if I did ; I've thought of it, Dishwash, often. The *New Novel of Low Life, by Lord Daudley*, hay ? forty illustrations by Whiz ; it wouldn't sound badly. But, to return to the *Passion-Flowers*.

DISHWASH. We are all ear.

BLUDYER. Not all ear, Dish. ; a good deal of you is nose.

DAUDLEY. Mr. Bludyer, for Heaven's sake, a truce to these personalities, if you have a mind to listen to me. I told you I was thinking in bed this morning about Lady Blanche's present, and the poem I had promised her. 'Egad ! ' says I, starting up in bed, and flinging my green velvet night-cap very nearly out of window, ' why should I not write about that flower-pot ? '

BLUDYER. And a dev'lish good idea, too.

DISHWASH. (*Aside.* Toad-eater!) Oh, leave Lord Daudley alone for ideas.

DAUDLEY. Well, sir, I instantly rung my body-fellow, Charles; had my bath, ordered my chocolate, and, with the water exactly at ninety-two, began my poem.

BLUDYER. Oh, you practise the hot-water stimulus, do you, my lord? And so do I; but I always have mine at Fahrenheit; boiling, my lord, as near as possible.

DAUDLEY. Gad now! you don't say so?

BLUDYER. Boiling, yes, with a glass of brandy in it—do you take? Once, when I wrote for the Whigs—you know I am Radical now—I wrote eight-and-thirty stanzas at a sitting. And how do you think I did it? By nineteen glasses of brandy-and-water. That's your true Castalian, eh, Dishwash? But, I beg pardon for interrupting you in your account of your brilliant idea; tell us more about the 'Flower-pot,' my lord.

DISHWASH. The verses, the verses, my lord, by all means—positively now I'm dying to know them.

DAUDLEY. Oh, ah! the verses—yes—that is—why, egad, I've not written down any yet, but I have them here in my brain—all the ideas at least, and that's the chief thing.

BLUDYER. Why, I don't know; I don't think it's of any use to have ideas, or too many of them, in a set of verses.

DAUDLEY. You are satirical, you rogue Bludyer, you—dev'lish satirical, by Jove. But the fact is, I can't help having ideas, and a deuced many of them, too. My first idea was to say, that that humble flower-pot of mignonette was more precious to me than, egad! all the flowers in a conservatory.

BLUDYER. Very good and ingenious.

DISHWASH. Very pretty and pastoral; and how, my lord, did you begin?

DAUDLEY. Why, I begin—quite modestly you know,—

My little humble flower-pot—

and there, egad! I stuck fast—for my bell began a cursed ringing, and presently this monster of a Bludyer came and kicked down my dressing-room door almost, and drove poetry out of my head. So as you served me so, why, gentlemen, you must help me in my ode. I want to say how it looks out into Piccadilly, you know, and on St. James's Church, and all that.

BLUDYER. Excuse me, that will never do; say it looks out on your park in Yorkshire. Mrs. Grange the pastry-cook's window looks into Piccadilly just as well as your lordship's. You must have something more aristocratic.

DAUDLEY. Egad! yes, not bad. Well, it *shall* look into my park at Daudley. I thought so myself; do you like the idea, eh, gentlemen? You do like it, I thought you would. Well, then, my flower-pot stands in a window, and the window is in a tower, and the tower is in Daudley park, and I begin,—

My little humble flower-pot,
My little hum——

DISHWASH. *Upon my turret flaunting free*,—flaunting free! there's an expression!—there's a kind of *laisser aller* about it.

BLUDYER.

My little humble flower-pot,
  Upon my turret flaunting free,
Thou art more loved by me, I wot,
  Than all the sweets of Araby.

DAUDLEY. Stop, stop!—by Gad, the very thing I was going to say; I thought of 'I wot' and 'Araby,' at once, only Bludyer interrupted me. It wasn't a bad notion, was it? (*Reads*) Hum, hum—'flower-*pot*—flaunting *free* —by me, I *wot*—Ara*by*.' Well, I've done for *that* idea, at any rate,—now let's see for another.

BLUDYER. Done with that, already? Good heavens, Daudley, you had need be a lord, and a rich one, to fling about your wealth in that careless kind of way,—a commoner can't afford to be so prodigal; and, if you will take my advice in the making of poems—whenever you get an idea, make a point of repeating it two or three times, thus:—

Not all the sweets of Eastern bower——

DAUDLEY. Egad, the very words out of my own mouth —(*writes*) 'Eastern bower'——

BLUDYER.

Are half so dearly prized by me,
As is the little gentle flower——

DAUDLEY.

Pot, in my turret flaunting free.

That's the thing.

DISHWASH. Why, no, my dear lord, if I might advise, it's well to repeat the same sentiment twice or three times over, as Mr. Bludyer says. In one of Sir Edward's tragedies, I counted the same simile fourteen times, but at intervals of two or three pages, or so. Suppose, now, instead of your admirable line——

BLUDYER. Which divides the pot from the flower, you see.

DISHWASH. We say—

As is the little gentle flower,
  The mignonette, that blooms in thee!

DAUDLEY. Bravo!—eight lines already. Egad, gentlemen, I'm in the vein.

BLUDYER. There's nothing like backing your luck in these cases, my lord, and so let us throw in another stanza,—

My little dewy moss-grown vase,
  Forth from its turret looks and sees,
Wide stretched around the park and chase,
  The dappled deer beneath the trees.

Ha! what do you say to that? There's nothing like the use of venison in a poem—it has a liberal air; now let's give them a little mutton. I presume you feed sheep in your park, Lord Daudley, as well as deer?

DAUDLEY. Oh, yes, 'gad! and cows too—hundreds of them.

BLUDYER.

Beside the river bask the kine,
  The sheep go browsing o'er the sward;
And kine, and sheep, and deer are mine,
  And all the park calls Daudley lord.

DAUDLEY. It *doesn't*, my dear fellow—egad, I wish it did—but till my father's death, you know——

DISHWASH. Bagwig is a sad unromantic name for a poem.

DAUDLEY. Well, well—I'll yield to my friends, and sacrifice my own convictions. I'll say Daudley, then, and not Bagwig. And, Dishwash, you may say everywhere, that in my poem of *The Flower-pot*, you suggested that alteration. (*Writes*)—'And all the park calls Daudley lord!'

BLUDYER.

> Safe sheltered in thy turret nook,
> My gentle flower-pot, 'tis thine
> Upon this peaceful scene to look,
> The lordship of my ancient line!
> Rich are my lands, and wide they range——

DAUDLEY (*who writes always as* BLUDYER *dictates*). 'Rich are my lands, and wide they range.'—Egad! they're devilishly mortgaged though, Master Bludyer; but I won't say anything about *that*.

DISHWASH. Bravo! Capital!

BLUDYER.

> Rich are my lands, and wide they range,
> And yet do I esteem them not,
> And lightly would my lordships change
> Against my little flower-pot.

DISHWASH. Whew!

DAUDLEY. Come, come, Bludyer, that's *too* much.

BLUDYER. Not a whit, as you shall see.—

> By wide estates I set no store,
> No store on sparkling coronet;
> The *poet's heart* can value more
> This fragrant plant of mignonette.
> And as he fondly thinks of her
> Who once the little treasure owned,
> The lover may the gift prefer
> To mines of gold and diamond.

Isn't that, now, perfectly satisfactory? You are a lover, and your mistress's gift is more precious to you than Potosi; a poet (and that you know you are), and a little flower provokes in you——

DISHWASH. Hopes, feelings, passionate aspirations, thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. Holy memories of bygone times, pure as the innocent dew that twinkles on the cup of the flower; fragrant, mysterious, stealing on the senses as—as——

DAUDLEY. Exactly so. You are perfectly right, egad; though I never thought that I had those feelings before.

DISHWASH. Oh, it's astonishing how the merest trifle serves to awaken the vastest thoughts: and, in such a way, my hint might aid your lordship. Suppose we continue:—

> My mild and winsome flower-pot!

Bludyer (*aside*). Mild and winsome! there's affectation! but let the epithets pass, they're good enough for a lord.

Dishwash (*continuing*).

My mild and winsome flower-pot,
  As—let me see—As on thy dewy buds I gaze,
I think how different is my lot
  Unto my sire's in ancient days.
Where softly droops my bonny flower,
  My free and feathery mignonette,
Upon its lofty, ancient tower
  The banner of my race was set.

Daudley. 'Race was set.' Bravo! we're getting on,—hay, Bludyer? But you are no hand at an impromptu, like Dishwash and myself; he's quite beaten, I declare, and has not another rhyme for the dear life.

Bludyer. Not another rhyme! my dear lord, a dozen; as thus:—

Where peaceful roam the kine and sheep.
  Were men-at-arms with bow and bill;
Where blooms my flower upon the keep,
  A warder blew his clarion shrill.

And now for the moral:—

Dark memories of blood and crime,
  Away! the poet loves you not;
Ah me! the chieftains of that time
  Had never seen a flower-pot![1]

Daudley. Bravo, bravissimo! six stanzas, by the immortal gods! Upon my word, you were right, Bludyer, and I was in the vein. Why, this will fill a couple of pages, and we may get the *Passion-Flowers* out in a month. Come and see me often, my lads, hay? and, egad! yes, I'll read you some more poems.

Dishwash. Two o'clock, Heaven bless me! my lord, I really must be off to my office, for I have several columns of the *Castalian* to get ready before night. As I shall be very much pressed for time and copy, might I ask, as the greatest favour in the world, permission to insert into the paper a part of that charming little poem which you have just done us the favour to read to us ?

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[1] A poem very much of this sort, from which the writer confesses he has borrowed the idea and all the principal epithets, such as 'free and feathery,' 'mild and winsome,' &c., is to be found in the *Keepsake*, nor is it by any means the worst ditty in the collection.

DAUDLEY. Well, I don't mind, my good fellow. You will say, of course, that it is from Lord Daudley's forthcoming volume of *Passion-Flowers ;* and, I am sure, will add something, something good-natured, you know, in your way, about the projected book.

DISHWASH. Oh, certainly, with the greatest pleasure. Farewell, my dear lord, I must tear myself away, though I could stay and listen to your poetry for hours ; there is nothing more delightful than to sit by a great artist, and watch the progress of his work. Good-bye, good-bye. Don't ring, I shall find the way easily myself, and I hope you will not be on any ceremony with me.

DAUDLEY. Good-bye, Dishwash. And, I say, come in sometimes of a morning, like a worthy fellow as you are, and perhaps I may read to you some more of my compositions. (*Exit* DISHWASH, *bowing profusely*).—A good useful creature that, eh, Bludyer ? but no power, no readiness, no *vis.* The fellow scarcely helped us with a line or a rhyme in my poem.

BLUDYER. A good-natured milksop of a creature, and very useful, as you say. He will give you a famous puff in the *Castalian*, be sure.

DAUDLEY. As you will, I am certain, in the *Bravo.*

BLUDYER. Perhaps, perhaps ; but we are, as you are aware, in the satirical vein, and I don't know whether our proprietors will allow me to be complimentary even to my own—I mean, to your works. However, between ourselves, there is a way of mollifying them.

DAUDLEY. As how ?

BLUDYER. By a bribe, to be sure. To be plain with you, my lord, suppose you send through me a five-pound note to be laid out in paragraphs in the *Bravo.* I will take care to write them all myself, and that they shall be well worth the money.

DAUDLEY. Nonsense ! you do not mean that your people at the *Bravo* are so unprincipled as that ?

BLUDYER. Unprincipled ? the word is rather strong, my lord : but do exactly as you please. Nobody forces you to advertise with us ; only do not, for the future, ask me to assist at the reading of your poems any more, that's all.

Daudley. (*Aside.*—Unconscionable scoundrel!) Come, come, Bludyer, here's the five-pound note; you are very welcome to take it——

Bludyer. To my proprietors, of course. You do not fancy it is for *me?*

Daudley. Not in the least degree; pray take it and lay it out for me.

Bludyer. *Entre nous*, I wish it *were* for me; for, between ourselves, I am sadly pressed for money; and if you could, out of our friend Bogle's heap, lend me five pounds for myself—indeed, now, you would be conferring a very great obligation upon me. I will pay you, you know, upon my honour as a gentleman.

Daudley. Not a word more; here is the money, and pray pay me or not, as it suits you.

Bludyer. Thank you, Daudley; the turn shall not be lost, depend upon it; and if ever you are in want of a friend in the press, count upon Jack Bludyer, and no mistake. (*Exit* Bludyer, *with his hat very much on one side.*)

Enter Yellowplush.

Daudley. Well, Charles, you scoundrel, you are a literary man, and know the difficulty of composition.

Charles. I b'leave you, my lord.

Daudley. Well, sir, what do you think of my having written a poem of fifty lines, while those fellows were here all the time chattering and talking to me?

Charles. Is it posbil?

Daudley. Possible? Egad, you shall hear it;—just listen. (*Reads*)—

'The Song of the Flower-pot.'

(*The Flower-pot was presented to the writer by the Lady Blanche Bluenose.*)

My little gentle flower-pot,
  Upon my turret flaunting free——

. . . . . .

[*As his lordship is reading his poem, the curtain drops.* The *Castalian Magazine* of the next week contains a flaming puff upon Lord Daudley's *Passion-Flowers;* but the *Weekly Bravo* has a furious attack upon the work, because Lord

Daudley refused to advance a third five-pound note to the celebrated Bludyer. After the critique, his lordship advances the five-pound note. And at a great public dinner, where my Lord Daudley is called upon to speak to a toast, he discourses upon the well-known sentiment—THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS! IT IS LIKE THE AIR WE BREATHE: WITHOUT IT WE DIE.]

LOOSE SKETCHES

II

A ST. PHILIP'S DAY AT PARIS

[*The Britannia*, May 15 and 22, 1841]

When the Champs Élysées were last decorated, it was for that grand serio-comic melodramatic spectacle of December 15th, in the midst of which the bones of Napoleon were restored to us. Here is May, and the men are again busy with shows, and lamps, and trophies. To-day, we are hailing the birthday of the King; to-morrow, we rejoice at the christening of a young prince, whom three cardinals attended to the font, and for whom has been provided a certain quantity of fluid from the river of Jordan. Upon King Louis Philippe—upon St. Philippe, his patron (the elder branch have monopolized *St. Louis*)—upon the Count of Paris—upon the city of the same name, and the fools dwelling in it who have gratified the young pap-devourer with the present of a fine sword that, pray Heaven, he may never use—upon the French custom of giving fêtes; viz., upon the fête at the entry of the Queen of Louis XIV, whom he treated so well, upon the fêtes of Louis XV, upon the grand fêtes of Louis XVI, of the federation, of Robespierre and the Supreme Being, of Bonaparte, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Napoleon again, and the Champ de Mai, then Louis XVIII once more, of Charles's fêtes, of Louis Philippe's fêtes—of all these it would be pretty easy to make jokes, and speak wholesome moralities: but what is the use? Come what will, these people will have their poles, their drums, their squibs and fireworks, and their other means of sunshiny recreation.

And quite right too. If men are to be amused, they may just as well take a bad reason for amusing themselves as a good one: nay, a bad one *is* a good one. If I say to you, 'I feel myself excessively happy, because it is the King's birthday; and, because I am happy, I intend to climb up a pole, to eat a certain quantity of gingerbread, to play at pitch-and-toss for macaroons, or at jack-in-the-box for a given period,'—you have no right to ask me either—

1. Why I am happy on account of the King?
2. Or why I am happier on his *pseudo*-birthday than on any other day in the year?
3. Or why, because I am happy, it is necessary that fellow-creatures should get up greased poles?
4. Or why, as I can fill my belly with gingerbread every day of the week, it is necessary that, on this particular day, I should eat that condiment, play at pitch-and-toss, jack-in-the-box, &c.?

All these are points wholly impertinent, and I should consider a man grossly flippant and conceited who proved them. If men are happy, why the deuce need we inquire why or how? Nature has supplied them with a variety of mysterious ways for being happy; they extract pleasure from substances where one would never have thought that it lurked—viz., some men from reading Parliamentary debates; some from swinging on gates, or butterfly chasing; some, on the contrary, from political economy, from the study of the law, from the leading articles of the *Times* newspaper; or from many other things equally strange. Newton, lying under a tree, had his nose tickled by an apple—Bottom, sprawling on Titania's lap, had his deliciously excited by a straw; and the spirit of each, inspired by the circumstance, went off straight to his own heaven, soaring into a height of blissful considerations, which it never could have reached but for the aid of the pippin or the straw. Give a man, then, his pleasure where he finds it. A million bushels of Ribstons might have tumbled from trees and smashed my nose to a jelly, without my discovering the doctrine of gravitation; and the fairies have scratched and tickled me all Midsummer through, without causing the ravishing delight felt by the honest weaver. There are secrets in every man's pleasure: let us respect them even without knowing them. I saw a man to-day, in the Champs Élysées—a large, fat man, with ear-rings and immense shirt-collar—a grandfather at least—walking placidly in the sunshine, sucking a stick of barley-sugar. He had sucked it in a beautiful conical way, and was examining its amber apex, glistening between his eye and the orb of day. He was showing his loyalty, in a word, to his King, and manifesting his joy, his reverential joy, at the christening of the Count de Paris. And why not ?

That same day other men were showing their loyal hilariousness in other ways, viz. :—

All the dignitaries of the state, the church, law, &c., made speeches in their best clothes, according to their several degrees.

All the ambassadors put on their cordons, plaques, crachats, and white breeches ; and one of their body, in the name of this sympathizing society, made an oration. At night their hotels covered themselves over with pieces of cork and fat, in which wicks joyfully blazed.

Five hundred soldiers scaled the summit of the Arc of the Étoile, and fired a shot of squibs out of their guns. Artillerymen stood at the foot of the arch, and their pieces propelled many roaring rounds of gunpowder and wadding to hail the happy anniversary.

Perhaps I thought the fat, silent, sunshiny man, calmly sucking his sugar-stick, the most sincerely happy and loyal of them all ; for as for the guns and the ambassadors, it is their business to shout, and they are loaded, wadded, greased, and polished for the purpose. But let us take things as we find them : let us, contented with effects, not be too squeamish and curious about the causes. Here is the sun shining, the heaven faultlessly blue, the leaves bright, the fountains playing, and five hundred thousand people happy. What can one want more ? If people had but the means, it would be a blessing to have eighteen-score-and-five King's birthdays in the year.

I have always had an objection to guns in theatrical pieces, for they make a sad noise and roaring, cause the eyes to wink, and the head to ache, among men not nurtured in the uncomfortable lap of Bellona. And as at theatres, where the heroes are supposed to drink champagne, they are provided with a cool and wholesome bottle of soda-water, that all the pit takes to be real Moët ; so it has long been my wish that some mild kind of guns should be invented, going off with a pop, just for ceremony's sake, but never roaring out a great fierce bang, as they will do in stage pieces, whether performed at St. Stephen's theatre, the Coburg, or elsewhere.

Bang, bung, bom, boom! there they go, and all the breakfast things begin to clatter. I don't care to own that I feel nervous at hearing them; each roar gives one a slight epigastric thump; one affects to be at his ease, but waits all the time most anxiously for the succeeding boom; you play with your egg during the time, and make believe to read the newspaper, but in reality you enjoy neither. While the guns were at their work this morning, I pretended to read Sir Robert Peel's and Lord John's speeches, but declare, at the end of the time, I did not understand or remember a single word of them. There it is! those two matchless pieces of eloquence lost to a man, because the guns must, forsooth, celebrate the birthday of Louis Philippe. *Inter arma silent*, &c. O brazen-throated war! shut those brazen yelling jaws of thine, and let honest politicians talk in quiet. But what is the use of wishing and ejaculating? Wherever we go, *Miles* takes the wall of us; and, accordingly, the first thing we heard of the fête this morning was the guns; and the first thing we saw of it, the great, stalwart, jack-booted, brazen-helmeted gendarme, trotting his heavy Mecklenburg horse down the avenues of the Champs Élysées, and standing at every corner of every street leading thither.

Having passed the gendarmes (and may the time come when the Parisians, like ourselves, may find one in every street, not to watch their politicians, but their pockets!), we come immediately upon the Champs Élysées, where the fête is in the very act of going on. The trees are lined with beggars of various queer descriptions; old men with wonderful beards, and looking old enough to have seen Louis XIV pass down the road on his way to Versailles. A great wanderer about the town knows most of the beggars who exercise their trade in it; but these mysterious men come from their dens and haunts in the provinces—perhaps from foreign lands, across Alp or Pyrenee, attracted hither by the news of the great festival. The tales of beggars in story-books are always marvellous and pleasant in the romances of chivalry. In the Spanish novels, in the old English comedies, what a jolly, easy life do they lead!—what good scraps of songs do they sing!—how full are they of bitter Diogenic jokes, and moral comparisons of their state and that of kings, great personages, &c.! I saw the other day a humpbacked beggar boy lying in the sun, and counting his day's gains; he had, for a certainty, forty penny-pieces in his hand—but, whenever anyone passed, interrupted his arithmetic to ask, in a whining voice, for some more coppers. Yonder is an old, wooden-legged Orpheus, reclining against a tree and singing a most doleful ditty about a poor blind man who lost his dog. He sings so atrociously, that it is your bounden duty to give him a penny. He has at his feet, or foot, a little carpet, covered all over, *pardi*, with larger and smaller copper coins. Ah! why are not princes christened every day? That honest wooden-legged man would make a fortune in that case, and nobody be the poorer. Who is ever the poorer for giving away pence to beggars?

Yonder is the very finest of the mendicant order I ever saw. His face is faultlessly beautiful; he has old, bland, blind, venerable eyes; a little green velvet skull-cap covers a part of his head, under which fall thick flakes of snow-white hair; upon his old bosom reposes a beard—the wool of the Cashmere goat is not whiter or finer. He has a little bird-organ—a little old bird-organ, that pipes feeble tunes. That organ must be many, many centuries old; mayhap invented in those very days when fair Cecilia took her patent out, and angels hushed the flutter of their wings, and listened to her piping. Say, old man—sightless old man! thine eyes are calm and bright,—blue limpid lakes which do reflect the sun, and yet are cool! O ancient organ-man, when were thine eyes lit up with natural fires? Perhaps the blazing sand of Damiet—fire against fire, did scorch their lustre out, where good Saint Louis led his red-cross knights, and being conquered, led them back again. Perhaps fierce Bajazet, dread Ilderim (what time the rash Burgundian Nevers, with Eu, de Bar, Trimouille, and de la Marche, Coucy, and Boucicault, the pride of France, laid down their arms before the conquering Turk, upon the meadows of Nicopolis), put out the beacons of this old man's eyes. A gallant warrior then, and blithe and young, with pennoned lance, shouting his battle-cry, and ever foremost in the press of war.

This would make our old man at least five hundred and seventy years old; perhaps he is not so much—perhaps he is only Louis XIX in disguise, come from Prague to visit his capital. We have in history hundreds of such examples. In *The History of Beggar's Busk*, who, I pray you, is the old bearded beggar Claus, but a rightful Duke of Gueldres? In the still more authentic story of *The Duchess Penelope and her Suitors*, who was the beggar that came and saw the knights carousing, but Duke Ulysses, forsooth ? Psha !—a fig for such rambling nonsense ; drop a penny into the old man's tray, and pass on. Very likely, if he get enough of them, he will fuddle himself to-night ; and so he, too, will rejoice, after his fashion, on the King's birthday.

A point that must strike an Englishman naturally is this. Under the trees there are many scores of comfortable booths—barrels of wine advantageously placed, legs of mutton, and sausages gazing upon the passer-by with friendly eyes[1]; and yet, though it is three o'clock, nobody eats. The French are not a gormandizing nation ; at this hour, and with such a sun over our heads, in an English fair, many thousand dozens of bottled porter would have frothed down British throats, and cart-loads of beef, separated into the most attenuated slices, have disappeared for ever ! But here, nobody eats. I had the curiosity to count in a dozen booths ;—in one there was an elderly lady with three boys in a school uniform ; in others, a few fellows in blouses—a few couples of soldiers, with a little small beer before them. But it is, evidently, sad work for the boothmen, and let us hope the Government gives the honest people some subvention, to make them amends for the painful sobriety of the nation.

On the other hand, gambling goes on at a frightful rate. Look, there is the celebrated Polish game, with the hooks ;—there is a table with fifty hooks, all numbered, and a ring, swinging by a cord, at a short distance. It is a penny a throw. He who places the ring on the hook marked 50, thrice running, wins a watch ; but this was never known since the memory of man. If you hit number 20, you have twenty macaroons ; if 3, three macaroons, and so on. Will it be believed, that sometimes one does not hit any hook at all ? I had six pennyworth of throws, and came off with nine macaroons—and very nasty macaroons too ! Now, if I had laid out a penny in the regular way of barter, I might have had twelve macaroons, with a good profit to the vendor, too. Such is chance ;—O cursed lust of gain ! But if I lose, somebody wins ; let us console ourselves, therefore, and be happy, for is it not St. Philip's day ?

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[1] Everybody knows the eye of a leg of mutton.

Besides the hooks, there was the old roulette table, in which skill goes for naught ; and here the high prizes were not merely macaroon cakes, but pictures, neatly framed ; representing '*le bonheur conjugal*,' or '*la bonne mère*,' or the Prince de Joinville in jack-boots, superintending the exhumation of Napoleon, or other subjects connected with the life or burial of the great hero of the people. There is something affecting about these rude pictures. The people always have a kind, hearty taste. *They* don't care for ogling nudities, such as excite the eyes of their betters. Their simple faith is raised by homely parables ; and no doubt the reader remembers the time when, as a little child, he placed implicit reliance in all the pictures of his spelling-book. The picture of Dr. Dilworth in the beginning, and the allegory underneath ; the picture of Masters Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson ; that of the three tradesmen disputing about fortifying the city ; that of the dog going across the water with the beef in his mouth ; of the envious brute in the manger,—and so on. In all the ways of children there is something sacred ;— and yonder wondering peasants in sabots and high caps, those grave, brown-faced simple soldiers taking shots with the popgun, are children in their way. There are many popgun establishments about the Champs Élysées : one has for target a great Turk ; if you hit him straight in the middle, the monster fires off a pistol. Another is a Scotchman, who salutes you in a similar fashion. By the way, this is the only time in France that I have seen a Scotch Highlander represented in a grotesque fashion ; whether it is because their costume is becoming and bizarre, or because the Scots in old days were allied with our neighbours, or because the French love Walter Scott's novels, certain it is, they never make jokes at the expense of the Caledonians, but content themselves with hating and girding at us English. I saw a soldier as brown as a halfpenny take a vast number of shots at one of these targets ; and at last he hit the bull's-eye ; down came a Cupid, and crowned the fellow with calico roses, by which wreath he was made as happy as if he had knocked down Abd-el-Kadr himself.

Numbers of people were riding with perfect contentment in the merry-go-rounds; many an Englishman might like to do this, but for his stupid shame. Indeed, when I saw the man sucking the barley-sugar, I felt as if I should like a piece, but dared not get one. Ah, lollypops, hardbake, alicompaine, brandy-balls! how good you were forty years ago! though we don't meet or see each other now, yet we are attached, and I never, never shall forget you. Turtle-soup is good; but is it as good as open tarts? A cool glass of claret is not bad; but is it as pleasant as a half-penny-worth of liquorice, and brown sugar to the same amount, mixed with water in a twopenny vial, and kept hot in your pocket in the warm summer days? When you take it, or give it to a friend, you give the liquor a shake to make it froth, and take out the cork with your teeth, and bid your friend drink only to a certain place which you mark with your finger.

I have not tasted a drop for forty-three years—but what then? There are things *qui ne s'oublient pas.* 'Fresh is the picture of one's prime, the later trace is dim.' A few days ago I met a gentleman of sixty-five years old, who had been at Charterhouse School, and who said that he dreamed the night before of having been flogged by Doctor Beardmore. Five-and-fifty years, in a night, the spirit whisks backward! Napoleon has risen and died in the meanwhile; kingdoms have changed hands; cares, gout, grandchildren have seized upon the old man; what a number of kind eyes have looked on him that are shut now! how many kind hearts have beat for him, that have been loved and passionately deplored, and forgotten by him! what insurmountable woes has he climbed over! what treacheries and basenesses has he, by the slow discoveries of friendship, laid bare! what a stir and turmoil of fifty years has he gone through! one care pushing down another, one all-absorbing wish or interest giving place as another came on;—and, see here, he falls asleep, and straightway, through the immense labyrinth of a life's recollection, his spirit finds its way back to the flogging-block, and he wistfully fumbles at his breeches, and looks up at great Beardmore with the rod! Be gentle with the little ones, ye schoolmasters! Love them, but strike them not. How are the cherubim represented? They are the children of the skies, and so conformed that if you were to catch a stray one, you could not flog him if you would.

I always think the invention of toys and toyshops a very beautiful and creditable part of human nature. And it is pleasant to see in all fairs and public fêtes, in all watering-places whither people flock for pleasure, how many simple inventions are gathered together for the mere amusements of children—innumerable varieties of gingerbread, drums, go-carts, rocking-horses, by the sale of which honest people make their livelihood! The French are essentially a child-loving race, much more kindly and simple in their domestic ways than are we with our absurd, cold, dignified airs (the men, I mean, for the mothers are the same all over God's world); and it gives a man with the philoprogenitive bump great pleasure to walk into the fête, and see the worthy fathers walking with their children, or dragging them in little carriages, or holding them on patient shoulders to see the shows of the place.

Round the open square of the Champs Élysées are a vast number of booths and exhibitions; all Napoleon's battles, of course; no less than four companies of strong men; 'Les Hercules des Hercules;' 'the Indian strong men;' 'the strong men with the fairy pony,' &c. The drums and trumpets make an awful banging and braying; Socrisse stands in front, in his jacket and tow-wig, and makes melancholy jokes. When the ladies with short petticoats have done dancing on the ropes within, they come out solemnly, and range their bandy legs, and dirty pink cotton pantaloons before the eyes of the vulgar, to tempt them to go into the booth. But this is a great mistake; I, for my part, was just on the point of entering the booth of the Indian athletes, upon the faith of a picture in which these personages were represented—the men of swarthy hue, in incredible postures of strength, the women of ravishing beauty—when on a sudden a company of these Indians came forward to the outer stage, and a homelier, uglier race of Frenchmen I never saw. So it is with other shows. There is the Belgian fat woman, only sixteen, and four-and-twenty stone; though so young she possesses, it is said, every accomplishment; can talk a dozen languages, play upon innumerable instruments, and dance with grace and lightness. But the Indian jugglers made us incredulous, and our party determined not to visit the fat young Belgian lady.

We had, however, an excellent view of the gentleman climbing the immense *mât de Cocagne* for the prizes dangling at the top. There was a gold watch, two silver ditto, silver mugs, forks and spoons of the same precious metal to reward the enterprising men who ascended to the summit of the pole. But even this institution, simple and praiseworthy as it seems, is not altogether pure. It appears that there is a society of climbers in Paris, fellows who can walk up a greased pole as easily as common mortals up a staircase, and these individuals come early round the mast, seize upon the principal prizes, and, selling them, divide the profits among their corporation. The age of Maypoles is extinct when you see them delivered over to this unhallowed commerce. For my part, too, I very much doubt the sincerity of a person who accosted us, having in his possession some gold rings, a pair of razors, and other articles, all of which he said he had *found*, and offered to sell at a great loss. In the first place, a man can't find so many gold rings in the course of the day; and as for the razors, who the deuce would bring his case into such a place as this?

We now saw a play at a very cheap rate, in one of the theatres erected in the square. There was a gentleman in a Spanish costume taken prisoner by some Turks; how his faithful squire wept at his own cowardice, which made him forsake his master at such a pass! But so it is, my good squire! men of your profession are always cowardly: read all the plays and novels ever written—always gluttonous, always talkative: here, however, you could not be, because the play was a pantomime, and so, luckily, you were freed from one of the vices inherent to your profession.

When the news of her lover's capture was brought to the Lady Ismena, far from being down-hearted and dismayed, as other ladies would, after the first burst of natural emotion, what did she do? Why, she dressed herself in a light blue velvet page's costume, to be sure, slung a guitar across her shoulders, summoned the squire and a battalion of Asturian grenadiers, and followed the captors of her lord.

When the scene changed, and showed us the Moorish castle in which that nobleman was to be confined, we saw a Turkish sentinel pacing the battlements.

'*Tiens, c'est le Turc en faction*,' said one of two soldiers behind us, who had just come from Africa. But the sentinel paced up and down without taking the least notice of anything but his duty.

In immediately came the captive nobleman with the Turkish soldiers; how he threatened and resisted, how he writhed and how he twisted! he thrust his fist in the captain's face, in the lieutenant's: strove to break away from his guard, though weighed down by immense chains; and though, for a short time, he became quiescent, yet when the governor of the fortress . . .

'*C'est Sidi Abdalla*,' said one soldier.

'*C'est Mahomet*,' cried another, '*le v'la qui sort de l'église*.'

'*Ca s'appelle une mosque*,' said the first soldier; and a mosque it was, sure enough, with an immense crescent on the top.

When the governor of the fortress, a most venerable Mohammedan with a silver beard, came out, and all the officers and privates of the guard fell to salaaming him, the captive knight burst out into a fury again, shook his fist in the governor's face, kicked and plunged like a madman, and we all thought would escape. But no; numbers prevailed—he was carried into the fort with the most horrible contortions, the portcullis was drawn up, and the silent sentinel resumed his walk.

At that instant the Lady Ismena arrived in her light blue dress, and we, knowing well enough that the grenadiers were behind her, expected that they would instantly fall to and fight. But no; unslinging her guitar, she struck a few wild notes on it, and a number of Turkish peasants in the neighbourhood flocked in to dance.

. . . . . .

Expecting a fight, as I said, I never was more grossly disappointed than at the sight of these ugly heathens dancing gracefully, and, having moved off immediately, can't tell what took place afterwards. But it is very probable that the castle *was* stormed finally, and the knight rescued, and poor old Sidi Mahomet put to an ignominious death by Ismena herself, with her natty little sword.

All persons who frequent these public spectacles should take the writer's advice, and have a cigar to smoke. It is much more efficacious than scent-bottles of any sort.

As for the evening amusements, knowing that, however brilliant a man's style may be, it is quite impossible to describe rockets and Bengal lights properly, and having seen a number of these fireworks, viz., at Rome, at Easter—at the Feast of Lanterns, at Canton—at the peace, in Hyde Park, in 1814—our society determined to quit the town altogether for the evening, and to partake of a rustic dinner in the pretty village of Ville d'Avray. It is half an hour's walk from Saint-Cloud, through the park, and you travel in the same time by the railroad from Paris.

Here, at the park-gates, is a pretty little restaurant, with a garden, where there are balls sometimes and dinner always, which latter we preferred. We had beefsteaks for four in a snug sort of hermitage, and very good wine, and quiet, and a calm sky, and numberless green trees round about. The waiter's name is Amelia. She whispered to us knowingly that, in the hermitage above ours, a couple of couples were *en partie fine ;* and so, sure enough, after these ladies and gentlemen had taken their little sober modicum of wine, their hearts rose, and their tongues wagged, and they sang songs ; the men, in parts, very prettily, the ladies sang solos atrociously out of tune. Presently came a fellow with an organ, and our jovial neighbours instantly got up and danced, in the midst of a great shrieking and laughter.

When the organ-man had done with the *partie fine*, he came down to us and struck up two beautiful melodies, viz., 'Getting up Stairs,' and 'Jim Crow.' He had never been in England, he said, but his organ had, and there, no doubt, learned that delicious music.

By this time the *partie fine* had grown quite uproarious ; they were talking English to one another for our benefit—crying 'Yase,' 'Godem,' 'How you do, mister?' and so on. The clocks tolled eight, and Amelia's uncle, a *maréchal des logés gendarmes* at Saint-Cloud, who had come down to see his niece, because the poor girl had cut her two thumbs the day before, conducted us through the silent grey park of Saint-Cloud, across the palace, and so to the railroad station.

Of course, the train had just set off ; and there was no cuckoo or other vehicle, though there would be hundreds for the *grandes eaux* the next day ; wherefore Todd, Higgins, Blatherwick, and your humble servant, walked through the Bois de Boulogne, and so home.

There was a second day of fêtes, and in respect of popular amusements, the morning and evening of the second day were like the morning and evening of the first. The maypoles were furnished with a second supply of watches and silver spoons. The Don was again taken prisoner, and rescued by his Elvira in her tight blue dress; the untiring strong men, and Herculeses of the booths, performed their prodigious labours, and the indefatigable female Falstaff of Belgium was quite as fat on Sunday as on Saturday. More squibs and crackers blazed in the evening, and many more hundreds of pounds of macaroons were gambled for and devoured by the happy population.

The second day was appropriated to the christening of the Count of Paris, as the first to the birthday of the King; and the papers are filled with long accounts of the former ceremony; how the cardinals attended; how the young prince about to be christened gave his own names in an audible voice to his Grandeur the Archbishop; how his Grandeur made an harangue to the King, and was, after the ceremony, rewarded by a very handsome diamond cross and ring, on His Majesty's part, and complimented with a most elegant mitre from the Duke of Orleans.

Money was distributed largely to all the churches for the poor in Paris. The bounty of this royal family is untiring, extraordinary. No disaster occurs, but they come forward to soothe it; wherever they move, they scatter presents and kindness; to all sorts of poor and wretched the Queen seems to act as the gentle protectress and mother. They say that the family loves to publish its acts of charity; and the frequent appearance of their names in all subscription lists would indeed appear like ostentation, did one not know that it is the duty of persons so high placed to make some of their kindnesses public, to induce others to be generous who might not be so but for their example. One reads in novels of people who give pharisaically in public, that in private keep their purse-strings close; but I am inclined not to believe that there are many such. Men are ostentatious, but charitable, too. The very fact of giving away large sums even for ostentation's sake, must generate a feeling of kindness.

As for the Orleans family, some of their good deeds they publish, and they are right. But how much do they do, of which the world never hears, or only a small portion of it, from the grateful lips of the persons obliged! I have heard of three instances myself lately, of simple, judicious, delicate generosity on the part of the King and his family. How many thousand more such must there be which are never blazoned in newspapers! O glorious, godlike privilege of wealth to make the wretched happy!

There was a great concert and illumination to conclude the day's festival; and if my dear Smith would know how much of them the humblest of her servants personally witnessed, indeed he must confess that he only saw the heavens lighted up by the fire of the rockets, and heard the banging of the guns, and such stray gusts of the concert as the wind chose to bring to a certain balcony in a street leading off the Rue Rivoli, where several personages were seated, enjoying a calm and philosophical summer's evening conversation.

We heard the 'Marseillaise' pretty distinctly; it was the opening of the concert, and the audience of course encored their fiery national anthem. It is a noble strain, indeed; but a warsong, breathing blood and vengeance, is a bad subject for everyday enthusiasm; and one had better, perhaps, for a continuance, recreate ourself with some more peaceful musical diet. Even the fit of war is bad enough; but war every day, murder and blood on week-days as well as on Sundays—*Entendez-vous dans nos campagnes mugir ces féroces soldats?—égorger vos fils, vos compagnes*—I forget how the song runs. *Mon Dieu!* the ferocious soldiery is not in the country; French women and children are perfectly safe from Cossack or Prussian; the story is now fifty years old, and still Frenchmen lash themselves into a fury of conceit and blood-thirstiness whenever they hear it, and fancy their brutality patriotism. Napoleon established a Valhalla idea of a Frenchman's paradise—it was conquest and murder all day.

Just before this bloody chorus was set up, the King showed himself at the balcony of the palace, and was received, it is said, with a dead silence;—then he went and fetched out the little boy who had just been christened, but the audience received him, too, coldly, and so the royal pair went back again, and gave place to the more popular concert.

To such as are inclined to moralize, is there not here matter enough? Think of this old man and his condition.

He is the wisest, the greatest—the most miserable man in Europe. His bounty makes thousands happy,—it shines on all, like the sun; but the sun, they say, is cold itself, and in the midst of its splendours, lonely. Think of this man, how prudent and wise he is; through what dangers and crooked paths he has managed to conduct the fiercest, most obstinate team that ever was reined by imperial hand. Napoleon let them run ahead at mad gallop—this man has been keeping them at a decent pace; by what extraordinary exertion of wisdom and stratagem, coaxing and firmness, has he achieved this eleven years' miracle? O Polumetis! I wonder whether you ever sleep?—if you, with your staunch spirit, can bear to look at the sword hanging over you? There is a poor woman at your side who has no such courage, and never sees the door shut upon you without shuddering—nor open, without receiving you as if you were come out of the jaws of death. Go where you will, calumny follows you like your shadow;—do your best in the brightest lights, it only turns the blacker. Sullen conspiracy is always dogging at your heels, growling curses at you, until it can have its way, and make its spring. You have suffered much, but were always kind and simple in humour, and mercifully bent;—you never signed away a man's life without feeling a pang: more than one wretch have you pardoned—only gently putting away his knife from your throat! But what boots your benevolence? A day does not pass without its conspiracy; and men lust for your blood, and are ready to lie in God's face, and to call your murder virtue. See what it is to be so wise, O King; not one single man trusts you. To be so great, no person loves you; except, perhaps, a few women and children whom you have bred. There is scarcely a beggar or outcast in the country, but has as large a circle of friends who trust him, and whom he can trust: no thief that deems each bush an officer, but can take almost as quiet a sleep as you.

And when day comes, and you have your many labours to go through—you, who are so wise, know that not one single man you meet trusts you;—you hear speeches from old peers and chancellors who have sworn and flattered for a dozen men who stood in your shoes:—you know that no man, be he ever so candid, can speak to you the whole truth; and to public and private lies, you have to reply properly—lying gravely in your task. My lord Archbishop stalks in and addresses you in a grave compliment, in which he includes yourself, Saint Louis, and God Almighty! My lord Ambassador comes bowing, and congratulates you on your birthday. Sweet innocent!—what a touching testimonial of family love! It isn't your birthday; and the ambassador does not care one fig; but both of you pretend he does, and bow and cringe to each other gravely, and waggle your old wigs solemnly, and turn up to heaven the white of your old eyes. . . .

But stop—it is time we withdraw the old King from the balcony. Ah! but it must be a sad life to stifle all day through, under this sickly mask of ceremony; to be lonely, and yet never alone; to labour, and never look for either rest or sympathy; to wear a crown, and have outlived loyalty; to bear all the burthens of royalty, without any of the old magnificent privileges of it; to have toiled, and striven for, and won this wretched solitary eminence, and feel it crumbling; and to look down from it and see the great popular deluge rising which shall swallow it under its level.

While the bonfires and music were roaring in the terraces and garden hard by, we were rather amused to see a philosophical artist in his garret opposite, who was seated near his open window, and had lighted his lamp, and was smoking his pipe, and very calmly copying a portrait of Madame de la Vallière. Here was food for new moralities for those who were inclined for such meat.

LOOSE SKETCHES

III

SHROVE TUESDAY IN PARIS

[*The Britannia*, June 5, 1841]

The particulars of this fête need not be described at present, as many hundred English writers have, no doubt, given an account of it, and everybody knows very well that on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, *des Cendres*, the annual fat ox of the Carnival is made to take sundry walks through Paris, a little chubby butcher's boy seated behind his gilded horns, with pink breeches on, in the guise of a Cupid, and a number of grown-up butchers and butcherlings habited as Spanish grandees, Turkish agas, Roman senators, and what not, following the animal, and causing the air to resound with a most infernal music of horns and instruments of brass. Triumphal cars, adorned with tinsel and filled with musicians—troops of actors from Franconi's, mounted on the steeds of that establishment, and decorated in its finest costumes, join in the august ceremonial, and crowds of masks which cover the faces of many idle, merry young people of both sexes, and of an infinite number of the blackguards of the capital, wander up and down the Boulevards on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and jingling *cabriolets de place*, and have done so from time immemorial.

At three o'clock, as the papers say ominously, the ox's promenade *is concluded* ;—at about four, very likely, that enormous quadruped receives a blow from a hammer betwixt his gilded horns, and has been served out to-day in steaks and collops to the beef amateurs who frequent Mr. Roland's shop. And a curious thing it is that the wondrous animal has the faculty of indefinite multiplication ; there is not an eating-house in Paris but can give you a slice of him—a real authentic *bona-fide* fillet or *entrecôte*. Half a dozen hecatombs of oxen must be slaughtered if the facts were known; but each man is fain to believe that his particular portion is genuine—as they show you in convents five hundred undoubted skulls of St. This or St. That, and bits of the true cross, that, added together, would be enough to furnish all the woodwork for Oxford Street.

For more than a month previous, the town has been running madly to masquerades at the theatres, and every young man and maiden (the latter word is used from pure politeness) who had a few franc pieces in their pockets, saved against the happy period, or a coat or a shawl which would produce a little money *chez ma tante*—'my uncle' is the affectionate term applied to the same personage in England—had been intriguing here, and dancing to his mad heart's content. You see a tolerable number of great raw young English lads joining clumsily in the festivities of the masquerades; but on this point I can only speak from hearsay, not having seen one of these balls for more than ten years, when I was so frightened and wonder-stricken by the demoniacal frantic yells and antics of the frequenters of the place, as to slink home perfectly dumb and miserable, not without some misgivings lest some real demons from below, with real pitchforks and tails, should spring out of the trapdoors of the play-house, as the sham fiends do in Don Juan, and drive the dancers and musicians headlong down, sending the theatre itself down after them, and leaving only behind them a smoky warning smell of sulphur. However, the next day there was the theatre in its place, having a dismal, rakish appearance (with dead lamps over the doors, and pale, blear-eyed transparencies that looked as if they had been up all night); and it is probable that the three thousand mad people of the night before were pretty well restored to their sober senses and back to their counters and their work again.

The only acquaintance I had in the place upon the awful night of the masked ball was a lady who tapped me on my shoulder, saluted me by my name, and was good enough to put her arm into mine quite uninvited, and to walk once or twice with me up and down the room. This lovely creature appeared to be about five-and-thirty years of age;—she was dressed like a man, in a blouse and pair of very dirty-white trousers—had an oilskin hat, ornamented with a huge quantity of various-coloured ribbons, and under it an enormous wig with three tails, that dangled down the lady's back; it was of the fashion of the time of Louis XV, and so old and dirty that I have no doubt it had been worn at Carnivals any time since the death of that monarch.—'Don't you know me?' said she, after a moment, seeing my wonder, and at confessing my forgetfulness, she told me who she was.

Indeed, I recollect her a governess in a very sober, worthy family in England, where she brought up the daughters, and had been selected especially because she was *a Protestant.* I believe the woman did her duty perfectly well in her station, but, upon my word, she told me she had pawned her gown to get this disgusting old dress, and dance at this disgusting masquerade. She was not very young, as has been seen, and had never been pretty. Squalid poverty had not increased her charms; but here she was as mad after the Carnival as the rest, and enjoying herself along with the other mad men and women. In her private capacity she was a workwoman; she lived in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, and I found her a few days afterwards eating garlic soup in a foul porter's lodge, from which she conducted me up a damp, mouldy staircase to her own apartment, on the seventh floor, with the air and politeness of a duchess.

If a wicked world is anxious to know what took a married man into such a quarter, let it be honestly confessed that the visit arose upon the subject of a half-dozen of shirts which the lady made for me. She did not cheat her customer out of a sixpence-worth of cloth, and finished the collars and wristbands to admiration. An honest *lingère* of the Rue Vivienne asked double the sum for a similar article.

Madame or Mademoiselle Pauline must be now five-and-forty years old, and I wonder whether she still goes to the Carnival balls? If she is alive, and has a gown to pawn, or a shilling to buy a ticket, or a friend to give her one, or is not in the hospital, no doubt she was dancing away last night to the sound of Monsieur Dufrêsne's trumpets, and finished the morning at the Courtille.

Que voulez-vous? it is her nature. Before she turned Protestant, and instructed that respectable English family in whose bosom she found a home, where she became acquainted with all the elegances of life, and habituated to the luxuries of refinement, where she had a comfortable hot joint every day with the children, in the nursery, at one, and passed the evening deliciously in the drawing-room, listening to the conversation of the ladies, making tea, mayhap, for the gentlemen as they came up from their wine, or playing quadrilles and waltzes when her lady desired her to do so—before this period of her genteel existence, it is probable that Mademoiselle Pauline was a grisette. When she quitted Sir John's family she had his recommendation, and an offer of another place equally eligible; more children to bring up, more walks in the park or the square, more legs of mutton at one. She might have laid by a competence if she had been thrifty, or have seized upon a promise of marriage from young Master Tom, at college, if she had been artful; or, better still, from a respectable governess have become a respectable step-mother, as many women with half her good looks have done. But no. A grisette she was, and a grisette she would be; and left the milords and miladies, and *cette triste ville de Londres où l'on ne danse pas seulement le dimanche*, for her old quarters, habits, and companions, and that dear old gutter in the Rue du Bac, which Madame de Staël has spoken of so fondly.

A fierce, honest moralist might, to be sure, find a good deal to blame in Madame Pauline's conduct and life; and I should probably offend the reader if I imparted to him secrets which the lady told me with the utmost simplicity, and without the slightest appearance of confusion. But to rightly judge the woman's character, we must take the good and the bad together. It would have been easy for us to coin a romantic, harrowing story of some monstrous seducer, in three volumes, who by his superior blackness of character, should make Madame Pauline appear beside him as white as snow; but I want to make no heroine of her. Let us neither abuse her nor pity her too much, but look at the woman such as we find her, if we look at her at all. Her type is quite unknown in England; it tells a whole social history, and speaks of manners and morals widely different from those which obtain in our own country. There are a hundred thousand Paulines in Paris, cheerful in poverty, careless and prodigal in good fortune, but dreadfully lax in some points of morals in which our own females are praiseworthily severe.

No more, however, of the Grisette, the jovial devil-may-care patroness of the masked ball. Béranger has immortalized her and her companion; and the reader has but to examine his song of the *Bonne Vielle*, for instance, by the side of Burns's *John Anderson*, to see the different feelings of the two countries upon the above point of morals. Thank God! the Scotchman's is a purer and heartier theory than that of the Frenchman; both express the habits of the people amongst whom they live.

In respect of the *Griset*, if one may coin such a word to denote the male companion of the grisette, almost all the youth of Paris (and youth extends to a very good old age in that city) may be ranked. What sets all these men so mad for dancing at a certain age? They lead a life of immorality so extraordinary that an Englishman cannot even comprehend, much more share it. And while we reproach them, and justly, for their immorality, they are, on their part, quite as justly indignant with ours. A Frenchman hardly ever commits an excess of the table;—what Englishman has not in his time? A French gentleman would be disgraced, were he deeply in debt to his tradesman;—is an Englishman disgraced on any such account? Far from it. Debt is a staple joke with our young men. 'Who suffers for your coat?' is or used to be a cant phrase; comedies upon comedies are written, where the creditor is the universal butt;—the butt of French comedy is the husband. The same personage and the complication of wrongs which, in his marital quality, he may suffer, forms almost the sole theme of graver French romance. With this means of exciting interest, the usages of our country forbid the English romancer to deal, and he is obliged to resort to murder, robbery, excessive low life, wherewith to tickle his reader. I have never met a Frenchman who could relish the works of our two modern most popular writers, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Ainsworth; Mr. Weller and Dick Turpin are to them immoral and indecent. The French writer whose works are best known in England is Monsieur Paul de Kock. Talk to a French educated gentleman about this author, and he shrugs his shoulders, and says it is '*pitoyable*.'

This disquisition is a great deal more apropos of the

Carnival than perhaps the reader thinks for. It does not seem to enter into our neighbours' heads that gallantry is immoral. When they grow old, perhaps, they leave off gallantry and carnivalizing; but then it is because they are tired of it, or because they have the rheumatism, and are better at home in bed; or because they prefer a quiet rubber of whist, and so they leave carnivalizing to the *jeunesse;* and the *jeunesse* of to-day will probably hand over the same principles and practice to their sons, thinking their *fredaines* as harmless matters of course, and on the score of morality quite easy. There was a time in our country when the process of what was called sowing a man's wild oats was regarded by his elders with great good humour; but with regard to certain wild oats, our society luckily is growing a great deal more rigid and sensible. There was a time, too, in France, when *roueries* were the fashion, and it was permitted to young gentlemen of condition to intoxicate themselves *au cabaret*, and beat the watch, like my Lord W—— in England; but such *roueries* are immoral now in France, and would cause a man to be degraded and scorned; our public has not gone quite so far, and such conduct, as far as I can judge, is not supposed to affect a man's honour. Thus, on one side and the other, some vices we have abolished and some we have compounded for.

Apropos of the Carnival; I have just been to visit a man who has sinned most cruelly against one of the severest laws of French society. He is only five-and-twenty, has not a shilling in the world but what he earns, and has actually committed the most unheard-of crime of *marrying*. Had he made a *ménage* with some young lady of Mademoiselle Pauline's stamp, nobody would have blamed him. His parents, sisters, and friends would have considered and spoken of the thing as a matter of course, and as one quite compatible with prudence and morality. Louis, however, has married, and is now paying the price of his crime.

He is an engraver and artist by trade; and if he gains a hundred and fifty pounds a year by his labour, it is all that he does. Out of this he has to support a wife, a child, and a *bonne* to cook for him; and to lay by money, if he can, for a rainy day. He works twelve hours at least every day of his life. He can't go into society of evenings, but must toil over his steel-plates all night; he is forced to breakfast off a lump of bread-and-cheese and a glass of water, in his *atélier;* very often he cannot even find time to dine with his family, but his little wife brings him his soup, and a morsel of beef, of which he snatches a bit as he best may, but can never hope for anything like decent comfort. Fancy how his worthy parents must be *désolés* at this dreadful position of their son. *Régardez donc Louis,* say his friends, *et puis faites la bêtise de vous marier!*

Well, this monster who has so outraged all the laws of decency, who does not even smoke his pipe at the café, and play his *partie* at dominoes as every honest reputable man should, is somehow or the other, and in the teeth of all reason, the most outrageously absurdly happy man I ever saw. His wife works almost as hard at her needle as he does at his engraving. They live in a garret in the Rue Cadet, and have got a little child, forsooth (as if the pair of them were not enough!), a little rogue that is always trotting from her mother's room to her father's, and is disturbing one or the other with her nonsensical prattle. Their lodging is like a cage of canary birds; there is nothing but singing in it from morning till night. You hear Louis beginning in a bass voice, Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la, and as sure as fate from Madame Louis's room comes Tra-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la, in a treble. Little Louise, who is only two years old, must sing too, the absurd little wretch!—and half a dozen times in the day Madame Louis peeps into the *atélier*, and looks over her husband's work, and calls him *lolo*, or *mon bon*, or *mon gros*, or some such coarse name, and once, in my presence, although I was a perfect stranger, actually kissed the man.

Did mortal ever hear of such horrid vulgarity? What earthly right have these people to be happy? And if you would know what Monsieur Louis had to do, apropos of the Carnival, all I can say is, that I went to see him on that day, and found him at work as usual, working and singing in his obtuse, unreasonable way, when every person else who had a shade of common sense was abroad on the Boulevards, seeing the *Bœuf Gras* make his usual promenade! Louis, though he looks upon the matter now with great philosophy, told me, with a rakish air, that there *was* a time when he was mad after masked balls like the rest, and would not have lost his Carnival for the world.

And not only in Paris does the *Bœuf Gras* make his walk. Beeves, more or less fat, promenade in the villages, too; and, having occasion to go to a miserable, mouldy, deserted, straggling place in the environs of Paris, where there are two shops, and two wretched inns or taverns, with faded pictures of billiard-balls and dishes of poultry painted on the damp walls, and a long, straggling street, with almost every tottering tenement in it to let, I saw that the two shops had their windows filled with cheap masks, and met one or two little blackguards of the place disguised, and making their Carnival. In one of the houses of this delectable place a sick friend was lying, and, from his room, we heard a great braying of horns coming from the market-place, where the village fat ox was promenading. A donkey was roaring in concert with the horns, and you heard one or two voices of yelling children that were taking their part in the fête.

. . . . . .

One other instance, apropos of the Carnival, may as well be mentioned. A young lad of fifteen, who is at a school in Paris, has just been giving an account of his share of the festivities. The three last days of the Carnival are holidays for all the schoolboys of the metropolis, and my young informer had his full share of the pleasure. '*Ah! Monsieur Titmarsh*,' said he, '*comme je me suis amusé! J'ai dansé toute la soirée de dimanche chez Madame* —— (*il y avaient des demoiselles charmantes!*), *et puis j'ai dansé lundi, et puis mardi. Dieu, comme c'était amusant!*'

With this the little fellow went off perfectly contented to his school, to get up at five o'clock the next morning and continue his studies. And, if the reader wishes to know how the foregoing essay upon Carnivals and English and French usages of society came about, let him be informed that it arose from considering the way in which Monsieur Ernest said he had 'amused' himself.

Was there ever an English boy of fifteen heard of who could amuse himself with dancing for three nights running? What could bring the inhabitants of London to troop like madmen after a fat ox? What power on earth could set a couple of hundred thousand of them dancing and tramping, merely because it was the last day before Lent?

To us, considering these things, and the wonderful difference that a score of miles of salt water can make in the ways and morals of people, it appeared that the little personages above drawn, though very common in France, would be to England perfectly strange, and might, therefore, be appropriately placed in the *Britannia*. And if it be in writing, as in drawing, that a sketch taken from nature of a place never so humble or unpicturesque, has always a certain good in it that is not to be found in fanciful works of far greater pretension—in this manner poor Pauline's rude portrait may find a little favour in the eyes of the public. There are certain little features in the countenance which might, to be sure, be much prettier than they are; but it is best, after all, to take such things as we find them, nor, be they ever so ugly, has nature made them in vain.

MEMORIALS OF GORMANDIZING

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ. BY M. A. TITMARSH

[*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1841]

Paris, May, 1841.

Sir,

The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin,—a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts—music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery—once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as, for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest handwriting in the world, the events and observations of the day; with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four-and-twenty hours; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, Gasthaus, posada, albergo, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The sultan leads a jolly life—a tall, stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighbourhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time—how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognizes the national dinner-hour! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say that olla podrida is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner); I mean to say, and have proved it, that Sauerkraut is good in Germany; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamschatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheepsheadism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule—at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them, upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them, that I used to come back every day and study them. I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried; and the reading of them especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the sultan (a kind-hearted, generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take pot-luck with him; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Dr. Snufflem was preaching his favourite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds—at all periods, I say, favourable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them over. 'Titmarsh,' I have said to myself, 'if ever you travel again, do as the sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills*. They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past, fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gaily go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this pilau. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine—'tis true Persian, on the honour of a Barmecide!' Is not that dinner in the *Arabian Nights* a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gaily take what came? Remember what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him,—great pyramids of smoking rice and pilau (a good pilau is one of the best dishes in the world), savoury kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him,—thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humour in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilizing national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers—when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place; being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815 (when the Duke and I were a good deal remarked by the inhabitants); I proposed but to stay a week; stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place—a charm about it—a wicked one very likely—but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, gourmands, officers on half-pay—serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place—are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tricoloured rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed!—how stately and white, and beautiful and strong, it seems to dominate over the whole city. Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Élysées—a great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving-brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded, flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday, say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavoured with little damp triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef; the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandyfied liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes upstairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your arm-chair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. 'Give me a slice of meat,' say you, very likely, 'and a fig for your gourmands.' You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.

Don't tell us it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form in landscape and painting! Are you to put out your eyes and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly?—you obstinate dolt, you! No, surely; nor must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man; never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your victuals, pass on to the next article; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat—if nature intended him to grow fat—and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar that sent his principles to sleep, and turned his feelings sour! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written *Don Juan*.

Allons donc! enough sermonizing; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bills of fare :—

A beef, with carrots and vegetables, very good ;		Poulets à la Marengo ;
Removed by	Soup à la purée aux croûtons.	Removed by
A brace of roast pheasants.		Cardons à la Moelle.

Dessert of cheese, pears and Fontainebleau grapes.
Bordeaux red, and excellent Chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black cutting up neatly the dishes on a trencher at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room ; some handsome pieces of plated ware ; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs ; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin)—I certainly dined, I say ; and half an hour afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beefsteak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine ; and he—I mean the other—was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, ‘Comment ! vous buvez sec,’ as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half a dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us ; and the guests, having dispatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate, and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made the charm of this dinner ?—for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served ; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect ; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air ; the light and the glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch housekeepers what may be done, and for what price. Say—

Soup and fresh bread Beef and carrots	prime cost	£0	2	6
Fowls and sauce		0	3	6
Pheasants (hens)		0	5	0
Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables		0	3	0
		£0	14	0

For fifteenpence *par tête*, a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them—nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged, that you have a good stock of side-dishes, &c., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, 'Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbour, and never mind me. What ! Hopkins, are there two of us on the doctor's list ? Pass the wine ; *Smith* I'm sure won't refuse it ' ; and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat, who 'behaves as sich') pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced great noise and shouting, 'John, John, why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine ? ' If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it, *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous, by a thousand innocent manœuvres ; and, as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought that he had not dined; and what was he? a foreigner,—a man of a discontented, inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why, simply,

Nine dozen Ostend oysters;
Soup à la mulligatawny;
Boiled turkey, with celery sauce;
Saddle of mutton rôti;
Removes. Plompouding; croûte de macaroni;
Vin beaune ordinaire, volnay, bordeaux, champagne, eau chaude, cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty, one is often so forgetful: I remembered the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*—the editor of a newspaper, in fact—with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with a great deal of good-humoured superiority. I declare, upon my honour, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup ('*Diable! mais il est poivré!*' said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said, 'There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder; do somebody ask for a little slice of it.'

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good breeding. Don't you see that it shows

Simplicity,
Modesty,
Hospitality?

Put these against

Waiters with their hair curled,
Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, O candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down; the relative consumption of ten animals and of six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the restaurateur's orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple? broader in the shoulders? less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug? All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

Potage julienne, with a little purée in it;
Two entrecôtes aux épinards;
One perdreau truffé;
One fromage Roquefort;
A bottle of nuits with the beef;
A bottle of sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards: but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the purée into the julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your julienne by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half a dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread-and-butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—; but never mind. After the soup we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G. and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak,—our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth,—no two lovers billing in the shade,—no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. '*Laudo manentem!*' as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill humour and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the filet, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecôte*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecôte;* the filet in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side—poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies' maids, for men be the Monday's side, or, better still, a thousand times more succulent and full of flavour—the *ribs of beef*. This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen, who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say, no.

Passing by Vérey's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula, thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might! This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit; it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple, honest plan; first to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steak to a turn; not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated!), but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEFSTEAK À LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness; and I do declare that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopaedia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible; if not, burgundy, of not too high a flavour—good beaune, say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink—this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G. and

I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time, we thought of countermanding the perdreau aux truffes, that to my certain knowledge had been betruffed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were! ungrateful to our appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he dares; nor does he know until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes we lay back in our chairs quiet, exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks, for want of anything more savoury; then we looked out of the window; then G. got in a rage, rang the bell violently, and asked, 'Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps?' The waiter grinned. He is a nice good-humoured fellow, Auguste; and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently, we were aware of an odour gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious—a hot, drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them,—the truffles were coming! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G. said I did not give him his share of the truffles; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper—very little: we began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation:—

Gustavus. 'Chop, chop, chop.'

Michael Angelo. 'Globlobloblob.'

G. 'Gobble.'

M. A. 'Obble.'

G. 'Here's a big one.'

M. A. 'Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.'

G. 'It's bad here. Have some sauterne.'

M. A. 'Very well. Hobgobglobglob,' &c.

Auguste (opening the sauterne), 'Cloo-oo-oo-oop!' The cork is out; he pours it into the glass. 'Glock, glock, glock!'

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones—a very little heap.

A trufflesque odour was left in the room, but only an odour. Presently, the cheese was brought: the amber sauterne flask had turned of a sickly green hue; nothing, save half a glass of sediment at the bottom, remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber: the men in the street began crying, '*Messager! Journal du Soir!*' The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis le Grand, opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent; both happy; both were smoking cigars,—for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women—pshaw! The man who, after dinner—after a good dinner—can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candle-light, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his cobweb stockings and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab, and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp, dark back parlour, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pair of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment);—the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling, into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers; a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals;—the man who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fadaises* to her (at which she cries, 'Oh fie, you naughty man! how can you?'), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman;—the man who can do all this may do it, and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labour and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar smoke as it rises gently ceilingwards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades: let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve, saunter slowly home.

. . . . . .

As the dinner above described drew no less than three five-franc pieces out of my purse, I determined to economize for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the truffled partridge a dinner for a shilling, viz.:—

Bifsteck aux pommes (*heu, quantum mutatus ab illo*);
Galantine de volaille;
Fromage de Gruyère;
Demi-bouteille de vin très-vieux de mâcon ou chablis;
Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast,—a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Haute Vivienne; it was certainly a sufficient dinner: I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning, if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating-houses, at five o'clock, and fancying they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good; that the fowls are very small, and black; the kidneys very tough; the partridges and fruit have no taste in them, and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better than the best of these; and therefore had the English Cockney better remain at Williams's, than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them, they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish; they have grand chimney-glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendour amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Vérey's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty: elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseul. You get your soup in china bowls; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the Trois Frères by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite.*

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am—deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me; and if I order soup (which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it; and the greater portion of my petit pain, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of julienne, or purée à la Condé, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to devour; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it, and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French restaurateur dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least; still better for three; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent menu:—

TROIS FRÈRES PROVENÇAUX.

	f.	*c.*
Pain	0	25
Beaune première	3	0
Purée à la Créci	0	75
Turbot aux câpres	1	75
Quart poulet aux truffes	2	25
Champignons à la Provençale	1	25
Gelée aux pommes	1	25
Cognac	0	30
	10	80

A heavy bill for a single man; and a heavy dinner, too; for I have said before I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes; and have seen a lady, with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive, though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some; but you are a poor creature if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchmen cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal—a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds of years has shown you to be so); you must have, to keep up that superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority—as for public institutions, bah!—you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, succulenter food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster-sauce is too much; turbot à la Hollandaise vulgar; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish; turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dullness of the turbot; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm—it *should be*, that is to say; not that vapid watery mixture that I see in London; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted with plenty of thickening matter: I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the Rocher de Cancale, and at the Frères.

Well, this turbot was very good; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling; which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambacérès of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare; my friend Tom Willows is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, * * *, one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy; a mean, extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however. The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of purée à la Créci, a pain de gruau, a slice of turbot —a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the poulet à la Marengo: I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The poulet à la Marengo aux truffes is bad—too oily by far; the truffles are not of this year as they should be, for there are cart-loads in town: they are poor in flavour, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before it was brought to table, and what is the consequence? They do not flavour the meat in the least; some faint trufflesque savour you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough flavourless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine, fat capon's thigh, which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but after all, with a little good humour and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews, which puzzle one so over the lean black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half a dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone—white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the burgundy smacks after it! I always drink burgundy at this house, and that not of the best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate burgundy, and a third-rate claret—beaune and larose, for instance, are *better* than the best. The Bordeaux enlivens, the burgundy invigorates: stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence—a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise—a bottle of chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swells the extremities, and causes the pulses to throb. Chambertin should *never* be handed round more than twice; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gelée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men, who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces, and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel!* This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the Rocher, and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops is better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What would literary men mean by ordering lunel? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in the *Noctes*. They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous in many; but there was a manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great, though misdirected, and uneducated, genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than these tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt?—a rich, savoury mixture of garlic and oil; which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms that can't be described but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of them, and began to be afraid! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar? O glorious garden of the Palais Royal! your trees are leafless now, but what matters? Your alleys are damp, but what of that? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops; bustling shouts of 'Garçon' and 'V'la, monsieur!' come from the swinging doors of the restaurateurs. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Véfour's window, where lie lobsters, pineapples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges, which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with moustachios and a toothpick apiece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the Trois Frères used to be on the first floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de

Valois, as well as one into the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen-sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

'I tell you what I do,' says Hopkinson; 'I allow myself fifteen francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard's, where, for the extra franc, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable.'

'Why shouldn't they?' I thought. 'Here is a man who has served his King and country, and no doubt knows a thing when he sees it.' We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the captain's place to dine.

We had a private room *au second;* a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odour of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of purée aux croûtons; a very dingy, dubious soup, indeed; thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavoured with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came upstairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of anguille à la tartare, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat fresh-water fish). Each portion was half the length of a man's finger. Dish one was dispatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine,—weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of gigot aux haricots—four flaps of bleeding, tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain: the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate those up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to come up again and favour us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for civet de lièvre, we ordered civet de lièvre for four.

It came up, but we couldn't—really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a mayonnaise of crayfish, and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and be hanged to him!) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth; if you have but a few shillings in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had—

	f.	*s.*
A delicious entrecôte and potatoes . . .	1	5
A pint of excellent wine	0	15
A little bread (meaning a good deal) . . .	0	5
A dish of stewed kidneys	1	0
	3	0

Or at Paolo's.

A bread (as before)	0	5
A heap of macaroni, or ravioli	0	15
A Milanese cutlet	1	0
A pint of wine	0	10

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The ravioli and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more?

These dinners, I am perfectly aware, are by no means splendid; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which all the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks here set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs; how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace before quoted? Sometimes (when in luck) he chirruped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper; sometimes he philosophized over his own ordinaire at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book:—

TO HIS SERVING-BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexae
Philyra coronae:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus curae:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
  I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly *entrées* and made dishes
  Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
  Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
  Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
  I pr'ythee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
  And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
  'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
  And tipple my ale in the shade.

Not that this is the truth entirely and for ever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fare.

A gentleman, by the by, has just come to Paris to whom I am very kind; and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to dinner at the Rocher de Cancale. If so, something may occur worth writing about; or, if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honour I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend—when some piece of good luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owhyhee, or King's Advocate to Timbuctoo—of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from £200 a year to £2,000, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend, Fred Jowling, got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings apiece for the purpose. I had, so help me, Moses! but three guineas in the world at that period; and out of this sum the *bienséances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very hard; but represented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. 'You, my dear Titmarsh,' said he, 'know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments' (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished gourmet of my acquaintance!); 'you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but—it would look rather queer if you backed out,—*it would look rather queer*.' Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year Bolter got a place too—Judge-Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of £3,000 a year, which, he said, was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practice* which he gave up in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for anything else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris; and I saw from his appearance, and the manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the Rocher de Cancale, that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner question was mooted: we agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a head, and this was the bill of fare:—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marennes (very good).
3. Potage, purée de gibier (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us:—

4. Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça).
5. Turbot à la crême au gratin (excellent).
6. Jardinière cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. Poulet à la Marengo (very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it?)

8. }
9. } (Entrées of some kind, but a blank in my memory.)

10. A rôt of chevreuil.
11. Ditto of éperlans (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. Pointes d'asperges.
14. Champignons à la Provençale (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pine-apple jelly.
16. Blanc, or red mange.
17. Pencacks. Let everybody who goes to the Rocher order these pancakes; they are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicelli, flavoured with a *leetle* wine; and, by everything sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. Timbale of macaroni.

The jellies and sucreries should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no mets de primeur, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hothouse strawberries, asparagus, &c., are, as far as my experience goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendours and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the Rocher take my advice and order madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Américains, in the Rue Saint-Honoré ; as, indeed, all West India produce—pine-apple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the Rocher. The madeira was the best wine served ; though some burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The champagne was decidedly not good—poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market ; but, ah, what superior wine ! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine ; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner ; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine—when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed—when the claret begins to pall—you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy-and-water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame ! Who ever does it ? Does a gentleman drink brandy-and-water ? Does a man who mixes in the society of the loveliest half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco smoke ? Fie, fie ! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself, but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear, dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian Sea, thou wilt recall our little dinner in the little room of the Cancalian Coffee-house, and think for a while of thy friend!

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet, dear house, where there are some of the best rooms in Paris—always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, &c.—we may specially recommend Monsieur Voisin's café, opposite the Church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner in my life at Véfour's; *something* is always *manqué* at the place. The Grand Vatel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined; but though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catcomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a labourer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world,—a picture admirable, too, as a work of art,—no less than an original portrait of Shakespeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written—

THE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

BY JOHN DAVIS.

'Voyez-vous, monsieur,' said the lady; 'il n'y a plus de doute. Le portrait de Shakespeare du célèbre Davis, et signé même de lui!'

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern and famous good roast-beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis ? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it ? Are you unfortunate, Davis ? Are you a bankrupt ? Let us hope not. I swear to thee, that when, one sunny afternoon, I saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for the choice, and doused my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of the *Spiritual Quixote*, honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old ; and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest, merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country ; and Ward's *Diary* says that Master Shakespeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not ? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctors' doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk-and-water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two by way of conclusion may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Vérey's and the Rocher. On the beautiful terrace of Saint-Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings, and see the white spires of Saint-Denis rising in the distance, and the grey arches of

Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XIV was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the Rocher, and told us that he came to Saint-Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore, let the readers of *Fraser's Magazine*, who propose a visit to Paris, take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them, and avoid the place or not, as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the Marroniers at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. '*En telle ou meilleure pensée, Beuueurs très illustres* (*car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz*) *reconfortez vostre malheur, et beuuez fraiz si faire se peult.*'

MEN AND COATS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1841]

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own—there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the spring-time, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun,—how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all—he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but, lo! comes May, and he is up at five—he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence, he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows, in like manner, appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a bran-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish, ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing, and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called 'the season' in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How *could* the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months; Lady Smigsmag, and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green-peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with whitebait, and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh, lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. 'A lady of fashion remarked,' says Dyson, in the *Morning Post*, 'that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society'—I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind—'for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society two things are *indispensable.* And what are these?—a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.' This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets—he is not a market-gardener—he is not the goddess Flora; but, a town-man, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose-ornaments, and, with a little *eau des cent-milles fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has 'an express from Longchamps' to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history,—that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to anounce to the *haut ton* in the environs of John-o'-Groat's that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows—in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact, I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse—*homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, &c.—I acknowledged the influence of the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr——, in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all,—

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them—no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever—nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the length of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned), I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxiations, &c., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case—in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz. :—

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now ; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of ; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. MY NEW FROCK-COAT.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing each chapter ? I fancy I see it myself clearly ; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy, than the woollen-jacket chapter ; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched, William-the-Fourth's black-frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy, and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs, and small talk ; it will have a great odour of bohea and pound-cake ; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus ; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes ; and near a lovely blushing white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, " O you ojous creature ! ' or, ' O you naughty satirical man, you ! ' ' And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair ? ' ' And have you read that sweet thing in the *Keepsake* by Lord Diddle ? ' ' Well, only one leetle, leetle drop, for mamma will scold ; ' and ' O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare ! '

Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

. . . . . .

I don't have so many coats nowadays as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them—that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you—he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. 'I have it!' says Jones. 'Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you,—a new coat, and very neat cut—puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time.' You say 'Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?' and at the same time turn round just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do; and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree—that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end and concaved like spoons. But there *is* a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir M—— O'D——; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance,—his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat—he made a genteel effort—he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt that had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered some one to fling a new robe into his barrel, I have no doubt but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera-girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used for all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering, vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his majesty by some maladroit *bon-mot* maker of the court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field: like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine—unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of ‘a good man struggling with the storms of fate,’ whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of *Cato*—while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut—it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half-year say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how I look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X——, or her grace the Duchess of Z——, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-coloured velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament. and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked-hat, his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet, a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's—a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring-cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shopkeeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us—it was a green object—a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprang panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay, dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat!

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale, lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock: but the braid is now growing scarce in London; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian; and understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade—to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay, spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in St. Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the joint and half a pint of marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut.

Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the Cock, or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much—and indeed for the matter of that, she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there,—I say I knew a French lady of some repute, who used to wear a velvet pelisse, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn, as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorized stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean, deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings (*non usitatae pennae*, but what else to call them?)—spread out her skirts and insure them from injury by means of this dastardly *ruse*, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner—*bouilli* off silver, and hungry lackeys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and returning home assume another under pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the city, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties,—a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This,—that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful baroness, countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*—are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk-and-water, and bread-and-butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, miss, I am the man who respects you truly,—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter—has God made anything more beautiful ? A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be ? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Life-guardsman ;—what are these ?—so many vanities. With the operations here described, the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect ? Oh, ye gods ! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing

> Away, away to the mountain's brow,
>   Where the trees are gently waving ;
> Away, away, to the fountain's flow,
>   Where the streams are softly la-a-ving !

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem,—such a songster !

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight-and-sixpence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves three-and-six ; cab there and back, four shillings ; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time ; I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money ; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils ; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing ? By heavens, what an agony it is ! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long, the man's hair would turn white—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the galop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée;* your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you?—the animal, miss,—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, 'Were you at Ascot Races?' Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, 'Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?' and asks the name of 'that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?' to which you reply, 'Law, sir, it's mamma!' The rest of the evening passes away in conversations similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest, and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on *her?* And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; SMITH cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart, and a kind simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble,—a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself, that is to say; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an extreme precaution, and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German Schlafrock, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes downstairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of *Macbeth*, Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the courtyard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbethlike. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready),—Mac in list slippers—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down,—I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance, however painful, in a *good stout jacket.* It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown: it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it leaves his legs quite free, to run whithersoever he pleases, —whether to the stables, to look at the animals—to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning, —to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed,—to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge,—or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody; there is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain everything you want; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another, your dog-whip and whistle; your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad,—and so on: there is no end to the pockets, and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man who has a dressing-gown has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers,—see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly, dumpling-shaped double chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands, and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this Essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions. A man IN A JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket, at St. Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of—never mind what, you know his name as well as I—it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large, flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture—something not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable,—no great, long, streaming tails of periods,—no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations,—no flaring cords and tassels of episodes—no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up everything that comes in their way—cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy-and-water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soapsuds, and pomatum that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure: he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandanna flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny-loaf, placed on the small of their backs—if their backs may be said to have a small,—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width, should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed—nay, ordered, to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray—pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man, a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band;—an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable, appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the city at the cost of seventeen-and-sixpence. And what was the consequence? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his city hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured, don't-care-a-damn-ativeness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him, and off with your hat! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's! A spice of clap-trap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect; or of George IV, breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man—*οἵηπερ φύλλων*, &c., and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

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Enough—enough; and may these thoughts arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats, but of old ones, and of coats neither old nor new,—and not of coats merely, but of men,—may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind,—no, no; but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

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